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March 31, 1934

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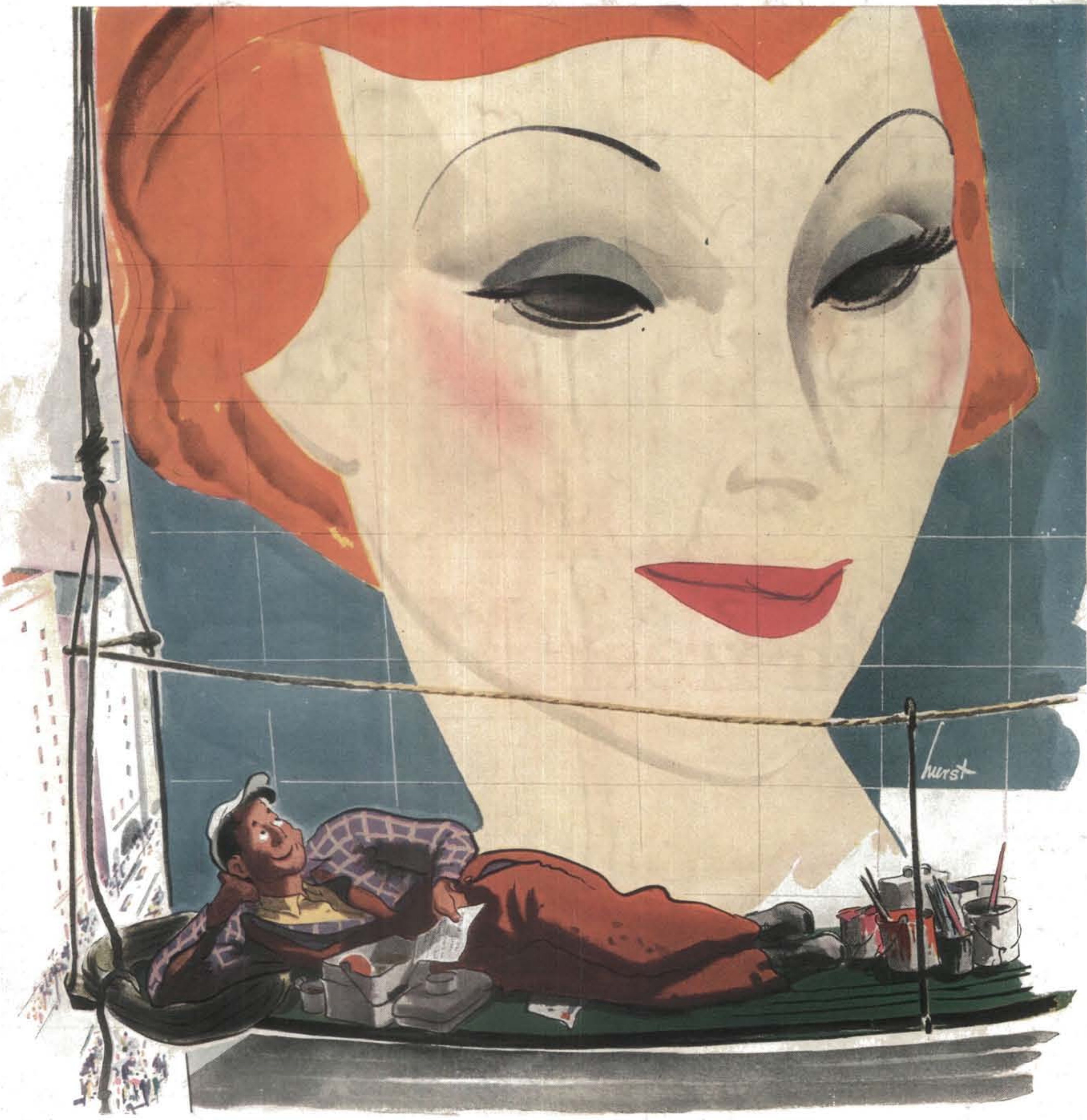
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



Revive Us Again By Walter Davenport

MARCH 31, 1934

Out! with Winter-worn Oil-

MICROPHOTO OF YOUR OIL IN
JANUARY
MICROPHOTO OF YOUR OIL IN
FEBRUARY
MICROPHOTO OF YOUR OIL IN
MARCH

In! with fresh Mobiloil

Spring is here—with warmer days, longer trips! Make your driving care-free. *Watch your oil!*

The microphotos above show you what winter has done to your oil. No matter how good it was when you had it put in, *it is no longer a real lubricant!*

Drain it out! Now! . . . And when you refill, ask for the grade of Mobiloil recommended at the right. Then you are sure of an oil not only exactly right for your car under today's driving conditions, but an oil ready to take any punishment of hard driving you can give it. Mobiloil stands up *always.* Its rich lubricating body never fails. You may be adding years of life to your car by seeing your Mobiloil dealer *today!*

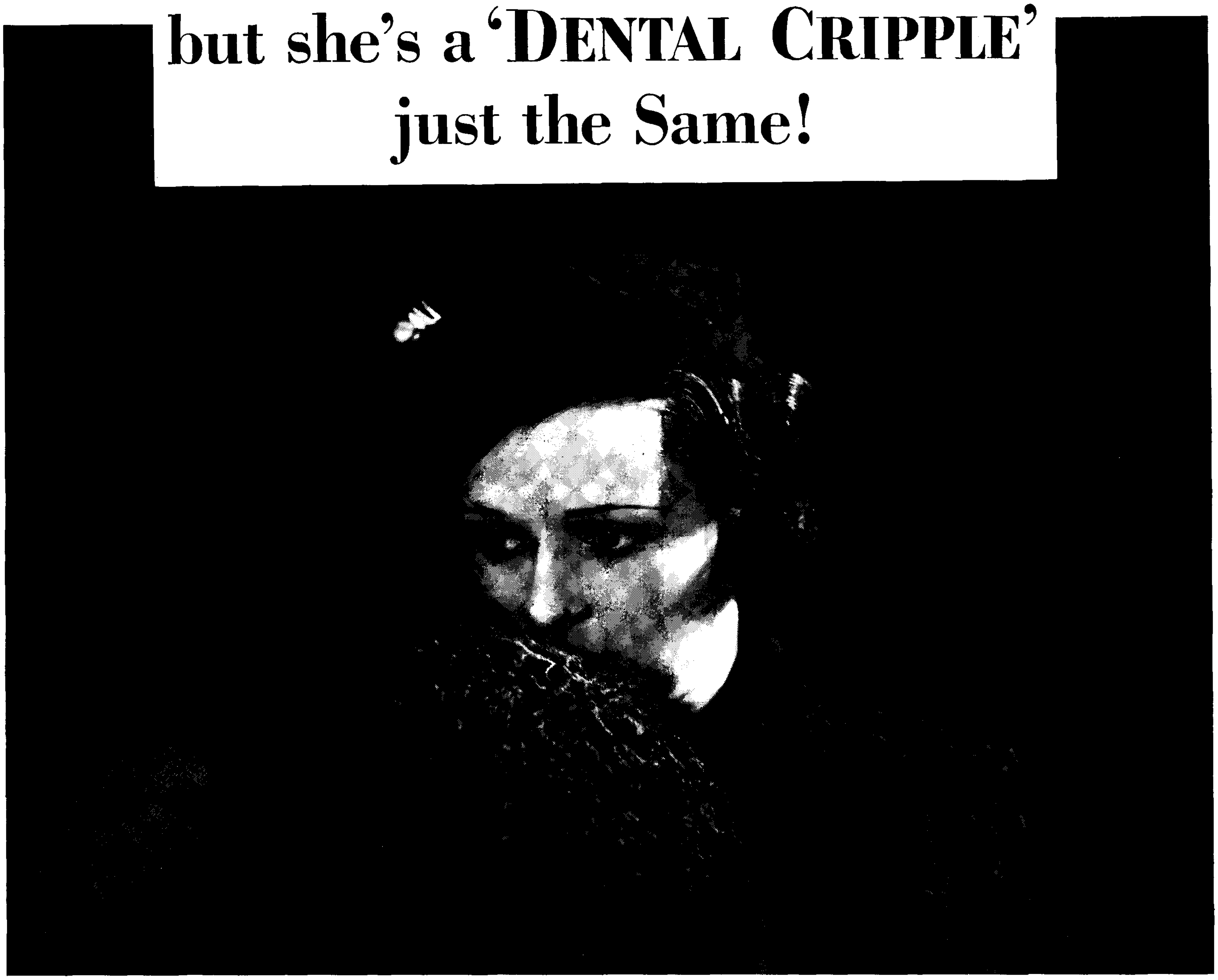
Find Your Car in the 1934 Mobiloil Chart

Make and Model	1934	'33	'32	'31	'30
AUBURN (6-cyl.)	AF	—	—	—	AF
AUBURN (8- and 12-cyl.)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
BUICK	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
CADILLAC	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CHEVROLET	A	A	A	AF	AF
CHRYSLER (70, 77, Imperial 80 and 8-cyl.)	AF	AF	AF	BB	BB
CHRYSLER (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FRANKLIN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
GRAHAM	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
HUDSON	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
LAFAYETTE	AF	—	—	—	—
LA SALLE	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
LINCOLN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
NASH (Models 10-90, 11-90, Ambassador 8)	BB	BB	BB	—	—
NASH (490 Series Twin Ignition 6 and 8, 8-90, 9-90)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
REO	A	A	AF	AF	AF
STUDEBAKER	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
TERRAPLANE (Essex)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF

and for complete smooth performance . . . Mobilgas!

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

Heiress to Copper Millions but she's a 'DENTAL CRIPPLE' just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT—

"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage

The next time you see a photograph of this young woman in a rotogravure section — idling at Cannes or stepping off the gang-plank of one of the "express" liners, wrapped in a few thousand dollars' worth of luxurious furs—forget her clothes, and notice her mouth. She never smiles. She's a 'Dental Cripple.'

Yet she has brushed her teeth—meticulously—three times a day—ever since she could manipulate a tooth brush under the supervision of a nurse.

The year she started off for school in Switzerland, her father's dentist told her that her gums were tender, and that she must massage them every day. (He suggested Ipana for this massage.) But skiing is a lot more fun than massaging one's gums!

The dentist warned her, years later, that bleeding gums ("pink tooth brush") are often the first step toward gum troubles such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—and may threaten the soundest teeth.

Today, she's a 'Dental Cripple'—but *you* needn't be one!

Do this: *clean your teeth with Ipana and, each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums.* Today's soft foods do not stimulate the gums—but the ziratol in Ipana aids in keeping them firm and healthy in *spite* of soft foods.

Rely on Ipana and massage to keep "pink tooth brush" at bay—and you'll still be able to smile, confidently, a few years from now. You'll have healthier gums and sparkling white teeth! And you needn't worry about "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City............................*State*..................

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN Walt Adams sailed for Singapore he was not exactly bent on vengeance, but it came pretty close to that. His intention was to pay an "Unfriendly Call." He meant to collect twenty-five thousand dollars from Hugh Carewe.

Now it's next to impossible to collect from a dead man, and so Adams' first job was to keep Hugh alive. That wasn't going to be easy, he discovered, because Elinor Carewe, Hugh's wife, had in her possession an automatic pistol which she was thinking of using on her husband at any moment.

After expending a good deal of ingenuity in protecting the life of the man he hated, Adams finally hit upon an ideal solution. In a dramatic short story Frederick Nebel tells you what it was.

NOT long ago Joseph Stalin, with characteristic vigor, warned the Japanese to keep their swinish snouts out of the Russian potato patch. Just to prove that he wasn't joking he followed up this warning by concentrating 600 airplanes on the eastern frontier. Today rival Soviet and Japanese forces snarl at each other across the frozen Amur River. Will there be war? "Must Russia Fight Japan?"

Miles A. Vaughn, who as United Press correspondent in the Far East is intimately acquainted with the politics of the Orient, initiates you into the mysteries of Japanese diplomacy and in a brilliant article answers that question.

SAM had been a mistake from birth. Everyone thought that he must have crawled out from under some stone when the man with the insecticide was looking the other way. But when he decided to divorce his wife Nell to avoid paying alimony he went too far. Nell told her brother Tim about it and Tim was stunned; he loved Nell like a brother. Prompt action saved the day, as Roland Pertwee relates in "Shock Tactics," a fast-moving comedy of Pall Mall.

MARCIA had a weakness for lost sheep. She was always comforting some fellow who was out of a job or not understood by his wife or just plain miserable. She did a lot of good that way, but it never seemed to get her anything but a headache. Romance is not at its brightest among lost sheep. Elmer Davis tells you how she found it "In Office Hours."

FRANK BUCK contributes another Malayan adventure — this time with an elephant. Roark Bradford, Kyle Crichton, Ray Tucker, Ernest Haycox, Arthur Somers Roche and others complete another banner issue. And all for you.

This Week

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March 31, 1934

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
The Silver Moon. **You've heard of girls who turned out to be demons; here's a demon that turned out to be a girl.** Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
Revive Us Again. **The bracing job of remaking America.** Page 10

MATT TAYLOR
Bachelor Dinner. **The love story of a show girl.** Page 12

JEROME BEATTY
She Brought Him Luck. **She had swell ideas—if you knew what to do with them.** Page 14

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part IV. **Shadows in the background.** Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Bet You a Hat. **Bill Terry, miracle man —model of 1934.** Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
It Comes But Once, **by A. W. Somerville.** Page 20

ERNEST HAYCOX
Rough Air, Part VII. **Anne in the tentacles of slander.** Page 22

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Right Tickets. **A detective story, with two detectives.** Page 25

T. R. YBARRA
Me for Rio. **Have a look at the wonder city of South America.** Page 28

KYLE CRICHTON
The Kid from the Ukraine. **Russian glamour, sustained by housework—in brief, Miss Anna Sten.** Page 32

RAY TUCKER
Statesmen at Ease. **Senatorial hobbies.** Page 34

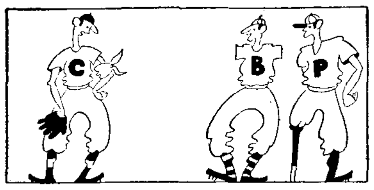
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts, caught on the wing.** Page 43

EDITORIAL
Rule, Not Ruin. Page 58

●

Any Week

WE HAVE never met Mr. James B. Reston, whose job it is, we suspect, to keep a panting world advised of the problems, prowess and personnel of the Cincinnati baseball team. But no week passes that Mr. Reston doesn't send us a batch of facts about the young men who play for that club. A large percentage of Mr. Reston's lads seem to be left-handed pitchers who weigh a hundred and seventy-five pounds and who, last year, struck out practically everybody coming anywhere near the Rock Island Club of the Mississippi Valley League. We spoke to a friend of ours about it and he explained that Cincinnati collects left-handed pitchers to trade to Brooklyn and Philadelphia for large numbers of armless shortstops and one-legged outfielders.



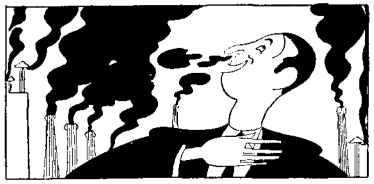
"CONGRATULATIONS," cries Mr. Edward S. Murphy of Denver, Colorado, "and heartfelt appreciation to Henri Duvernois for 'The Dog that Could Talk.' In the past week I have gone back to it three times. Ten years from now I may read it again. Tell Monsieur Duvernois I forgive him my part of the French war debt."

MR. EDWIN J. MERRELL of Flint, Michigan, rushes to the aid of the Republican party. "After listening to Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers via the radio," says Mr. Merrell, "I am convinced that the G. O. P. needs a couple of good radio comedians. I have no suggestions at present. Have you?"

PERHAPS by now the postmastership of Stanton, Iowa, has been settled to the satisfaction of all. But Mr. C. V. Blade, who has been filling that job, takes us to task for printing here a letter from Mr. L. T. Larson, reporting that Mr. Blade asked the Stanton Booster Club to appoint a committee of three to plead with the district's Democratic congressman for the reappointment of Mr. Blade, a Republican. This, protests Mr. Blade, is "all wrong." Says he: "A motion was made and carried that a committee of three be appointed to ask the congressman that the patrons of the Stanton postoffice be permitted to decide who should be appointed." We gather from private sources that this was very bad news for Mr. Blade's rivals for the job. We shall publish the returns as we receive them.

AND from Mr. William Ward Amberg of Chicago, Illinois, we learn that inadvertently we may have injured the feelings of Mr. Scarface Al Capone. In John T. Flynn's "Whisky Sour" it was printed that the whisky counterfeiters of today are more numerous than those that worked for "Al Capone, Legs Diamond and Company in pre-repeal days." Mr. Amberg says: "Legs Diamond was at no time in his career a big shot in bootlegging. He was at best a minor gang chieftain, and I feel sure that Mr. Capone is very much grieved if not slightly angered with you." All of which reminds us: What has become of Mr. Capone, thank God?

REBELLION fills the heart of Mr. J. J. LaDow of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He describes himself as "a last-straw guy." He claims that we furnished the last straw for him in W. B. Courtney's article, "Our Soiled Cities." "See here," writes Mr. LaDow, "I've had all the reforming I can stand. Practically everything we grew up with and got used to has been abolished or reformed. And now you come along and squawk about our smoke. Please cut it out. I for one am used to this Pittsburgh smog you rail at. My lungs demand their soot. If we who like our errors and enjoy being wrong once in a while don't do something about it, all this reform is going to leave us basking around in intolerable purity."



MORE about "You Can't Fool the Stars," a piece of what we supposed to be innocent fiction. Alas, it has been taking a nasty beating ever since we published it. And now Miss Eugenia Doyle of Valley Center, Virginia, ups and ats it. She objects to the dialect and to the attitude of the Southern lady toward the tradespeople. "Even in financial straits," writes Miss Doyle, "the typically Southern woman does not forget her dignity. She would not discuss the grocer's bill with the delivery boy, or send a verbal message of this kind to the grocer. She would probably send a note to the grocer. She wouldn't call the boy sonny. She would learn his first name and call him by that. . . . I am writing this because I like Collier's. I do hope I may be forgiven for this outburst."

LEAVING us just enough room to forgive Miss Doyle.

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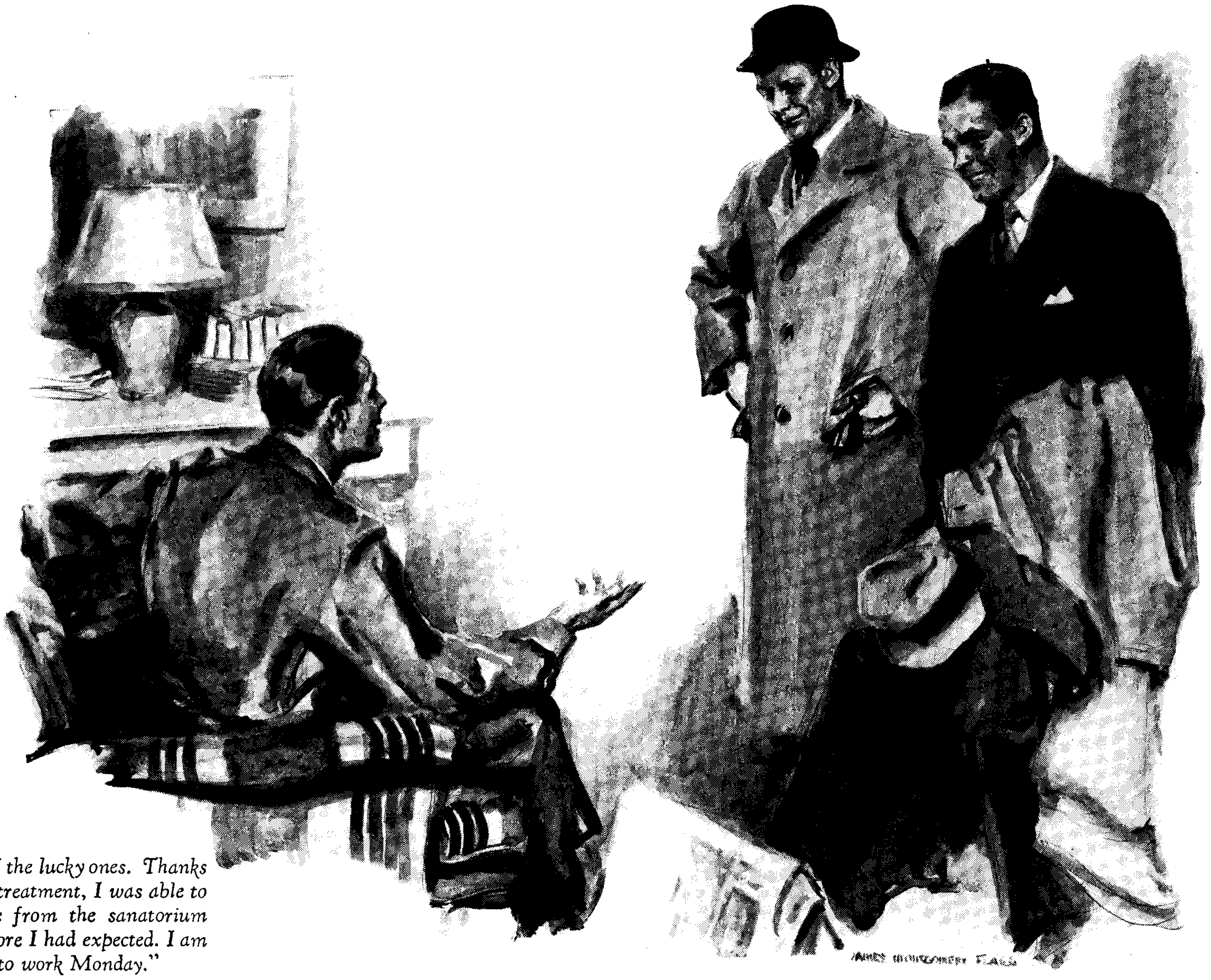
Rest for Sick Lungs

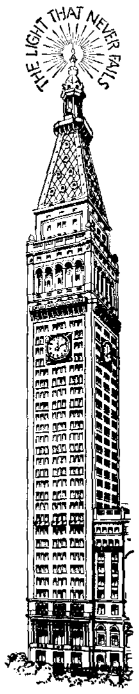


"I am one of the lucky ones. Thanks to modern treatment, I was able to come home from the sanatorium months before I had expected. I am going back to work Monday."

TREMENDOUS progress has been made during the past twenty years in reducing the loss of life from tuberculosis. This success has been the result chiefly of popular education and the development and use of modern methods of treatment.

Yet in spite of the progress made, this disease took more than 70,000 lives in this country last year. In the United States, tuberculosis is today the principal cause of death of persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age. The hope for further progress lies in an increasing recognition of the necessity for early diagnosis and in more extended use of modern treatment.

It is frequently difficult to diagnose tuberculosis in the early stages when the usual symptoms—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—are absent. Often the only way to detect tuberculosis is by means of X-ray or fluoroscope. The sooner the diagnosis is made, the greater is the opportunity for proper treatment to bring about recovery.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Of the four factors in modern treatment—rest, sunshine, fresh air and proper nourishment—the chief one is rest. Medical science has discovered several ways of aiding Nature, when advisable, through artificial methods for resting an infected lung. The method used depends upon the particular case.

Pneumothorax treatment (lung collapsing), together with other kindred methods, concentrates rest where it will do the greatest good—in the sick lung. The relief from continuous motion and irritation due to breathing or coughing enables the resting lung to heal more rapidly.

The majority of cases of tuberculosis can be arrested when prompt action is taken and the four items of treatment—sunshine, fresh air, proper nourishment and REST—are faithfully and continually observed under medical care.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Step into your *own* barber shop!

LIFT the lid of this box and you open a private tonsorial parlor. All the professional deftness and skill of the expert barber are *shaped* in Gem's modern design.

The straight, slant-top frame with its bevelled sides works into every cleft, wrinkle and nostril curve.

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Gem moves with the barber's swift, tugless, *face-length* glide. It gets *all* the stubble with a once-over that leaves the wiriest chin trig and trim for twenty-four hours.

Only Gem can give such a shave, because Gem controls the patent on Dual Alignment, which makes it absolutely safe to use the sharpest blades on earth.

Thick beards that take the heart out of fragile, shallow edges can't stand up against the 50% *thicker* surgical steel, which Gem strops 4840 separate times to produce a scuffless, *ouch-proof* blade.

We give Gems a deep, tapered wedge-edge that Dual Alignment locks unbudgingly at five points, and sets so exactly that the tenderest skin remains unblemished by Gem's thistle-down touch. Gem Micromatic Blades last so much longer that substitutes are a penny-pinching extravagance. Gem Razors last *forever.*

Made in one piece, no take-down parts, guaranteed unbreakable and fool-proof. Gold-plated sets—one dollar *anywhere.* Or a trial kit with Gem's latest razor and two blades, for your quarter and our coupon.

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Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.
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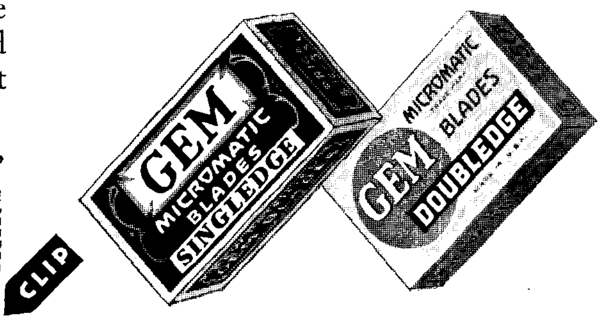
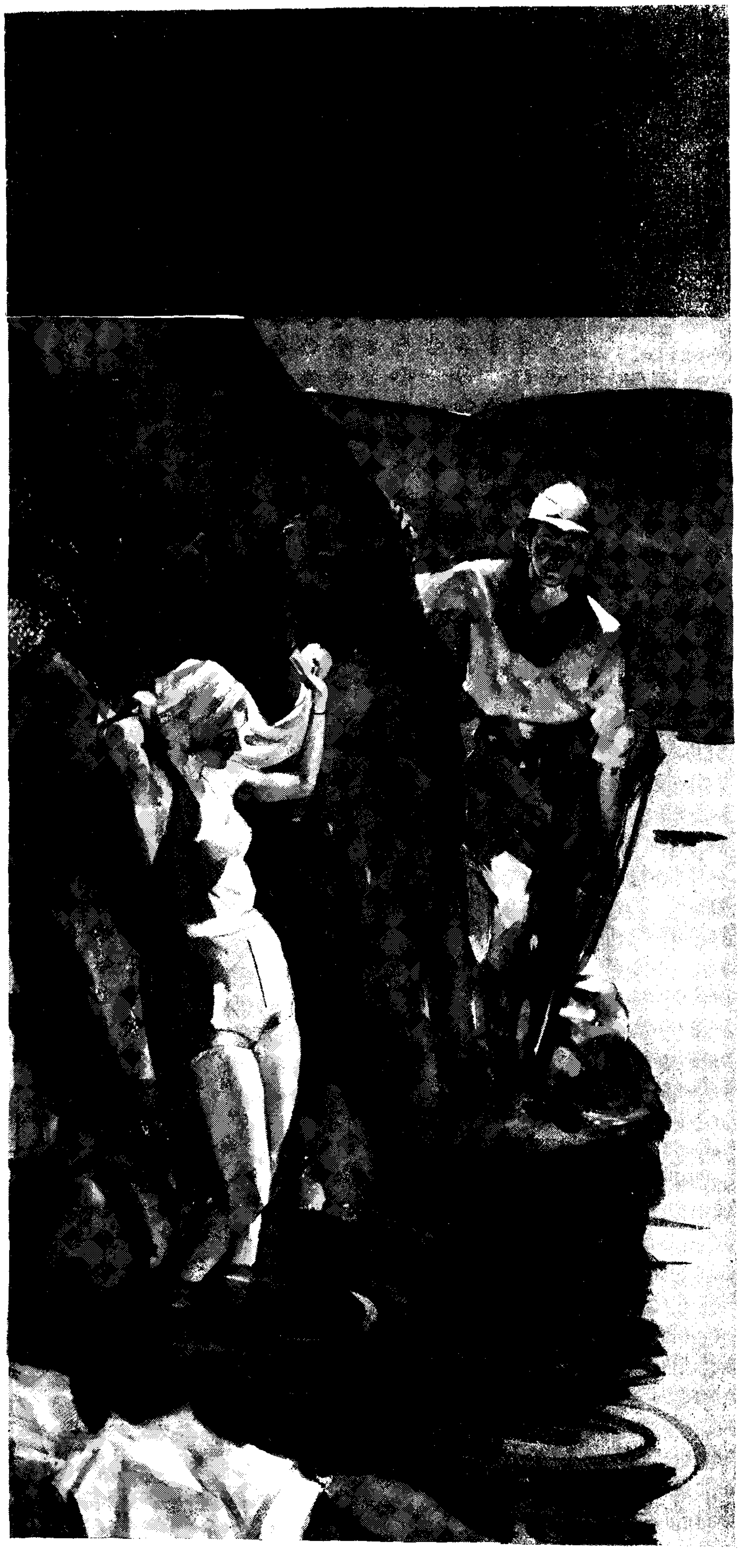


GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades



"You know," Norgaard said, fearful lest she send him away, "the last thing I expected to see here was a girl"

THERE was a village, southward, where the Hwang Ho leaves Inner Mongolia and brawls through a gap in the Great Wall, but George Norgaard knew the impossibility of reaching it before nightfall. The rocky mountain road was a mass of ox-carts, weary animals between the shafts, their carters at evening rice. Ahead were camels, odorously laden with hides and wool; behind, a bride's escorting party had come up, Mongols in lavender, blue and purple coats, lamas robed and sashed in cinnamon-red and brilliant orange, the bride herself, strings of coral and silver beads falling from headdress over smooth cheeks and across a shimmering silken jacket . . . all of them mounted on ponies adorned with embroidered saddlecloths.

It was hot, even with the sun gone. Norgaard glanced again toward the river below, where a man had already been sent for water, and decided a second time that a swim was out of the question. He wanted one; the water looked cool. But, before he could return, the Mongols of the escorting cortege, made valiant by a liquor called the dew of roses, would have challenged his own fellows to feats of strength, ending in broken heads and drawn knives.

There was a clump of scrub evergreen above the trail. "We camp by the trees," Norgaard ordered briefly. None of his men grumbled, although the wedding party was unloading kettles of food, fat haunches of antelope and mutton, glazed duck, lotus seed in honey, soft prawns soaked in almond milk, and there would be feasting in which they might be invited to assist. Nor had the man who had been sent for water protested at going; the other caravans had filled their skins while the sun was high rather than go near the river at dusk.

IT WAS the selfsame fear of demons which had caused the first caravan to halt short of the village. There had been a prayer or two said when Norgaard's man had picked up his two buckets and descended, until someone muttered that the white man must possess a superior magic.

"He needs no magic," T'ai Wun, of Norgaard's caravan, had growled. "Let me tell you a story about him." He related it to the credulous camel-drivers. "And," T'ai Wun said at the end, "you can see that he is not called The Wolf for nothing!"

The Mongols had glanced at Norgaard smoking his cigarette. He was as slim as they; his fair hair looked lighter than it was against his tanned forehead. "It is hard to believe your master is The Wolf," a driver blurted.

T'ai Wun asked, "Would you like to see his teeth? They are not dark and broken, but gleam like those of a wolf. Once, when we were in the hill country, we were attacked by a thousand men, and he turned himself into a wolf with eight legs, and ran at them so fast that . . ."

Nevertheless, as Norgaard led his own pony slowly up over loose shale, more than one of the drivers continued staring down the ravine, waiting for the water-carrier to return, perhaps without a head. One of them shouted suddenly, fearfully, and, as a lama began to whirl his prayer wheel, T'ai Wun, seeing what the driver saw, said grimly to the white man: "Look at the fool! How he runs! He has doubtless seen some shadow on the water, and supposes it was a devil."

The terrified Mongol raced up, clinging to the empty buckets. He fell squarely on his knees before Norgaard. "I saw it, lord! It is a demon of silver and blood! It leaped from a rock into the river. I hid, lest it see me. Then, O master, it was not in the water at all, but on the rock again. It flew into the air, turned round and round . . . it vanished into the water and I saw nothing . . . and then, like magic, it was back on the rock!" He began to grovel. "I have seen a demon. I will lose my soul."

"You saw a river bird," Norgaard said.

His man raised his face. "I was beside you when the bandits came, master. Did I run? I climbed with you to the great rock where you broke off small pieces. Who else dared mount so high? Have I been a coward? I tell you that I saw a demon!"

A bald-pated lama thrust his unwashed face close to the white man's. The appearance of the demon was an evil sign for the wedding, an ominous portent for them all. It was the foreigner's fault, since he had ordered a man to the river for water at this hour.

The pudgy, ornamented bride was wailing in fear, her voice high and shrill. A man of her family slipped back to his pony and unstrapped his heavy Tower rifle; the click of the bolt brought out more than one long blade.

NORGAARD said, "If I go to the river and, walking slowly, return without harm, will you believe there is no devil there?"

"*Ka!*" a lama ejaculated. "We will throw you down to the water, where the demon will devour you, and—"

There was no humor in Norgaard's grin: "If that happens, lama, you will go with me." He turned to T'ai Wun: "Will you come with me, old one, and prove to these fearful men that there is no demon?"

The Mongol looked away. He had the grace to explain: "I was born in this province, lord. I know the devils here. In the hills . . . that was different. I did not know what demons to expect. A—a man fears his own gods, master."

He had really told Norgaard something; the men would fight for him, but not here, with familiar lamas and their own kind about. Norgaard would be deserted in case of trouble, and just that was impending. What would happen to his specimens of minerals, his charts and maps, he knew; they would go into the river along with his body to propitiate the devils. A glorious ending for a successful journey.

He turned without a word, took his gun from his saddle, recrossed the road and began to clamber down the ravine side. The going was easy. There was a pale full moon rising. He was out of sight of the road when he heard a noise above him, and braced himself just in time to stop the rolling body of T'ai Wun. For a moment his heart warmed, not because he would have a witness for whatever might happen or be invented, but because his man was faithful. Then the Mongol said: "You see, lord? The devil tripped my feet, so I would tumble down where he can devour me. I came . . . I came because I . . . I have a something for you, since we have eaten from the same bowl."

T'ai Wun bared his left arm. Strapped to it was a long, thin knife, the haft of curiously carved silver. As he fumbled with the thongs which held it in place, he said, "This is the Silver Moon, lord. Nothing else can kill a devil. It is the hour of the great moon . . . the time to first use the blade, lord. It will protect you. Yes. Take it. So. I tie it to your arm, master. Keep it out of sight until the demon appears, and then—"

Norgaard said, "If you keep the knife, T'ai Wun, surely you can come with me, and together we will examine this demon."

"No," the Mongol whispered. "The knife protects twice. I have already used it once, when there was a Great Moon, as now. The second time must be when you are again afraid, and the moon is new-born and like silver. I dare not go with you." He raced back up the hill, his store of courage gone.

The sky was a sheet of hyacinth, the moon a gleaming mirror. Norgaard came to the edge of the water, where lilac and mauve iris grew. He looked westward, and then in the opposite direction. Here an inky pool, dark as the pupil of a Mongolian eye, caught a cascade, calming it in the capture. As his eyes lifted to the smooth rock jutting into the pool, he saw a sudden fiery flash of crimson and silver; saw it once in mid-air, saw it vanish, leaving only blackness.

NORGAARD had one moment of quickened heartbeat, in which legs refused commands from head, and then he, like his man, was running, but toward the pool. He watched as he ran; it was a bird he had seen; it had to be a bird, with bright plumage and long tail feathers. He stumbled over a boulder. Coming to hands and knees, with changed angle of vision, he saw the black pool crease into silver ripples which seemed to circle away from a little ball of shining hue.

His hands were tight about his gun. It was at his shoulder as the first ripple touched the bank and broke there. Then, in sheer amazement, Norgaard swore softly and, still on hands and knees, began to creep swiftly nearer.

There was another flashing of silver, as if whatever the white man saw in the pool had many slender arms . . . the girl stood up, her scant swimming suit of red emphasizing the whiteness of her skin. Her hair was pale, sleek; she brushed it off her forehead with a lovely motion.

Norgaard stood up, rifle across his arm.

Her hand, in that instant when she was aware of him, remained high. She must have gasped. She said, "Hello. How'd you get down here?"

"That's my question," Norgaard said. He began to laugh. "You knew I was an American. Why?" He said nothing about how close to death she had been, in that instant when he had thought her a water bird.

"Automatic recognition. No beard; you couldn't be French." She smiled. "You certainly frightened me."

SHE came out of the water. George saw that she was taller than Mongol women, that the top of her head would come about to his chin.

"The village is around a couple of bends," she explained. "I come here to be out of sight. I'm visiting the medical mission; my brother's Dr. Thorndyke."

"I'm George Norgaard. My caravan's topside."

He had almost forgotten what a girl looked like, that a woman was anything other than a shapeless belted figure.

There was color in her cheeks as she asked, "Is there anything wrong with me, Mr. Norgaard? Does my petticoat show, or—"

"Sorry," George said. He was both ashamed and confused. He went on hurriedly: "You shouldn't swim here, you know. It's dangerous. Rocks. You don't know who might come along—"

"*You did,*" Sara Thorndyke smiled. She slid her feet into sandals as she said, "You talk just like my brother. All filled up with superstitions." Looking directly at him, at stained khaki and tired face, she relented. "Let's go back to the village after I've dressed. We can walk along the river."

Norgaard shook his head. "The lamas'd believe I was devoured if I didn't come back. They'd go for my boys. We'll stop at the village in the morning. One of my men has a sore hand, and your brother can have a look-see at it."

SHE looked at him briefly, trying to recall when one of her invitations had been refused. Certainly not since she had come to China. She said lightly, "I thought you might've liked having dinner with us. Arthur has a good cook."

George said happily: "The boys really need a rest. A day or so. Two days." He watched her pick up a towel and bind it turbanwise about her hair. "You know," Norgaard said, fearful lest she send him away, "the last thing in the world I expected to see here was a girl." He refrained from adding, "Like you," and substituted, "You really oughtn't to swim here. If—"

He was unprepared for the vehemence of her reply: "If it had been someone else who saw me and came down, wouldn't it have been terrible? You men in China make me sick. You think only one man should . . . oh, see a woman. It's disgusting. You act just like Orientals. Every man I meet tells me how careful I should be, and then tries to kiss me."

Norgaard was ill at ease, because he had been wondering what it would be like to kiss a girl again, a girl with red lips. He tried to explain: "Women mean little here. They—"

"Oh," said Sara Thorndyke. "From the way you looked at me I supposed—"

Doggedly, George went on: "In the Orient, men are supposed to fight, and women are . . . just around, and . . . "

She was angry now, angrier than she had any right to be. In reality, many reasons were responsible; clutching hands, pointed beards seeking her mouth . . . defense of sex, so unnecessary at home . . . disappointment in this man who was of her own sort . . . pique, perhaps, at her rejected invitation. . . .

"Fight," she said. "So that's what you call kicking coolies around! Why" —as she stared at the thin blade tied to Norgaard's forearm—"you're so Oriental that you even use a knife! You men in the East are all cowards. If you dared, you'd . . . you'd . . ."

A brief fire smoldered in Norgaard's eyes. It was amazing to him that he could understand what she left unsaid; he found himself saying it for her. "I'd like to," George Norgaard said. "You're lovely, you know. It would serve you right. But I don't go around kissing girls who don't wish to be kissed, even when I'm armed with a gun and a knife." He placed the gun against a rock. "I was warned to expect a devil, you know. But, with this full moon you're powerless, I'm told."

"You," said the girl, "have been spectacularly nasty."

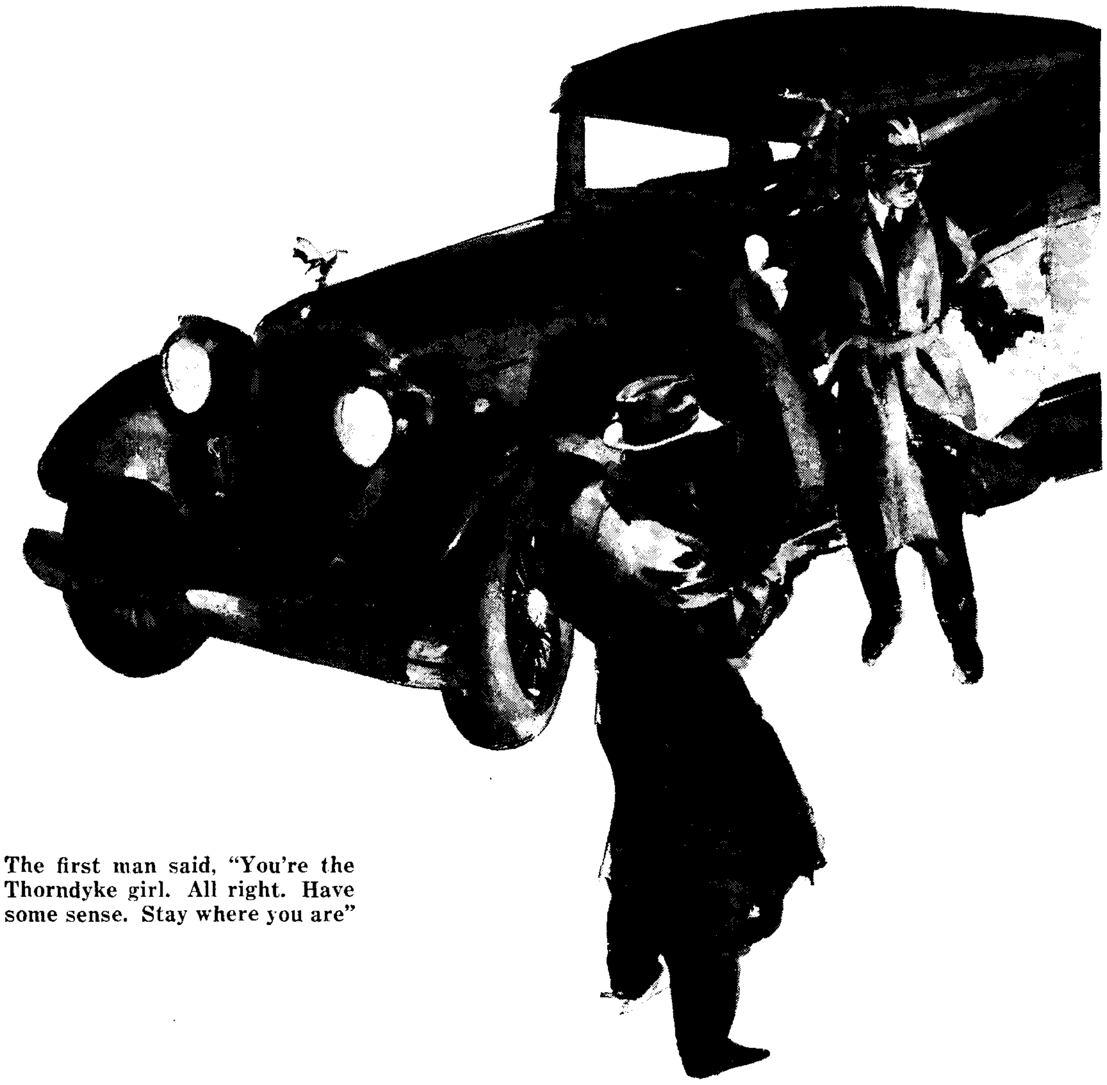
SHE felt faintly uneasy, not because she was afraid of him, but of herself. Why did she mind his opinions? He was a man she didn't know, would never see again. A man who stared, who wore a knife, who didn't believe she could take care of herself anywhere. She turned away, showing Norgaard a profile like the face on a silver coin, and looked at the red and silver reflection she made in the pool. Above, on the road, the beating of a lama's bell came through the hum of the water. It came to her that she and this man were utterly alone, that his had been the celibate's part for a long time, and that she must be desirable.

IT WAS largely her own fault, she was sure; she should have said, "Good evening," instead of "Hello," or, better, "Oh, how you frightened me!" This wasn't Florida. She had been too casual, but a person had been trained to be so, even when talking to a prize fighter in a speakeasy . . . the man, having been living in China, had misunderstood her, had thought she was making advances . . .

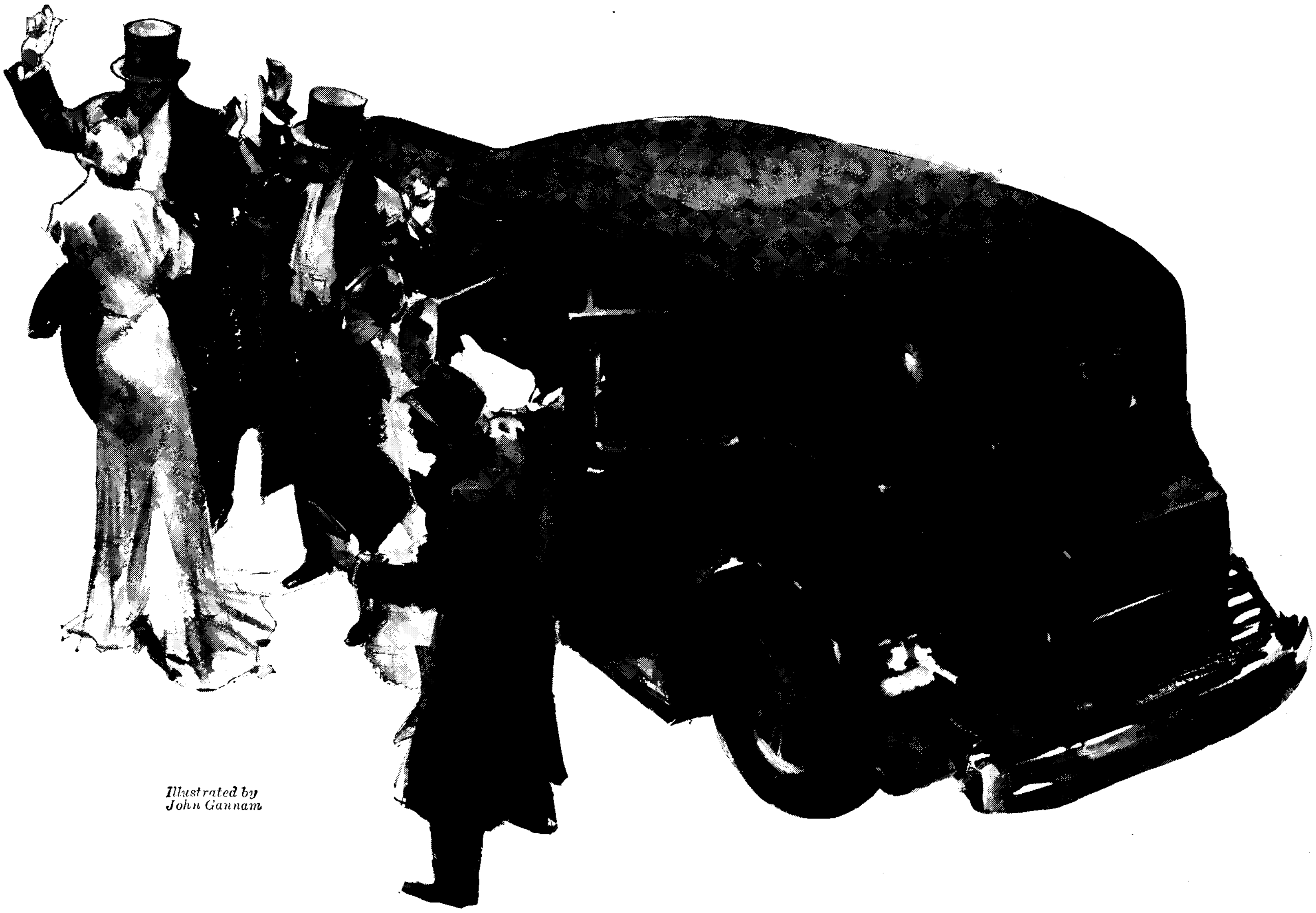
It was all chaotic; she decided to say: "Mr. Norgaard, when you come to the village tomorrow, forget that you ever saw a girl in swimming. My brother will introduce us, and—"

But it was George who spoke. He said, quietly, "I'm sorry I came down, Miss Thorndyke," and, without waiting for her to reply, strode back up the river.

He, on his part, was equally positive that the fault had been his. He had been keen to talk, keener merely to be with her. He had made an ass of himself. She believed him to be a fool, a coward and worse. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his life. Fire and ice. Crimson and silver. He should have been circumspect. If she wanted to swim out of sight of the village, what business was it of his? He knew, also, how a good many chaps acted when they met a white woman in the Orient . . . she had expected him to



The first man said, "You're the Thorndyke girl. All right. Have some sense. Stay where you are"



Illustrated by John Gannam

do the same as they, and he, poor idiot, must have given her cause by the way he'd stared. What . . . what white shoulders she had! Then he muttered: “I walk down to the river and I see a woman. What of it? I've got a job of work to be finished. Who cares?”

When he reached the road, the camel-drivers and carters were astonished to see him pick up the first lama who thrust his greasy face close and began to scream inquiries, and set the holy man down, ungently, on his very sacred prayer drum. For a moment hands went to knives, and then it was remembered that the white man must have routed the river devil and, besides, he was wearing the knife with the silver haft, on which was carved the symbol known as the Silver Moon. T'ai Wun refused to take the blade again; he had given it up before using it a second time, and many superstitions were involved. The knife was Norgaard's. He might give it away, but not to the original owner.

It is also a matter of record that the white man led his caravan through the street of the mission village without turning his head, and that when Dr. Thorndyke remarked at it, his sister said: “Probably the man's too big a coward to stop; he may be afraid. . . .”

To this the doctor said: “I don't believe anybody's ever called Wolf Norgaard a coward to his face, Sara. He got his name because of a Chinese superstition, and if you believe just a tenth of the stories about him—”

“I called him a coward,” Sara Thorndyke said.

Her brother coughed, and then flushed. “He . . . he's supposed to be a decent chap,” he said. “When'd you see him? Yesterday, swimming? Did he . . . if he . . . I mean that I'll . . .”

“He didn't,” said Sara. She began to laugh. “P'raps that's why I was so darn' mad,” she confided. “Or I'm fed up, darling. We'd better be going home. It'll be cold; we'll open Corallands. I'll give you a week in New York, that's all. You said yourself that you're ready to write your papers. And I've got to get you married, my boy. All Thorndykes get married, you know, if only to perpetuate the family fortunes.”

“WHAT put that into your head?” demanded Dr. Thorndyke curiously. He took out a cigarette; his finger shook as he began to laugh. “They tell me Norgaard is one of the very best. If—”

She sniffed, saying: “They tell you all sorts of things, don't they? You always were credulous. I suppose you believe anything. Even that it's possible to fall in love at first sight . . . or first fight. . . .”

Dr. Thorndyke lit his cigarette, looked at the match, flicked it finally into the roots of a ghost tree, and continued to wait.

Sara said hotly, “He was perfectly impossible.”

“I know,” her brother soothed. “The worst man you ever met in your life, and you've met a good many. Of course. As far as he's concerned, it's *maskee*. He's less than nothing in your life. I quite understand. That's the reason you put on that blue dress.”

There was warmth in the air, but not the close, enervating heat of China during the dry season; George Norgaard dressed slowly in the darkening room. He lacked a white tie and went to get one from the pigskin suitcase on the baggage stand by the bed. Fumbling around in the bag, he came upon T'ai Wun's knife, in its silk wrapping. It gave him a start, a sudden, melancholy sense of the abyss between the violent and fantastic past he had just left and the temperate matter-of-fact present. He took the wrapping from the knife, mused on the gray steel of the ancient blade; then laid the knife aside. He found his tie and adjusted it.

This done, he returned to the knife, the need it had conjured still upon him. His thoughts, as he brooded, were a jumble of things of the past, of the present, of the future.

His host, Alexander Corcoran, of Corcoran Steel, had said in his telegram that he wanted everything settled as soon as possible. Norgaard thought of this, of the fact that he was no longer merely one of the bright young men but had been singled out for executive grandeur. No more far places, such as the knife in his idling fingers recalled. No crouching over tiny fires, waiting for bandit raids. Such bandits as might be encountered now would come to him with outstretched hands and winning words . . . he would have need of wits instead of steel for his defense.

HIS thoughts veered. Girls. A new factor in his life. So many of them, everywhere. From bandits to girls. A long leap. But the ideas were not without association. Girls could be perilous and menacing too. They would be pressing about him soon. He had seen troops of them as he was driven through the grounds to this house. Especially at the pool; all sorts of girls, in brief suits, burnt-orange, jade-green, white, sea-blue . . . one in scarlet, also. But she'd been tall and dark. George had made certain of that. . . .

The Silver Moon again. A girl in a scarlet swimming suit; twilight over a rustic pool in China. The Silver Moon. A charm? A talisman?

T'AI WUN had explained again and again that the value of the knife lay in the use of it at the proper time. Once when there was a full moon. Once when the moon was new, and when it had the hue of silver. “So it was with my father, and with his father before him,” the Mongol had said. “Perhaps there will come a time when you are across the sea and you feel afraid. Look at the moon, lord. If it has become silver, like these coins with which you have paid me . . . then it is good to have the knife close. It is a something to remember.”

Norgaard thought of this. He supposed that in a way he was actually fearful of the thought of dinner with strange people, young people, whose talk and life were so different from his own. And it would all be under Mr. Corcoran's keen eye, watching to see how Norgaard would fit in.

The blade still in his hand, Norgaard turned and faced the window, muttering: “This is what happens when a fellow's been in the Orient. You get to believe things. Nonsense like this.” He paused, and then thought: “I'll look. There won't be a new moon, and even if there is, it'll be white like it should be, and not silver.” He went to the window, then, and, as he looked out, he idly placed the blade against his bare left arm and slid the two loops firmly into

(Continued on page 53)

Revive Us Again

By Walter Davenport

Within two years the NRA and the AAA will cease to exist. What comes after them? What's the purpose that goes through and beyond them? The answer is already taking shape in Washington. The whole picture embraces this entire country with all its past mistakes and future opportunities. It's the guiding light of the Administration, a vision of America as it should be

AFTER poring over many maps, plans, reports, statements of policy, propositions and prophecies, we decided to take a walk, leaving Turner to scuttle around with his questions. And a very good thing, too.

Turner never would have been mentioned here if he hadn't batted his questions at us. We had been looking for answers, too, and had none to give him. Not then anyway. I've lost the man's card; he has something to do with cotton. But we just about collided with him at one of the several thousand sudden corners in the Interior Department in Washington and he opened up on us like a reconnaissance party meeting the enemy in the dark. Apparently this fellow goes on the theory that if you barge around asking questions, omitting no opportunity, however unpromising, you are bound to learn something which may in time come in handy.

Old-timers holding down obscure government jobs scoffed at us

"After all this," he demanded sternly and without preamble, "after all these alphabetical experiments, what then?"

It sounded like the beginning of one of those whither-are-we-drifting roundtable brawls. We tried to put the man off. Silly of us.

"What I'm trying to find out," he went on firmly, "suppose these NRA's, AAA's, CCC's, HOLC's, PWA's and so on—suppose they're okay—suppose they do the trick? Suppose they restore normal prosperity, or hurry it along? Then what? What's to prevent this fool country that will be then so busy making today pay dividends that it won't be able to see tomorrow—what's to prevent us doing the same crazy things that got us into this mess? Hey? What's the use spending billions of dollars correcting mistakes if we're going to make the same mistakes again and—?"

Using the crowd to good advantage, we managed to escape.

Those, slightly modified, had been our questions anyway. We had been hunting the answers in the Department of the Interior, the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, in the White House and on Capitol Hill. We were still a bit shy of our goal but seemed to be getting somewhere. What we had found out had given us the feeling of having seen a vision.

The warmth of spring's relenting sun was wheedling thin swirls of vapor from the earth outside. It would be like this, we thought, down in Letcher County, Kentucky, where Mr. Kelley Kent would be plodding through the oozing mud across his poverty-stricken acres to the snake-infested pride of his life—Honeycomb Mountain. Mr. Kent fits into this vision, or whatever you want to call it, very nicely. They are planning to divorce him from his beloved mountain—move him to land that will reward his labors.

And in due course of this new order we had been studying, old Mr. Hodgings, too, is to be moved along with his seventeen hound dogs from the rocky slope he calls his farm in Arkansas' Ouachitas. Physically that won't be much trouble; he hasn't any family. He told us one day that it was bad enough to have to listen to seventeen hound dogs.

Brimful of Vision

And so, as this renaissance we had been pondering reaches eastern Oregon, Charlie Evans will move—with all those children, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles and so on, seemingly without end. Maybe it was the springtime that was making us soft, like the park outside, but we felt a bit queer thinking of Charlie Evans and all the grinding work he has put into his dry farming, leaving him poorer and poorer and more and more defeated year upon year. Contrary to all nature for a man to pound himself to pieces like that in a fight for life and no chance to win. Of course it is going to take time, all this. This is no lotus-eater's dream. Nobody has any magic wand to wave. But we went out into the new sunshine thinking about all three of them—friends of ours.

Besides, by now we were packed to our hats with this vision thing even if we didn't have answers to satisfy Turner. We were virtually brimming with the tragic history of a nation's squandered riches and the clutching dreams of an administration bent on rescuing the perishing. Queer that one should leave the Interior Department's mathematical halls with anything more warming than statistics—acres and miles, heights and depths, gallons and pounds, bulk and length. Today the place aspires to a pantheon's romance. You leave it dreaming. Over in the Department of Agriculture you get the rest of the picture. There may be rivalry between the two, jealousy even in the small places; but between them they are turning out a fine cyclorama of what America has done in boundless stupidity plus political racketeering, and what (they hope) she is going to do in a more intelligent and conscientious future. In it Mr. Turner will find his answers. We hope they are right.

A swift glance and then to a few of the harrowing details. There are too many pinched faces in our swarming cities, too much massed humanity that wouldn't live that way if they only had some better way of living.

Somehow these mobs must be got out of their purposeless huddles. The way they exist now they have no chance to pursue their lives as God intended. The shops they once sweated in, the machines they bent over, the cellars and attics wherein they starved—these are closing, must be closed, dispersed. With a million miles of blue sky above them, why should they trample each other beneath a mere acre of it?

Time Brings All Things

Not that it is going to be done by White House fiat, this dispersal, nor by legislation. Industry will have to see the wisdom of it and remodel itself to fit. The old order has gone, a new social, political and economic day is upon us. With Europe boiling and nobody quite sure what is to come of the boiling, America has to look to her future, set an example that will be a beacon to the rest of the world, and save herself from Europe's mounting tribulations.

To be sure, you'll hear protest that all this rearrangement of our population is going to take much time. No doubt about that. It is going to take two or three generations perhaps. The present administration, the spinner of this fine vision, refuses to be dismayed by time. Political turnovers may come, conservatives may regain power; but once the modern idea—this idea—is sold to the masses, no administration will dare abandon it. Such is the belief of Washington today. So they pay no attention to the croakers who jeer that the "human factor" is being overlooked, who cry that these city-bred mobs who, whenever things go wrong, become charity's wards and the material from which bread-lines are made, will refuse to leave the warrens they inhabit.

Yonder, they point out, a few blocks from the White House, the experiment already is under way. It is scarcely perceptible yet—merely a small demonstration. But mark this closely, please:

It took a first-class depression to turn the legislative mind honestly to conservation

About a year ago Congress, at the behest of President Roosevelt, tacked to the National Industrial Recovery Act an amendment setting aside $25,000,000 with which to create subsistence homesteads. Briefly the idea was to set up community farms near industrial centers where the workers—unemployed and otherwise—might live in decent houses, raise their own food and find out what fresh air smells like. Before the first experiment was made (in Dayton, Ohio) applications for chances like this called for an expenditure of four billion dollars, and certain types of labor employers were crying that such projects would mean financial ruin to them because it would remove from under their hands the cheap labor they depended upon. Today there are more than thirty of these subsistence homesteads operating throughout the country. Perhaps there's the beginning of the great industrial and social change that we had seen in all those maps, charts and plans.

But the vision has it that, one way or another, there must be a reapportionment of population, an intelligent dispersal of industry, a revision of our huddle habits. There are too many of us doing things that aren't necessary to the rest of us.

Similarly there are too many defeated men behind the plow. Too many farmers, certainly too much farming. There are too many men trying to raise corn, wheat, cotton and oats on land that should be given to timber, to game or to nothing at all. We're still farming on the war-time scale with men like Kent, Hodgings and Evans. Washington has known this for years but until now nothing has been done about it. Tucked away in dusty corners of isolated bureaus, we found government graybeards—old-timers who have held down obscure research and report jobs for thirty and forty years—who scoffed at what was new to us.

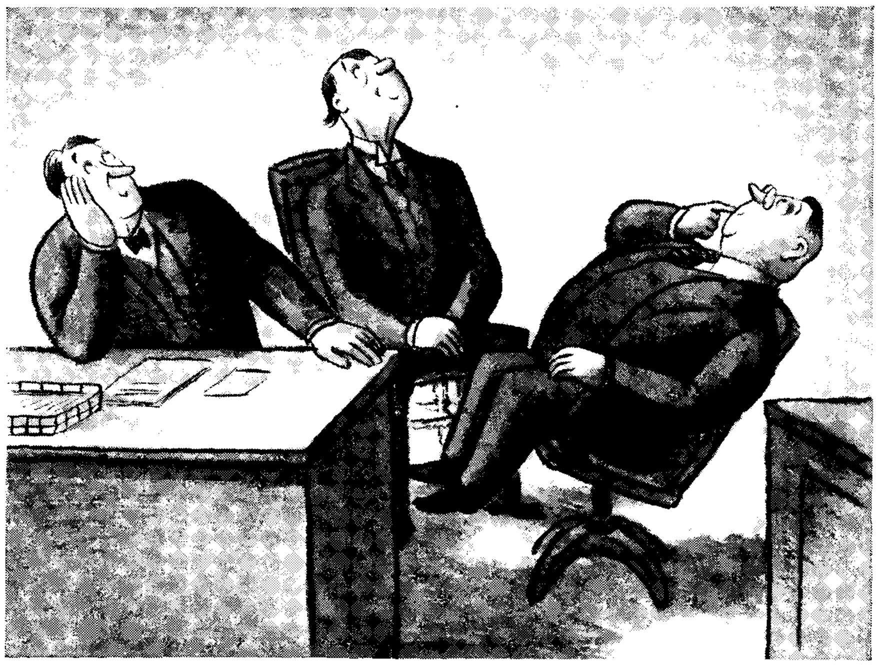
You Have to Begin Somewhere

Out of their files they dug ancient documents which tell line for line all that the disillusioned populace is now learning from the prophets of the new order. Years ago they told Congress that the Public Land System of the United States had become a political racket and that sandy sections and quarter sections of the Public Domain were being hawked about to the ignorant by real estate sharpers who had the sanction of senators and representatives. Such reports were read and destroyed. The writers were told to shut up or forfeit their jobs. They were poor men and shut up.

So it's all very well for the NRA with its codes, its entreaties, its threats, injunctions and crack-downs to proscribe bandit competition and nominate minimum wages. The NRA is an expedient, a shove-off, a temporary thing which tells you what you must do or be punished. That sort of thing breeds chiseling, begets resentment, inspires political reprisals which might very well endanger the greater scheme of recovery. This vast, horizon-filling panorama they're planning in Washington—Ickes of the Interior with his train of assistants, complementary boards, committees, authorities and councils, and Wallace of Agriculture with his staff of economists, sociologists, restorationists and correctionists—doesn't waste a line on the NRA, which must be content with the humble but indispensable office of scene setting.

Neither is it of lasting consequence to them what the AAA accomplishes. The picture starts where the NRA and the AAA leave off. They will cease to exist in the course of the next two years. Then, as Turner demanded, what? The answer is in the land itself, reclaiming it, rejuvenating it and restoring it to conform to nature's scheme, to take heed of the laws of supply and demand. There are about six million farms in the United States. Not more than half of them yielded as much as a thousand dollars to their owners in 1929, the year of jubilee. You probably know what's happened since.

But to get the scene in proper light you have to look at it from the beginning—look back a bit at what we had that you may appreciate what we have left and what we shall have to do tomorrow. We shan't take up much time poking around the past; but you should know a little about it.



How much our squandered Public Domain cost us is sheer guessing, but there are people who like to guess

A Roosevelt Plan in 1811

In 1812, about the time the world began to suspect that the United States of America was in danger of being a going concern, a General Land Office was established in Washington. Almost immediately the government began to give away large tracts of what we know as the Public Domain. There were certain formalities about the giving, of course, but it was largely a helter-skelter, grab and defend policy wherein such scientific instruments as theodolites, transits or levels and alidades, Gunter's chains and the rest of the surveyor's paraphernalia were ignored whenever possible. And only the healthier men with the stouter hearts and the huskier wives went in for such adventure.

Perhaps we shouldn't digress just here but it rather fits in that one of these pioneers, although he didn't go in for land-grabbing, was a New York Roosevelt, who seems to have passed on several highly important characteristics to the one who now sits in the White House a step or so from the Interior Department we have just left.

It was in the year of the great earthquake of 1811—the rumbling temblor which, they assure us, tied several extra knots in the Mississippi River's channel and even shifted whole chains of the Alleghenies, to slip with a shudder into the Atlantic Ocean itself. This Roosevelt, a gentleman who never believed that there were limits to possibilities anywhere, ever, made a lone-hand survey of the Ohio River, measuring, sounding, gauging and mapping. Enjoying it thoroughly, he punted himself into the Mississippi and concluded without further fuss that it was nothing short of downright defiance of Providence to delay the hooking up of steamboat traffic between Pittsburgh and New Orleans.

It should be quite a comfort to the current Roosevelt to reflect that on Capitol Hill in Washington, in the banking houses of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, in the rich mercantile establishments on the Atlantic seaboard, in the mills and factories of New England and even in many of the better pulpits, the 1811 Roosevelt plan was set down as crackpot dreaming, boloney business and, not to be too elegant about it, a lot of meretricious hooey. Nevertheless, this 1811 Roosevelt, with his wife and family, set forth from Pittsburgh on Robert Fulton's third panting monster, the New Orleans, and with Cap'n Andy Jack and a raffish crew of six keelboatmen of the Mike Fink stamp, roared down to Natchez in less than a month. They carried no cargo; none of the great mercantile minds of the day was fool enough to entrust goods, valuable or otherwise, to a one-to-a-hundred plunge against disaster.

How We Got a Public Domain

Now back to our tracks again. In due time and not without much deploring oratory, many dire forebodings, raven croaks and passionate jeremiads, the government acquired by purchase, conquest, exploration and, here and there, a bit of masterly skullduggery, Florida, the Oregon country (now Oregon, Washington and Idaho), Alaska and, from hapless Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, parts of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. From Texas, before that noble expanse threw all caution to the winds and joined the Union, we purchased her claim to "certain lands now included in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico," and a few odds and ends that lay about here and there with no one, not even the noble redskin, giving them any heed. We had already negotiated the great Louisiana Purchase—in 1803.

In brief, we thus acquired a Public Domain which, all told, comprised 1,442,200,320 acres (about three fourths of the area of the forty-eight states) of virtually every variety and climate known from Little America to Peary Land. If you lust for detail you may enjoy knowing that the public land states include all the states except the original thirteen, plus Kentucky, Maine, Vermont, West Virginia, Tennessee and Texas.

Before the General Land Office was established, Congress, the Board of the Treasury under the pre-Constitution Confederation, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury made presents of large tracts of public lands to soldiers, sailors, lame ducks, private citizens because they were popular and

(Continued on page 45)

Illustrated by William Steig

Would-be farmers were the victims of real estate racketeers who sold land from maps in eastern offices

Bachelor Dinner

The story of a wedding which was no place for a show girl. The groom, some say, has done quite well. It all depends

By Matt Taylor

THEY had been friends through four years of college—and yet they began to drift apart from the day college was finished. You couldn't point to any definite reason. Certainly they weren't rivals for Polly Harmon, because Polly, from the start, couldn't see anyone else in the world but Ray Shores.

Polly danced in the floor show at the old Club Royale. She was a slender, pretty brunette, with thin-penciled eyebrows and brown eyes and full red lips that were painted for the spotlight. She was the show-girl type, and she tried for the show-girl manner. But underneath she was just a kid who was new enough to find some fun in her job. She wasn't out for the glamour, but for a chance to make good so that she could help at home. The funny part was that you believed her when she told you this. You couldn't help it, the way Polly looked at you. Even though you were a worldly, cynical senior, you knew you had run into something very real, and fine and lovely.

Polly and Ray danced together that first evening and Bucky watched them in his serious way and paid little attention to the blonde they had found for him to dance with. Polly looked him over and decided he was trying to act bored—although any show girl at the Royale should have seen the difference between a fake collegiate sophisticate and a fellow like Ed Buckingham.

That evening was the beginning of something between Polly and Ray that went on through the winter and spring. At first Ray and Bucky would look her up together when they went to town, and then Ray got to dropping in by himself. He and Polly would dance a while and then go to some all-night eating place. Finally Ray used to taxi her to her home, which was in Brooklyn, and one Sunday he went to meet her folks and stay for dinner.

HE WAS concerned and irritable the next morning. "Mother got too motherly," he told Bucky. "I'm the first young man Polly ever brought home from the Royale, she said. There was a funny light in her eyes. I felt like the eager young suitor."

Bucky was bent over his breakfast. "Well, why not?" he asked gruffly.

Ray's face hardened. "Don't be a sap," he answered shortly.

And yet Ray probably loved Polly. She was the prettiest girl at the Royale. And when she was with Ray she was a whole lot more than that. Her manner softened, her eagerness was more real, and her smile wasn't merely a part of her costume. She was in love for the first time in her life, and she didn't mind showing it. But she wasn't anybody, and probably never would be anybody, and Ray, by this time, had settled on what he wanted his future to be. A show girl didn't fit into his plans at all. He knew his gift for getting himself liked, and he was counting on it to win him the right social connections and, eventually, business success. You can't be anchored to any girl, much less a nobody, when you're starting out from college with a set of plans like that.

So he broke with Polly quite abruptly. He came back from seeing her one Sunday night and woke Bucky up. "The big moment has been passed," he said. "Polly and I staged the farewell scene."

Bucky sat up in bed, his blond hair tousled. He blinked solemnly in the sudden light. "Was it calm," he asked, "or was it otherwise?"

Ray frowned. "It wasn't so calm," he said. "But hang it, Bucky! I didn't know she'd get to feel this way!"

"Neither did she, I guess," Bucky said quietly.

"That's just it! It was an accident, and an accident isn't anybody's fault. It's too bad though," he added thoughtfully.

Bucky nodded. "It's too bad, all right," he said.

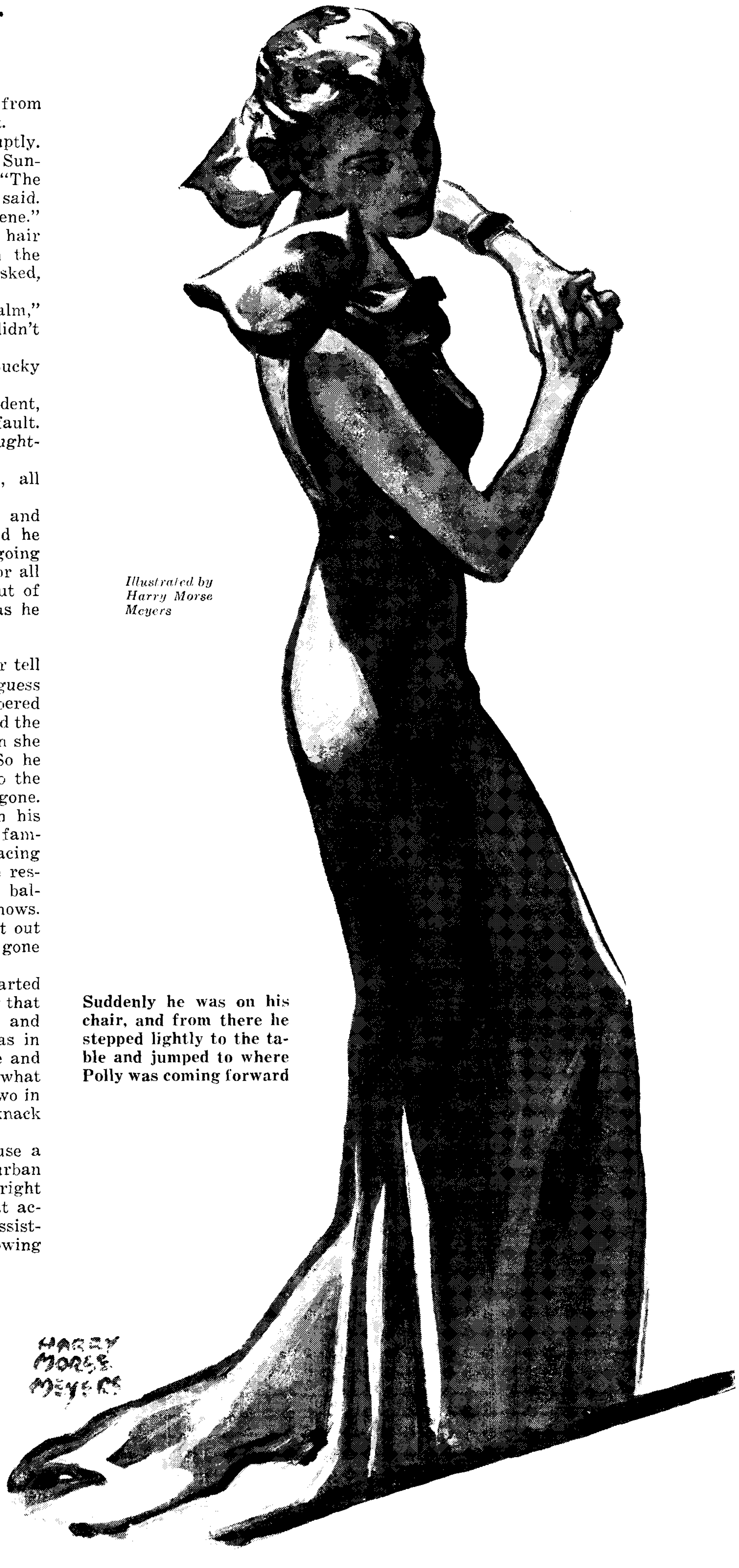
Ray smoked a minute longer, and then growled good night and said he was sleepy. Bucky heard him going down the corridor to his room. For all he could ever learn, Polly went out of Ray's mind for good that night as he dropped off to sleep.

AS FOR Polly, Bucky could never tell for sure. But he felt he could guess how she was taking it. He remembered the way she used to look at Ray, and the smile she always had for him when she came dancing out on the floor. So he waited a month before he went to the Royale, and by that time she was gone. Later, after a final vacation with his folks, he tried Polly's home. The family had moved, and there was no tracing them. He went the rounds of the restaurants for a while, and bought balcony seats for the new musical shows. But he never saw Polly. She went out of his life as completely as she had gone out of Ray's.

And yet it wasn't Polly who started them drifting apart. It was simply that they were finished with college, and Ray was on his way. Success was in his bones. He had the appearance and poise, and you knew he would get what he went after. There are one or two in every senior class who have a knack like Ray's.

He was with the brokerage house a year when they sent him to a suburban office. He was mixing with the right people and he controlled a few fat accounts. A year after this he was assistant branch manager, glib and knowing about the market, with all the inflections and mannerisms that make a common board-room tip seem confidential and important. Socially, he was already an adopted son of the mighty. Ray was very much on his way.

They had been out four years when they met at a reunion. Bucky still had his same job with a real estate concern. He hadn't changed much. But Ray was a little heavier, quite a bit more important, and too pointedly at ease. His voice had shadings that made him either very emphatic or very casual. It



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Suddenly he was on his chair, and from there he stepped lightly to the table and jumped to where Polly was coming forward

was a trick, probably to make people remember him. It put an even sharper edge on his personality, and it didn't sound—unless you knew him well—too artificial.

They didn't mention Polly. They talked football and business, and Ray brought in, rather unnecessarily perhaps, the name of Helen Jennifer. If he was trying to impress Bucky, he succeeded, for Bucky was familiar with Wall Street, if not with society. The Jennifers were very big in Wall Street.

"WE'RE engaged, you know," Ray told him. "I thought you'd heard. It was in all the papers."

He said it with an aggrieved air, and a reproachful lift of the eyebrows. Bucky's face clouded. And instantly Ray changed, and grinned. For a moment Bucky felt the spark of their old friendship. It was the way Ray used to grin in college when he was afraid of being kidded for sounding important.

But the spark died. In another minute they were strangers again. Bucky never expected to see him, unless by accident, after that night. Yet in April Ray called and suggested lunch together. And because he sensed a certain eagerness in the voice over the phone, Bucky agreed.

He was uncomfortable at first as he sat across from his old friend. Ray was too pompous, too loud, too obvious with his studied amiability. But at the same time Bucky felt vaguely that he was trying to be something else; to recapture a small part of their old intimacy.

The talk drifted, naturally, to Ray's marriage. "It's coming off in June," Ray said. He frowned at the table. "I want you to be one of my ushers, Bucky," he said bluntly.

Bucky was too surprised to answer, even if he had known what to say. But Ray paid no attention. "You're the oldest friend I have," he said. He hurried on before Bucky could speak. "Helen's cousin, Ted Wheeler, is best man," he said. "He was a freshman when we were seniors, if you remember. And Helen's brother-in-law, Bill Collings, is slated for head usher." He watched Bucky sharply. "The three of us are great pals, you see," he added quickly. "You'll like them, Bucky. And you'll like Helen. I'm head over heels," he concluded solemnly.

"Sure you are," Bucky murmured, with a feeble grin.

"You may be a little strange at first. But there'll be the usual pre-nuptial shindigs, and you'll get acquainted. Besides," he went on hesitantly, "they're all good people to know. In your line such connections often lead to—"

He broke off, for he saw Bucky's eyes narrow, and a flush mount slowly to his cheeks. Ray leaned across the table. "Forget that one," he said gruffly. "I shouldn't have tried that on you. But I was afraid you wouldn't take the job. And I want you to. You're the oldest friend I have."

Bucky was silent. He remembered Ray in college, when they had been friends, honest with each other, loyal, without the slightest pretense between them.

And now, Bucky knew, Ray couldn't break clean with that part of his life. He wanted one tie with his former self; he wanted someone standing near him at his wedding to reassure him that Ray Shores, the broker, was one and the same with Ray Shores, the undergraduate. It was a grotesque idea, dragging poor Bucky into that gold-plated wedding party. But he was a prop Ray needed to hang on to. He represented something in Ray that the boy needed to believe was still alive.

Bucky looked up finally, and grinned across the table. After all, Ray had been his closest friend.

NEWS of the wedding crowded the society columns from the day the date was announced. They were to be married in the ample suburban church the Jennifers supported, and afterward a mighty cavalcade of guests would drive to the estate in the hills for the wedding breakfast.

The bridal party was announced and itemized over and over, and Bucky's name looked strange in there along with names that were great and almost sacred in social and financial history. Yet when he met them all, they welcomed him. He had a guest card, with all privileges, and they knew the laws of hospitality.

It was believable that Ray could love Helen Jennifer; believable even that he was head over heels about her. She was practically flawless. Her loveliness was different from Polly's. It was studied and formal—not so much beauty as charm. But beneath her well-mannered graciousness, Bucky saw, at times, her pride in herself, her family and code. He knew he was her one concession to Ray, and to that part of Ray's life that was finished.

The receptions were scheduled thick and fast. The bride and groom-to-be were to be dined and fêted, and the bridal party was to trail along like the smartly dressed entourage it was. Bucky, not quite as well outfitted as he should have been, was one of the spear-carriers in the pageant. He did his best, but he kept wishing it was over. He knew he didn't fit.

The date was still ten days off when Collings, Helen's brother-in-law and the head usher, and young Ted Wheeler, the best man, sought him out and cornered him after a dinner party.

"It's about the bachelor dinner," Ted Wheeler explained. "Ray had forgotten it completely."

Collings stroked his hair, which lay flat and glistening above his high forehead. "There should be one, you know," he said blandly.

Bucky smiled faintly. "But does Ray want one?" he asked.

"Everyone has a bachelor dinner," Collings answered stiffly. "But Ray's been too busy to arrange it. So Ted and I said we'd help. And we need you."

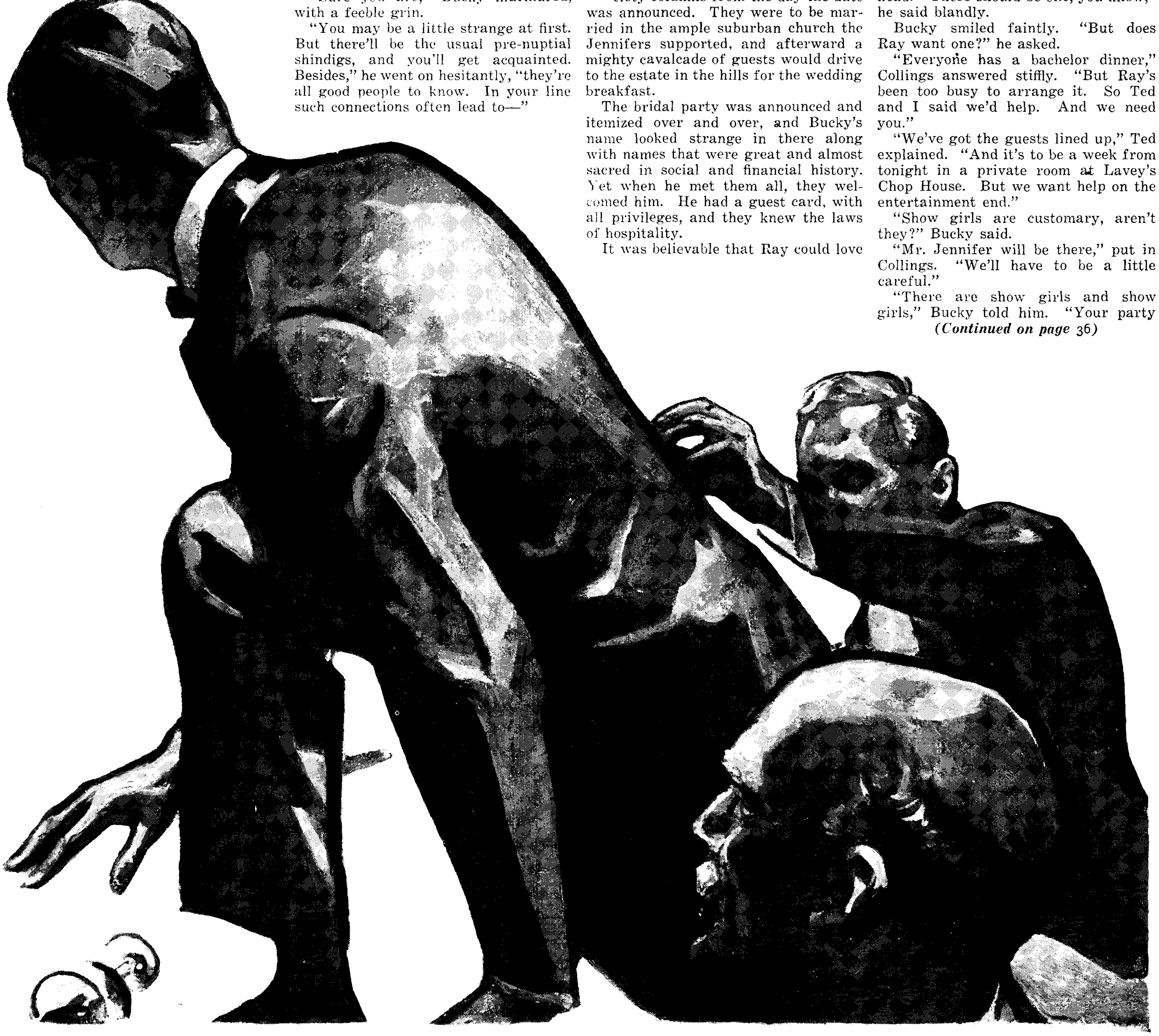
"We've got the guests lined up," Ted explained. "And it's to be a week from tonight in a private room at Lavey's Chop House. But we want help on the entertainment end."

"Show girls are customary, aren't they?" Bucky said.

"Mr. Jennifer will be there," put in Collings. "We'll have to be a little careful."

"There are show girls and show girls," Bucky told him. "Your party

(Continued on page 36)



She brought him Luck

By Jerome Beatty

A rollicking romance of hectic Hollywood, where the stars are sometimes wrong

SHE was a pretty girl, with wavy brown hair and she wore a simple little dark blue dress with a wide white collar and a perky little hat. She sat in one corner of Eddie Starkweather's otherwise unpopulated office and as she looked it over there was a determined gleam in those big, deep brown eyes and a resolute tilt to that firm little chin. Her name was Suzanne Morgan.

She was waiting to see Eddie Starkweather, one of the best directors on the Amalgamated lot, who was in conference in the front office. She was going to ask Eddie for a job.

"Brr-rr-rangety-brrang!" went the telephone bell. "Brr-rr-rangety-brrang!"

"I guess I'd better answer it," she decided. "Hello! . . . No, Mr. Starkweather isn't in. Who's calling, please? . . . Yes, Miss LaClaire, I'll tell him. You're waiting to have lunch with him at the Brown Derby, he already is half an hour late and he had better hop to it." She slapped the telephone back in its cradle.

"Just because she's a movie star she thinks a big director should come on the run every time she wants him! It'll do her good to wait! Ha!" She made a contemptuous face at the telephone. "So you think that just because you're engaged to him, you're going to marry him! Ho! Ho! Stupid! I've been in love with him for a month! *I'm* going to marry him!"

SHE returned to her seat in the corner. She remembered what her frequent adviser, Madame DeVere, the astrologer, had told her only last night: "You are a Leo person. You succeed best in the company of Sagittarius people."

"Know anything about Eddie Starkweather, the director?" Suzanne had asked.

"I have read his horoscope." She looked in her files and reported: "He is a Sagittarian."

"Any chance for me to marry him?" Suzanne demanded.

"An excellent chance. He needs a Leo girl. Tomorrow begins a period during which the vibrations will be favorable. Tomorrow you may hear of a great opportunity that may change the entire course of your life."

Sure enough. Only two hours ago a friend had said to her: "Eddie Starkweather needs a stand-in for Alice LaClaire. Why don't you try for the job?"

A "stand-in" is a person who takes the place of a star on the stage while the camera man is setting up his lights and angles and the director is laying out his action. . . .

Eddie Starkweather, entirely unaware that a Leo girl was sitting in the corner, flung open the door of his office, slammed it behind him, dropped into his chair and jammed a thumb down on a button that made a gong rattle far down the hall.

Now he noticed her.

"Hello, honey," he said dully. "Who are you and what do you want?"

She answered but he didn't listen. He was making a sneering face at a book that lay in front of him. The name of the book was The Mystery of May 21st.

"Come back tomorrow, will you, baby, please?" he said.

Joe Burns came busting into the room in answer to the gong. Joe was Eddie's assistant.

Eddie said tonelessly, "Sit down, Joe." Eddie was all in white. It was a hot day. He unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it off, unfastened the top button of his undershirt and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Honey," he said pleadingly to the girl, "will you *please* get out of here?"

He said to Joe: "What's the worst thing that could happen in the movie business?"

"Don't tell me," Joe said, fingering a rabbit's foot that hung on his watch-fob, "that times are so hard that Disney had to eat the three little pigs!"

"This is serious. Sophie Greenbaum has read a book!"

Sophie was the nice, plump, sentimental wife of Solomon Greenbaum, Chairman of the Board and Managing Director of Productions of Amalgamated Pictures Corporation.

Joe said: "I didn't know she could read."

"It took her only three weeks to make out the wording." Eddie handed the book to Joe. "There's the evidence."

"It's a book, all right. I can see that." He exclaimed suddenly, "Hells bells! *May 21st!*"

Joe Burns wasn't the kind of fellow who goes around bawling out days the way some people do. They say "I hope I never see December 25th again," or "Fourth of July drives me nuts."

Nevertheless Joe declared, "May 21st certainly gives me a pain."

ABOUT May 20th some pink-eyed stooge from the front office had gone around with a paper, simpering, "May 21st is the Greenbaums' wedding anniversary. Let's all buy Mrs. Greenbaum a diamond bracelet." It cost Joe ten bucks and Eddie fifty. Eddie was elected to make the presentation speech. Sophie thought it was a voluntary offering from the hired help and she cried and kissed everybody and Eddie was pretty sore about it because he cried, too. It made him look like a sissy.

Joe handed back the book. "What's the gag?" he said.

"Somebody noticed that the title was a nice coincidence and sent it to Sophie for an anniversary present. Through the operation of some miracle that our peanut minds will never fathom, she managed to get a general idea of what the book is all about. To her amazement, she learned that there is another writer besides her favorite columnist."

"So what?"

"She decides it will make a great movie and because I gushed out a lovely speech about the bracelet she honors me by picking me to do it. She persuades Solomon that the date is a hunch, that it will change his luck and he O. K.'s the whole job without reading it. I squawked but I got my orders. We've got to make it, with LaClaire."

"*Oh!* oh," said Joe in apprehension. "With mysteries as dead as General Grant and the sales department yelling for musicals and me with only one more picture to go on my contract."

"Even if it's good it'll be terrible!"

"And they'll blame us—not Sophie or Solomon. And out we'll go, bumpety bump, down the chute."

EDDIE STARKWEATHER was the most popular director on the Amalgamated lot, and, when they gave him a chance, one of the best. He was just a kid, big and handsome and with a heart as big as Griffith Park. He often was in trouble, usually because he was trying to help somebody out of it—giving a start to an old actor who had seen better days and who, nine times out of ten, had nothing left but his reputation, so Eddie had to take the rap for inadequate casting. Or getting himself in bad by going to the front to try to save the job of some fellow who had the nerve to say, "That scene is awful!" instead of "It's colossal."

Then there were the women, too. They wouldn't let him alone, and instead of busting them in the nose, he was pleasant. Extra girls or stars, he always was pleasant.

"Sugar pie," he would say to a star, "those legs of yours are the neatest gambs that ever trotted across a stage. Go back to the wardrobe and tell them I want black stockings and step-ins instead of pink." Only the best, they knew, could get by in black, so it naturally made them feel pretty good and they would think he was nuts about them.

Through no fault of Eddie's his last two Alice LaClaire pictures had died standing up. Sol Greenbaum had fallen for LaClaire's argument that she was another Janet Gaynor and had made Eddie do two mushy little Cinderella yarns with her. LaClaire, on and off, was a hard-boiled hoofer with so much sex appeal that they didn't have to heat her set in winter. They might as well have tried to put over Mae West in Alice in Wonderland. One more picture with Amalgamated and LaClaire would be through. She'd signed a new contract with Red Star.

Joe asked: "What's the book about?"

"A mysterious guy who sticks a knife into a guy."

"Don't tell me that he leaves a message written in a scrawly hand and attached to the hilt of the knife!"

"Aw," Eddie grinned, "you've read it."

"Even the boys in Poverty Row don't make it any more. What does the mug call himself this time—Mr. X or The Blue Ghost or The Red Phantom?"

"He's the Black Panther."

"That's a break. I was afraid we'd have to do it in color. I suppose, in the end, the Black Panther turns out to be a hero and the fellow he killed got what was coming to him."

"Of course," said Eddie wearily.

"What kind of a part is there for LaClaire? Is she the schoolmarm who comes into the desert after graduating from Vassar, or the Park Avenue débutante who all the time has been an operative from Scotland Yard?"

"There isn't," said Eddie, "any girl in the story."

"Criminey!" said Joe.

"Except a Negro maid in the ladies' room in the theater who runs down the aisle in the middle of a performance and yells, 'The Black Panther is here!' and who never is heard of again."

"LaClaire in blackface, hey?"

"The story can be tipped upside down," said Eddie, "making the Black Panther a girl. We can drag in a scene at a country club and give LaClaire a song and dance and we'll try to persuade the exhibitors that it's a musical. We're probably sunk, kid, but we'll die fighting." He ran a hand through his hair. "Why in thunder didn't I stay on the farm with the horses where I'd be surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligence?"

"You say there's a theater scene?" The girl in the corner spoke.

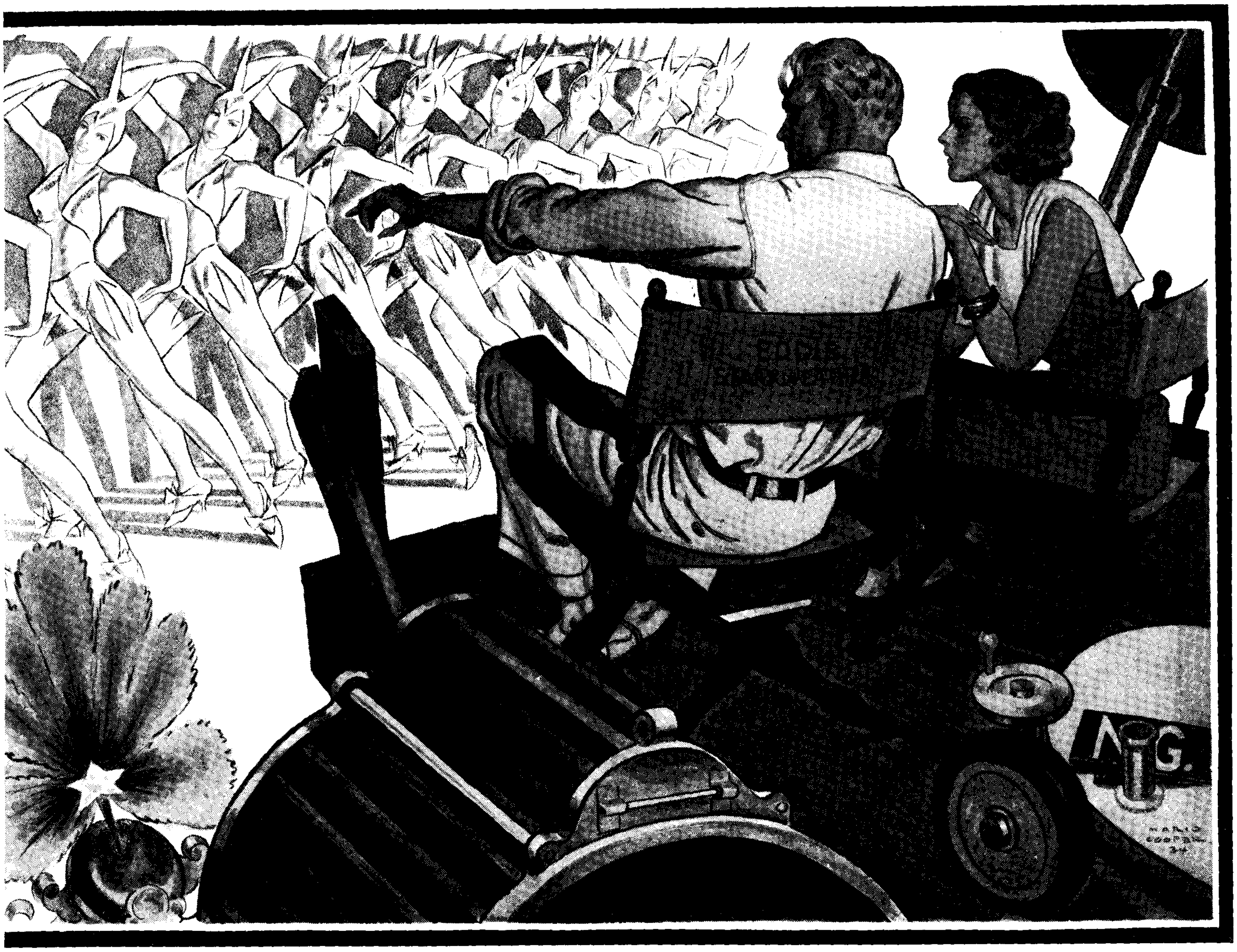
"Yeah. A performance of Hamlet," said Eddie dully. He looked up. "Say," he exclaimed, "are you still here?"

SHE stood up and her big brown eyes were unafraid and she carried herself with quiet assurance as she walked toward the desk.

"Another extra girl looking for a job," Eddie thought. But extra girls usually were frightened and obsequious. He reached for his shirt.

"Instead of a performance of Hamlet, Mr. Starkweather," she said quietly, "make it an opening night of the Amalgamated Follies."

"That's an idea," said Eddie.



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Suzanne had ideas. Of course, they usually were all wrong, but they inspired him. Suzanne was bringing him luck

"And the murder will be committed in the audience."

"Listen, honey," said Eddie, "they did that in The Spider before you were born."

"All right," she persisted. "Then have the murder on the stage, during the performance."

"Baby, please go 'way," Eddie begged. "That's Murder at the Vanities. Honest, honey, I'm busy. Please come back some other time—say at the next presidential election."

"Double up, then," she said. "Have two murders. One on the stage and one in the audience, all mixed up with musical show."

"LOOK, now, sugar. I've told you a dozen times, nicely, that—" He stopped, screwed up his face. His shirt now was buttoned and the tails were hanging outside his trousers. He strode to the window and looked out. He swung around, walked back and gave the girl a grateful hug. "Honey, you're a gift from the gods!"

He pointed a finger at Joe. "Look! We've got something! LaClaire will murder 'em all over the theater. I can see it now. The chorus girls are flat on their backs, kicking in the air. They get up—all but one. She's dead. Just then the Negro maid comes in yelling that there's a dead man in the ladies' room. And when the police clear the theater they'll find a man dead in a box. The Black Panther killed 'em all."

"And," Joe drawled, "the bodies of the mayor and the chief of police will be found in the smoking-room where they had gone to shoot a little craps."

"'At's the stuff," Eddie cried. "Fine!"

"Say," Joe yelled, jumping to his feet. "Are you nuts? What is this, a comedy?"

"Exactly," said Eddie. "We'll kid the pants off the mystery stories!"

"You can't do it," Joe protested, holding up the book. "You've got to make this."

"Sophie'll never know. We'll have all the murders committed on May 21st. That'll square the title. Come on. We'll go up to the supervisor's office and get some writers to work. Come on. You too, baby."

"You can't lose me," she said, and followed his flying shirt-tails through the door. . . .

An hour later they were back in Eddie Starkweather's office.

"We're all set," said Eddie. He put an arm around Suzanne. "You're a great inspirer, sugar. By the way, what are you here for, anyway? Who are you?"

"Suzanne Morgan," she said. "I heard you needed a stand-in for LaClaire. They tell me I look like her."

"She does, for a fact," said Joe.

"You're elected," said Eddie promptly. "You're in the troupe. Suzanne, meet Joe."

"Hello, Joe," she grinned. She turned to Eddie, "I've worked for you eight or ten times—extra. Madame DeVere advised me to tackle the movies."

"The astrologer?" Joe asked. "She's smart, that woman."

"She's a fake," said Eddie.

"Yeah?" asked Suzanne.

"Come on," said Eddie, looking at his watch. "Let's go to lunch."

"Me, too?" Suzanne asked. A great director like Eddie Starkweather, inviting a stand-in to lunch with him!

"Sure."

As they went down the hall, Suzanne heard the telephone bell ring furiously.

"Let her ring!" she said to herself. For a moment her conscience pricked her. Perhaps she had better tell Eddie about Alice LaClaire and the luncheon engagement. She shook her head. "It's all for his own good," she said with conviction. . . .

IN FOUR weeks, with the help of a dance director, Eddie had finished the musical sequence of The Mystery of May 21st. The surrounding story remained to be shot.

Solomon Greenbaum stopped him in the studio restaurant at noon one day.

"I just looked at your stuff," Greenbaum said. "It's colossal! The greatest musical comedy ever produced. And all due to Sophie," he added proudly. "Ain't it funny, now? I had a great story-picker in my family all the time and didn't know it!"

"Did Mrs. Greenbaum see it?" Eddie asked uneasily.

"She doesn't want to look at it until it's finished. Listen, Eddie." He became confidential. "If May 21st is as big as it looks like, I'm going to give you the job of making New York."

"Honest!" Eddie's eyes popped out.

"Sophie made me promise," Greenbaum nodded.

New York was to be the Amalgamated company's super-super-extraordinarily magnificent million-dollar musical production of the year.

"Thanks, Chief," Eddie gasped and hot-footed it for the set, where the company was waiting for him.

"What do you think, honey?" he said to Suzanne. "Solomon is nuts about the stuff and maybe I'll get New York! How about dinner tonight to celebrate?"

"O. K., boss," Suzanne whispered. She looked over his shoulder. "How do you do, Miss LaClaire?" she asked in a loud voice.

Eddie wheeled. "Hello, sweetheart," he said eagerly. "I just talked to Solomon. He—"

Alice LaClaire's eyes were blazing. "Come over here," she said, and walked toward a corner of the stage.

Eddie followed her, bewildered—being a simple, lovable, guileless cuss. Even if he'd realized that for the last three weeks he had been paying almost constant attention to Suzanne Morgan, ignoring Alice LaClaire, his fiancée, he would have seen in his actions no reason for apology.

It was all for the good of the show. Suzanne had ideas. Of course, they usually were all wrong, but they inspired him. Better to have wrong ideas than no ideas at all.

Suzanne was bringing him luck. Every time he turned an idea of hers wrong side out, it was a hit. When she suggested that he have Alice LaClaire

(Continued on page 56)

The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

BRILLIANTLY defended by Carlton Forman, an attorney whom she had jilted to marry the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames, accused of murdering her husband, is acquitted by a jury. Free, she knows that Forman still loves her, that he will ask her to marry him. He calls, informs her bluntly that he believes her guilty and that he will not see her again.

One other man, at least—Sam Kernochan, a newspaper reporter—does not accept Mrs. Ames' story—that, while in her bedroom, she had heard a shot, hurried to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. Every exit had been locked, *on the inside;* there had been no finger-prints on the revolver; *and only Mrs. Ames had been present.* A conscientious man, Kernochan unwillingly writes his story, goes on a prolonged drunken spree, and is discharged.

A few days later (after he has been drinking heavily) he finds himself being interviewed by old Coghlan Buell, Mrs. Ames' uncle, and Rose Ames. A remarkable scene ensues. Mrs. Ames, it appears, has learned of Kernochan's brilliant record as a criminal investigator. She wants him to find the person who killed her husband. He believes her guilty? Immaterial. "I," Rose Ames says slowly, "want you to take the case. I will pay you fifty thousand dollars to find the murderer—*even if it's me.*" And Kernochan, out of a job, almost penniless, accepts the offer!

Sobering up, he sets to work. From Laurette Marks, a white-lights butterfly, he learns that John Ames had, unknown to his wife, been quite a play-boy. His last affair, according to Laurette, had been with the gorgeous Emily Trephon of The Jollities.

He must, he knows, meet Miss Trephon. And he does so—at a dinner-party for four, arranged by an old friend, Tommy Turner, a theatrical agent. Not, however, until he has had another interview with Mrs. Ames. A most amazing interview, in the course of which Rose Ames admits: (1) that she had withheld certain facts from the jury; (2) that she and her husband had been alienated for some time; (3) that Ames had often struck her; (4) that it was she who had wiped the finger-prints off the revolver, after handling it herself. . . .

The dinner-party is a success. Left alone at the table at last, with Emily Trephon, Kernochan exchanges light nothings with her. Then he describes a murder (the Ames case, somewhat altered) in which a jealous lover plays a part. The girl stares at him, horrified. Then, rising, she falls to the floor in a faint!

IV

BEFORE waiters could reach the table Kernochan had picked the girl from the floor and was carrying her to the dressing-room. Her eyes had opened and she was struggling faintly in his arms when he turned her over to the ministrations of maids. One of the latter, her hand on the girl's forehead, nodded reassuringly to the newspaper man.

"Don't worry about her, Mr. Kernochan. She'll be all right in a few minutes."

Kernochan pressed a bill into the maid's receptive palm.

"If she needs a doctor—"

The maid nodded and Kernochan removed himself to the lobby. The hat-check girl grinned impudently at him.

"Always knew you had plenty, Mr. Kernochan," she grinned, "but I didn't know you made them swoon with a look."

Kernochan looked at her.

"You and paint," he said.

The girl raised her eyebrows.

"Meaning?"

"First, you're fresh and then you crack," Kernochan explained.

The girl giggled at Kernochan's sally. "Is that copyrighted?"

"It will be when you give it to a columnist," Kernochan flung at her.

He proceeded into the restaurant, where an assiduous head waiter greeted him commiseratingly:

"Miss Trephon is all right?"

"I think so," replied Kernochan. "Just a little fainting spell."

He asked for his check, paid it, and took up his station outside the ladies' dressing-room, ignoring the flirtatious advances of the pretty hat-check girl. In a few minutes Emily Trephon, her pallor disguised by the application of make-up, appeared. He advanced solicitously.

"Everything all right?"

She tried to smile, but her eyes were hard.

"I guess so. I'm a little wobbly, but a night's sleep will fix that up. I'm sorry to act this way."

"A girl can't help it if she faints," he told her.

"Well, I hate to do it in a night club. They'll all be saying that Trephon can't carry her liquor any more."

"I wouldn't let it worry me," he advised dryly. "Shall we get a taxi?"

She took the arm which he offered and he assisted her down the broad flight of stairs that led to Forty-eighth Street. A starter summoned a taxi but, as Kernochan climbed in beside her, the girl placed her hand against his chest.

"Don't bother to take me home. I'm okay," she said.

"DON'T be a little idiot. Suppose you fainted again?" And, ignoring her protest, he seated himself beside her.

She told him the address and he gave it to the driver. Then he turned toward her.

"What scared you, baby?" he asked.

"Scared me? You mean because I fainted? Why, I do that often. Weak heart."

"And your doctor prescribes plenty of champagne and late hours, eh? Give me something else, Emily. The weak heart isn't so good."

"I'll say it isn't. Sometimes it beats so hard I can feel it and other times it skips."

"You must be good company when it's normal," he told her. "What scared you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she answered. "I don't seem to remember anything, except that we were talking about a book."

"I know. Suddenly everything went blank and you woke up in a strange room. Come through, Emily."

"I don't know what you're talking about." She sighed with relief as the cab stopped before an apartment building. "Thanks ever so much for a swell evening. Sorry I passed out on you."

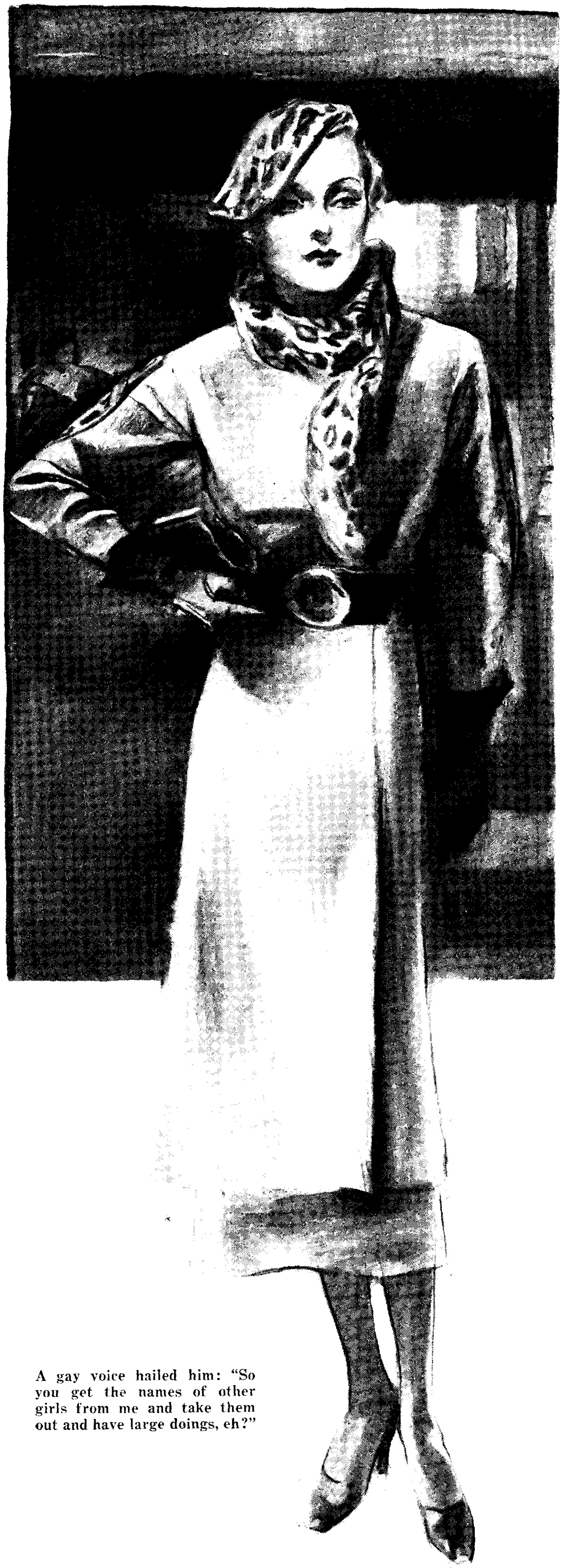
"You're not asking me up for a sandwich and a highball, eh?"

She simulated deep regret.

"I'm pretty tired. Any other night. You'll excuse me?"

He patted her hand.

"I'll forgive you, Emily. You're a nice little girl, despite your weak heart. Let me know when it's all cured and



A gay voice hailed him: "So you get the names of other girls from me and take them out and have large doings, eh?"

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

we'll go out together again." He walked across the sidewalk with her to the door, said good night and reëntered his taxi, giving his own address to the driver.

At home, he went to the kitchenette and stood for fully two minutes looking at a bottle of Scotch. His nerves had begun to play tricks. One drink—two at the most—and sleep would come easily to him. Only, if he drank much now he would need an eye-opener in the morning. Better to face a hard night than several hard days. Grimly he undressed and climbed into bed. He put his hand over his left breast. So Emily Trephon had a heart that jumped and skipped, did she? And sometimes it made her faint, did it? What would Emily do with a heart that kicked up as Kernochan's did now?

Exactly what had he been saying to Emily when she fainted? Something about a racketeer killing somebody. And what had been her words before she collapsed? Something about knowing why Turner had got her to go out with Kernochan; something about Kernochan wanting to find out about something.

LATER she had professed forgetfulness of all that had been said, but her profession had not impressed Kernochan. Upon what had he stumbled that had so terrified the girl?

He had made the engagement with Emily Trephon because he had wished to find out something about the Broadway background of John Ames. Emily, by her literary excursion, had opened the way for questioning. And in his gentle derision he had touched upon some truth.

Ames, unquestionably, had been her lover. But a girl like that would have had other lovers, and it was not inconceivable that among those lovers had been a racketeer. Racketeers liked girls in the public eye. Exactly as brokers arranged to put their sweethearts into the choruses of musical shows, so racketeers put their sweethearts in night clubs. When Kernochan had banteringly told Emily that he could write the outline of her book, he had merely drawn upon common Broadway gossip. And the girl had fainted.

So it was not too far-fetched to assume that Emily Trephon had in her past a gangster who might have killed some other lover of the girl. Her conduct when Kernochan mentioned this possible development of the story was enough to justify that assumption.

He could carry the assumption still further; Ames was the "John" of her story, the story he had supplied for her. But who was the racketeer? And then obstacles confronted one. Suppose Emily Trephon had a jealous gangster lover who had killed a rich man who was keeping the girl? That rich man couldn't be John Ames, because no racketeer could have killed him.

Today's examination of the Ames apartment on the second floor of the house on East Sixty-third Street was convincing evidence that no third person could have committed murder in that apartment. Only, this was the third possibility, and no matter how improbable it seemed, this was the theory which he must develop to the very limit.

Ever and again, during the brief time that had elapsed since he had accepted Coghlan Buell's retainer, he had been confronted by this apparent obstacle, the impossibility of a third person having been present in the Ames bedroom. But suppose that some racketeer hated Ames and had the will to kill him? Grant motive, grant desire, and did the impossible change its nature and become the easily feasible? Greater impossibilities than this one had been surmounted.

He smiled self-contemptuously; because Rose Ames had a lovely face and an alluring body he was letting himself get in the frame of mind of all the reporters, the jurymen and the public. In a worse frame of mind, because the rest of the world merely believed that Ames had killed himself, whereas he was trying to persuade himself that Ames had been murdered by a third person. He fell asleep with that smile still upon his lips.

He was in his bath the following morning and to his amazement found himself singing one of the songs from last night's show. He ceased squirming beneath the cold shower. He hadn't sung in the bath for years unless he had been on the water-wagon at least six weeks. And here he was, giving proof of the possession of sound nerves and a healthy body when he had been sober for less than forty-eight hours. Pete, the bartender at John's place, the rubbers in the Turkish bath, and all his well-wishers, had been mistaken in him. They had all thought it was an impossibility for him to sober up until he had drunk himself to the very verge of delirium tremens. All the evidence of the past supported their theory, yet now it was contradicted by his own feeling of well-being. Evidence didn't always amount to much. Perhaps this matter which engaged him now would show that evidence could be fallacious.

He turned on the gas range in the kitchenette, made coffee and toast, and boiled three eggs. With relish he attacked his breakfast. Over it he glanced at the morning Leader. In the ship news he found the item that Carlton Forman, the brilliant young attorney who had so successfully conducted the Ames trial, had sailed for Europe last night. He shrugged. Tough on Rose Ames; that is, if she loved Forman. She didn't impress Kernochan as the sort of woman whose love would endure through distrust, but you could never tell about girls. If you could there would be fewer crimes of passion.

HE FINISHED breakfast and was in the midst of shaving when his telephone rang. One side of his face covered with lather, he emerged from the bathroom and picked up the receiver.

"Is that you, honey?" asked a girl's voice.

"It's honey, all right," laughed Kernochan, "but who's talking to him?"

"Emily. Can't you recognize my voice?"

"It's different when you're not having a heart attack," he said. "How is the lovely little organ this morning?"

"It's oke. It was all right last night."

"You're telling me?"

"I was stupid," said the girl. "You know, I suddenly was afraid you were digging up that old matter."

"What old matter?" asked Kernochan.

"The Layman thing. You remember, don't you?"

"You mean Ansell Layman? What did you have to do with him?"

"Not a thing in the world, but the cops questioned me for days just because Layman and I had been friendly."

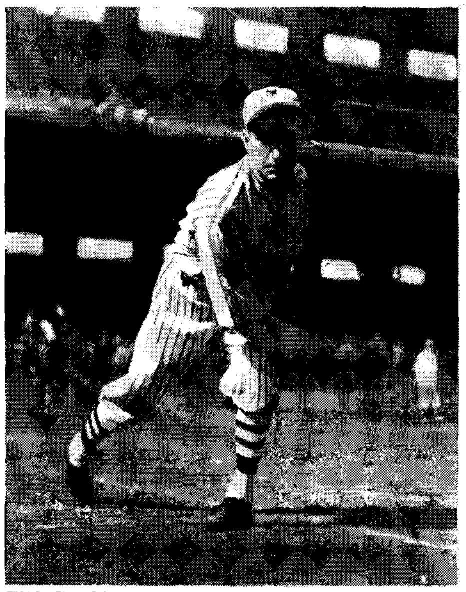
Kernochan wrinkled his forehead. Ansell Layman, a broker, had been killed three years ago, and no one had ever been punished for the crime. He remembered that Jimmy Pottery, a gentleman of dubious antecedents and more dubious present, had been taken to police headquarters and grilled. But the racketeer had not been detained more than a few hours, and Layman's death had been another of the unsolved mysteries of the prohibition era. But Kernochan had not known that Emily Trephon had been involved in the case.

"I don't remember reading your name," he said.

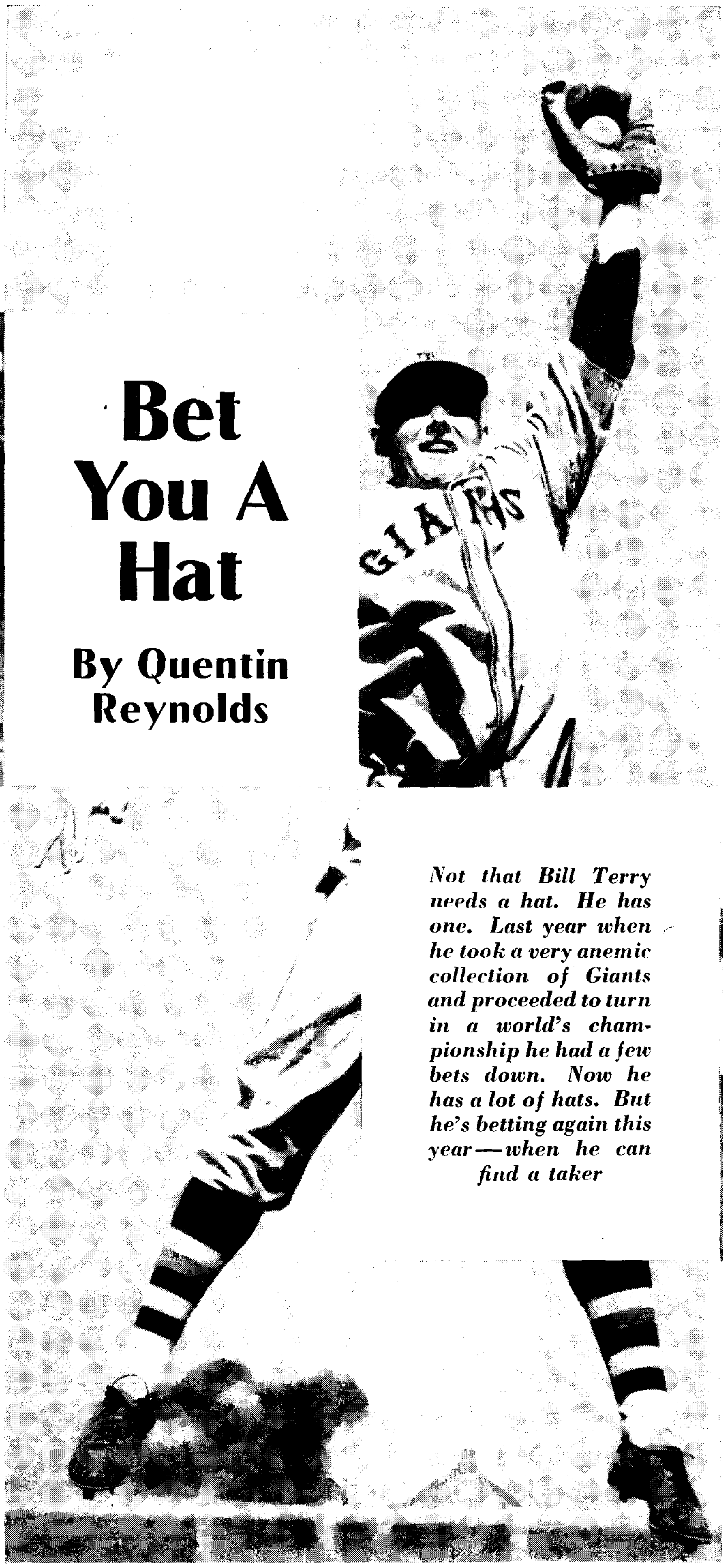
(Continued on page 49)

Blondy Ryan, the spread-eagled youngster at the right, is doing very nicely for himself nowadays, having been required by Mr. Terry to learn how to hit curve balls

"Pitch any way you like, kid, but pitch," is what Manager Terry told young Roy Parmalee, below, who did so with gratifying results



Wide World



International News

Bet You A Hat

By Quentin Reynolds

Not that Bill Terry needs a hat. He has one. Last year when he took a very anemic collection of Giants and proceeded to turn in a world's championship he had a few bets down. Now he has a lot of hats. But he's betting again this year—when he can find a taker

Acme

Memphis Bill Terry managed the staggering Giants into a world's championship and surprised everyone but himself

TWENTY years ago Connie Mack and the late John McGraw were firmly entrenched as the Miracle Men of baseball and fans were talking with bated breath of how these two master minds were able to think their respective teams into pennants. Meanwhile there was a fourteen-year-old kid with very dark hair shooting left-handed marbles on the street corners of Atlanta, Georgia, and having some trouble with his high school homework.

Now John McGraw is only a beloved memory in baseball, and Connie Mack is an elderly retiring gentleman and the dark-haired kid—ah, you've guessed it—is William Harold Terry, manager of the world's champion New York Giants and the modern Miracle Man of Baseball. Maybe there is a moral in that and if there is you can wrap it up and take it home to the kiddies—I don't want it.

Then, too, if you were to start calling Mr. Terry a Miracle Man to his face he would be apt to look at you as though you were a little bit cracked and, after shifting his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, murmur, "Baloney." A year ago Terry took a team that on paper didn't even look like a good minor league outfit and he rode it to a national league pennant and a world's championship, but then, as Terry sagely observed, "they don't play the national league schedule on paper but on baseball diamonds."

The New York baseball writers who had accompanied the Giants to the west coast were wiring to their offices, "How about transferring me to Dodgers or Yankees? Giants will never finish the season out."

A Boom in Brown Hats

They all knew Terry very well and one night several of them were in his hotel room telling him, among other things, what a lousy ball club he had. "Your club had ought to rest until Labor Day and then maybe go to Roton Point and play the married men's team at the outing of the Delancey Street Boys. With some breaks in the luck your team might win that one."

Terry yawned and said calmly, "I will bet each one of you guys a new hat that the Giants finish one, two or three this year."

The boys couldn't wait to get that bet down and after the world series last fall the hat shops of Broadway were crowded with baseball writers pricing something fetching in brown that was size seven and one eighth.

Terry began life as a left-handed pitcher. This was before they had that law that all crooners, radio announcers and southpaw pitchers could be legally strangled at birth. Being born a left-handed pitcher is not always fatal but it is certainly a step in that direction. Terry wasn't a very good left-handed pitcher either, but he did have one thing—control.

"I had great control," Terry admits now. "I never missed hitting the other fellow's bat."

Bill would usually give the opposing team two or three runs while he was in the box and then he'd get up and get those runs back by blasting a homer. But they wouldn't let him get up every inning so that system failed. He was pitching for teams like Atlanta, Thomasville, Newman and Shreveport, and his bimonthly pay checks were getting smaller and smaller. Terry has always been a sensible fellow about pay checks and, although baseball was his art, he felt, as do most artists, that a man is strictly a sucker to engage in an art that doesn't pay well. So he ups and retires from baseball. He was seventeen at the time.

In 1922, when the late Mr. McGraw was bringing his Giants north and having a lot of hungry mouths to feed, he stopped off at Memphis to play an exhibition game. Terry had become a citizen of Memphis by now and he was doing all right for himself in the oil and gas business and playing a little baseball on the side.

Terry Goes to Toledo

For some mysterious reason McGraw had a hunch on Terry and he persuaded him to come out of retirement. McGraw watched Terry throw up those port-side slants of his and he winced. Then in batting practice he watched Bill slap a fast ball out of sight and he whistled.

He whistled for Secretary Jim Tierney and told Tierney to go out and buy Terry a first baseman's glove. Then he sent Terry to Toledo, where Roger Bresnahan was schooling the young Giant hopefuls. He told Bresnahan to make a first baseman out of Terry. Well, that Bresnahan was a very smart guy and in fact he could have made a first baseman out of a jar of marmalade, a 1901 copy of the Astrologers' Guide and a hairpin. He had no trouble at all with Terry. Within a year Terry was slugging that potato to a .370 tune and they had taken down the sign posts usually placed around first base for the guidance of rookies. He had a nice tenor voice, too, and maybe it was that which prompted McGraw to send for him.

McGraw had a pretty good first baseman named George Kelly playing for him and he only summoned Terry to sit in the dugout and watch the games. This was rather boring but not bad if you brought a cushion along, got a seat near the water cooler and got a check twice a month. McGraw let it be known that he had decided to make Terry the permanent understudy to Kelly, with the idea of eventually giving Terry the job as soon as Kelly started to slip. That news was received calmly enough by all concerned except Terry, who then inaugurated what became an annual custom of holding out. McGraw was furious.

"This guy is only learning the game," McGraw stormed, "and he wants more dough than a regular first baseman."

(Continued on page 57)

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER—"

Miss Ruth Boyd of New York City speaks with authority on the perils of a pedestrian. She says:

"Of course it takes healthy nerves to lead a championship hockey team. But those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys clanging—traffic whistles shrilling—trucks and taxis bearing down on you—it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time—and smoke steadily, too. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder, taste marvelously—and don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' The way I guard my nerves and yet smoke all I want is to smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

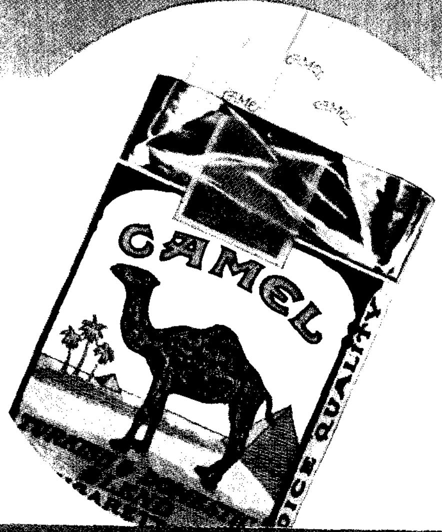
Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs—tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling...hair-mussing...pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on *your* habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.**

You'll find Camels rich in flavor—yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment...the full, satisfying taste...the pleasure of smoking at its best!



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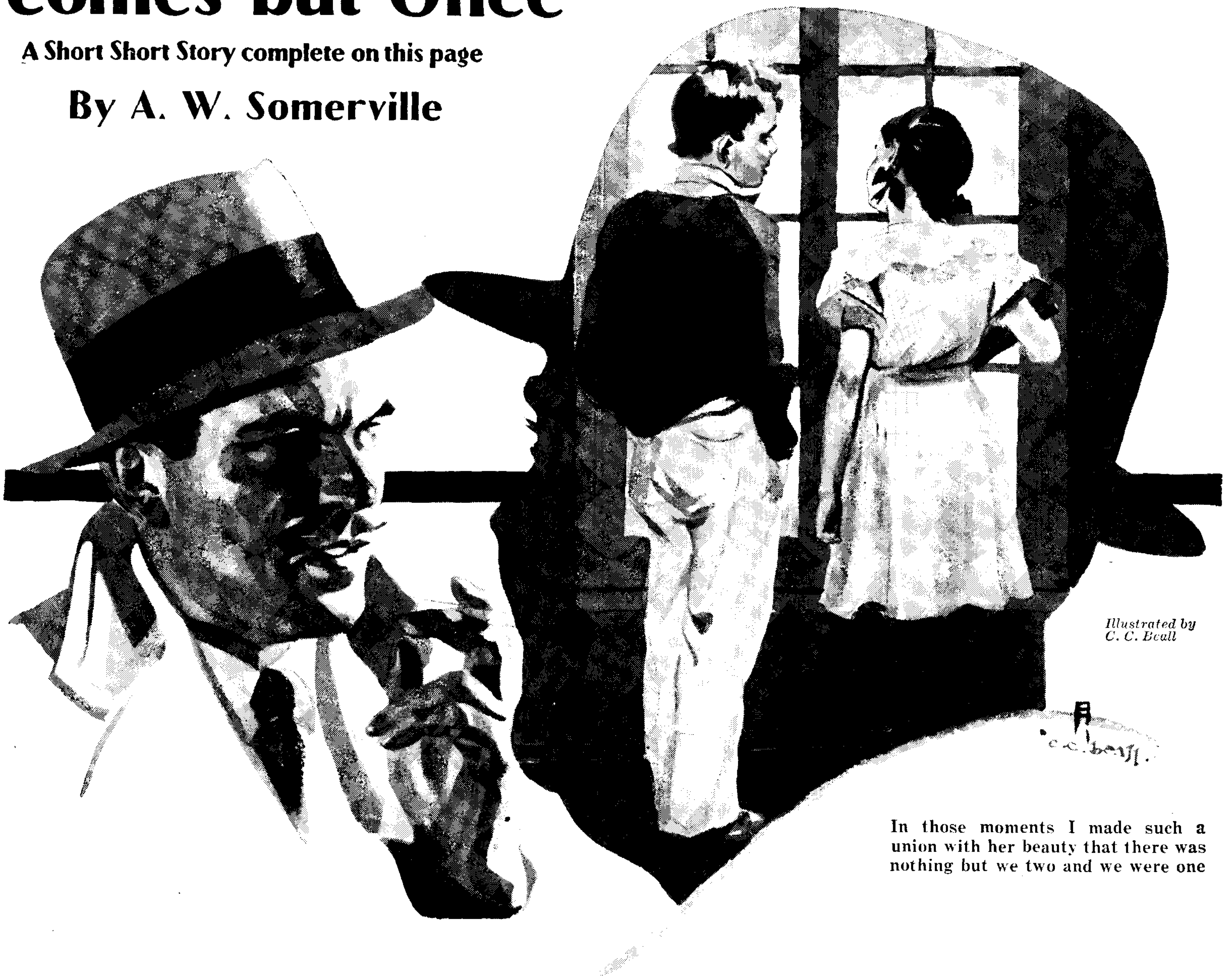
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

It comes but Once

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By A. W. Somerville



Illustrated by C. C. Beall

In those moments I made such a union with her beauty that there was nothing but we two and we were one

HE WAS sitting near me in the hotel lobby and he looked like a buyer; if you've ever had much to do with the show business it's not hard to know an out-of-town buyer on sight. Finally he got up and came over and said to me:

"I was staring at you because I thought I knew you."

"You think so?" I said, and took a good look at him, and knew him.

"Yeah," he said. "I knew you in school. In Detroit. Didn't you go to East High in Detroit?"

I even remembered his name, though he had forgotten mine. He was a buyer for one of the big Detroit stores, men's wear, and a good talker. He began to talk, now.

I got to thinking about the year I spent in East High. I'd thought about it before, thousands of times. Always about the one girl. Oh, not that it amounts to much. Her name was Enid Walker.

The day I entered that school I saw her, and I watched her every day for a long time. Over a month, I'd say. She went steady with a boy who grew up to be this buyer. I'd watch her but I never said anything to her, never tried to get acquainted with her. I would have crawled ten miles to have touched her. For the first time I saw beauty.

She was in only one of my classes, the one after lunch hour, in history. I used to get to that class early, so I could be sure and see her come in the door. The way she walked, the way she carried her head, the fine set of her shoulders; ah, I know exactly how some silly bug feels that goes batting its head against an electric light.

Yes, I used to get to that class early, as though to greet her. I changed all the desks to forest trees, and with my axe built us a cabin. I turned the room into a sandy beach and hung a moon on the blackboard. But, best of all, I liked to turn one of the windows into the prow of a ship, and stand there with her, hand in hand, with the breeze in my face and the mutiny behind me, the treasure map in my pocket. I know I was lonesome, and poverty ridden, but that doesn't explain all of it. There was another chemical at work on me besides loneliness and poverty.

ONE day in early October I got to class ahead of time, and there she was, ahead of me, standing in my regular window. I got four or five steps inside the room, only because I had a little momentum, and then sat down. My legs would not carry me. It is all as clear as though it were an hour ago: the choked feeling, and my lost strength, and a blindness to anything else except her standing there in my window. Somehow I went toward her and she turned and said: "Oh, hello, there!" just like I'd known her, and like she really knew me, really knew me.

And then the strangest thing happened. It wasn't at all like I'd imagined—there wasn't any prow of a ship, nor any forest trees to chop down, nor any moon on the beach. We talked about a milk wagon. There was a milk wagon down on the street below us and we talked about it, and laughed, and we talked about milk, and laughed; we didn't need any props like moons and ships and forests. In those few moments, talking about a milk wagon and about milk, I made such a union with her beauty that there was nothing but we two, and we were one.

When the class came in we didn't know it. When the bell rang we didn't know it. When the teacher called to us we didn't know it. Finally someone must have punched her, because she pulled her hand from mine, and turned. And I turned. Then we walked right out of ourselves and it was all gone. I had a feeling like I was going to be sick, right there, when the teacher said:

"The place for billing and cooing is not the classroom."

I never have any trouble remembering how her voice, the teacher's voice, sounded when she said that. Nor how the class watched us go to our seats, as if we'd done something wrong. I got to my seat and never raised my eyes until class was over. I didn't know the boy behind me—he grew up to be this buyer—had pinned a piece of paper on the back of my old sweater.

Out in the hall I didn't look behind, though I knew there were boys behind me. They said things about me, about my clothes; they wanted to know how Enid Walker could see anything in a fellow like me. They followed me down the steps and outside the building. Until I ran. I didn't know until I got home, over three miles, that the sign was pinned on my sweater: "Enid Walker's Slob."

I never talked to her again. But I wore my suit to school after that; I wasn't going to let them pin her name to a dirty sweater and a pair of work pants, even if a summer suit does look bad in winter. After that I'd sometimes catch her watching me, and often she'd catch me watching her. I don't think I ever made her nervous. It was just that she didn't know what to do about it, any more than I knew what to do about it. Somehow the door had been banged shut.

Now don't get the idea I've spent my life mooning over this; I haven't. I wasn't mooning about it while this buyer was talking about what a big success he was. I heard him say, finally:

"I guess I remember you because of my wife. She was Enid Walker."

I just said: "Still married?"

"Well," he said, trying not to smirk. "I am in Detroit but when I get to the big apple, well, you know."

He didn't recall my name. So I told him. He didn't believe it. "That's not your show?" he said. I told him it was.

HE WANTED to take me out to dinner. He wanted to give a party for me. Could he meet some of the girls? Could he take the girls on a party?

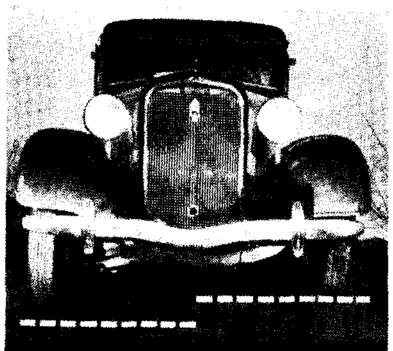
I thought it over. Just then Vivianne Lotus went by and I gave her a nod and she came up. I introduced her and said: "Party."

"Tonight?" said Vivianne.

After she'd gone I said to him: "Where do you live in Detroit?"

He was actually impressed that I'd ask. He gave me his address. Afterwards I was in Detroit when I knew he was here, "buying" for Vivianne, but I didn't look her up. Why, she'd think I was crazy if I called and asked her to go back to high school and stand in a window and talk about milk wagons, and about milk. Wouldn't she?

"I Got All 4 for *My* Money!"

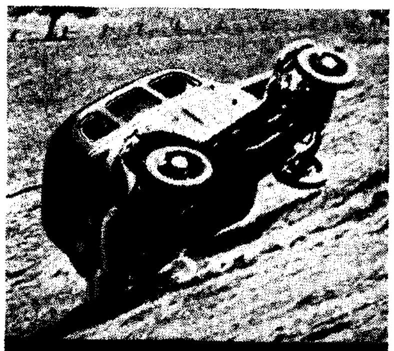


1. INDIVIDUAL SPRINGING

A big coil spring "steps over" every bump . . . there's no axle to transmit shock from one wheel to another.

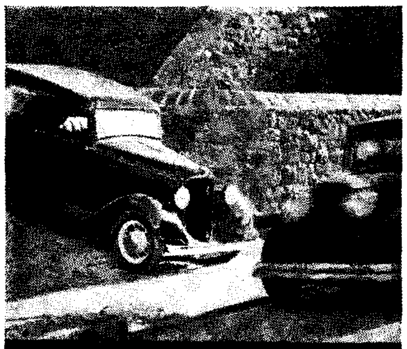
2. FLOATING POWER

The water in the glass does not spill with the motor racing . . . proving the smoothness of Floating Power!



3. SAFETY-STEEL BODY

Plymouth's modern safety-steel body means longer life. Nothing to warp or rot—it's steel *reinforced with steel!*



4. HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Hydraulic Brakes . . . are always self-equalizing. They give you quicker, surer stops and fewer relining jobs!

Plymouth is the only Low-Priced Car with *all* these Vital Features

"SURE, I bought a Plymouth! For one thing, it's the lowest-priced six-cylinder 4-Door Sedan in the country. What's more, it's the only low-priced car with all the features I wanted . . . Individual Wheel Springing, Hydraulic Brakes, Safety-Steel Body and Floating Power!"

Why should any buyer of a low-priced car pay more and get less than Plymouth offers? "Look at all Three"—get *all* the facts, *all* the figures.

Do you want Individual Wheel Springing . . . the new feature that ends nose bounce and road fight once and for all? You get it in a Plymouth . . . costing *considerably less than any other car offering anything similar.*

Do you want Hydraulic Brakes . . . always "velvety" in their action . . . that never need equalizing? Plymouth, alone, of the low-priced cars, gives you these brakes that stop on a dime!

Do you want the protection of a Safety-Steel Body, and the smooth, vibrationless comfort that only patented Floating Power engine mountings can give you? Again, check the low-priced cars! Plymouth *alone* gives you *both* of these present-day improvements!

Perhaps you never realized there was such a big difference in cars of the same price class.

This year, before you buy any other car, be sure to ride in a Plymouth. Compare values carefully. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate Plymouth and answer, with plain facts, any questions about low-priced cars.

AT LEFT, is the new De Luxe Plymouth 4-Door Sedan priced at $650 f. o. b. factory. The Plymouth Six 4-Door Sedan at $585 f. o. b. factory is the lowest-priced six-cylinder 4-door Sedan in America! All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice.

PLYMOUTH SIX $495

AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

It was the theme in a hundred papers. Barry Trent was a celebrity. He had dragged her into the limelight

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by George Howe

The Story Thus Far:

ANNE CARSON, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper, is engaged to Jim Breed, noted motion picture aviator. Misinterpreting certain episodes, she suspects that Breed is in love with Carol Castaine, star of a new picture in which he is working.

Her suspicions are groundless. Breed loves her. He is, therefore, dumfounded when Anne breaks the engagement—after telling him a strange story. She had, she says, accompanied Barry Trent, Carol Castaine's leading man, to his chalet-style cabin back of Hollywood, where Trent had made violent love to her. On leaving the cabin two men, obviously blackmailers, had taken a flashlight picture of them, together.

Puzzled and perplexed, sure that the girl *no longer cares for him*, Breed does not argue with her. But within an hour (thanks to a tip from Bill Gaynor, Anne's city editor) he has found the blackmailers, seized the flashlight negative and burned it, together with two prints. . . . The shattered romance delights Breed's closest friend, Sunshine, a fellow flyer who, like Sam Wein, his publicity man, believes that a marriage between the daring Jim Breed and the glamorous Carol Castaine would be "great publicity." Smith is, however, shocked by subsequent events.

Carol Castaine is madly in love with Jim Breed. She calmly asks him to marry her. Breed, like many another man in similar circumstances, agrees to do so; not, however, until he has told her most emphatically that he still loves Anne Carson.

That same night Anne receives a caller—one Dolly Vay, a faded beauty—who announces *that she is Barry Trent's wife* (Trent has always posed as a bachelor); that it was she who had the flashlight taken; that she is planning to sue Trent *for a divorce, naming Anne* as corespondent!

Sunshine is appalled by the news. He has just learned that Breed and Carol are *on their way, by airplane,* for Caliente, Mexico, where they are to be married in the morning. Such a marriage, he knows, will now shock the fans—they will believe *that Breed, fearing scandal, cruelly dropped* Anne Carson to marry a second choice. He sends Breed a frantic wire. . . Breed and Carol reach El Paso. It is 6 A. M. At a hotel they register under assumed names, take adjoining rooms, little dreaming what weird adventure lies before them.

VII

BREED opened his kit, and shaved and stood under a cold shower until the necessity for sleep was shocked out of him; and then, scrubbed up and dressed, he stood at the window and watched an early light brighten across El Paso's housetops. The heat of the day would soon come, but the air now was still and crisp, with the faintest of purple coloring in it.

Southward, in Mexico, the hills that would in another hour be drowned behind haze stood clearly etched. There never was any compromise about the desert country; all its moods were bold. He heard Carol come from her room and walk down the hall, but after looking at his watch he relaxed on the bed, put one broad hand across his eyes and tried to pull his thinking into some plain, understandable channel.

Carol, having freshened up, was too restless to stay put. She wanted to go in to Jim, but her natural shrewdness told her that romance was a sorry thing to a man looking at daylight on an empty stomach; for, with emotion as with drink, reaction followed—the depths came after the heights; and though the bargain had been struck she felt uncertain and apprehensive, dreading the two- or three-hour wait before they might cross the bridge into Juarez. So she walked back to the lobby, intending to stroll around the town. When she passed the desk the clerk spoke to her.

"There's a telegram just come in," he said quietly, looking at a point just aside from her eyes, "for a Captain Breed. I'm not sure we have a guest by that name."

Carol faced him coolly. "I suppose we might as well be truthful. Do you know me, by any chance?"

"Yes, Miss Castaine."

She said: "There's no privacy possible for picture people unless we hide and lie."

"It's all right—quite all right."

"Captain Breed and I intend to go to Juarez after breakfast."

"I thought you might."

Carol smiled softly. "You can do us a kindness—"

"I know only the names on the register," he said quickly.

"It's so nice of you. I'll take the telegram to the captain."

The clerk gave it over. Carol walked out and down the street. A grocery boy piling boxes at the curb looked up and stared. Carol quickened her pace a little, turned a corner and stopped to raise the colored envelope against the brightening light. How had anyone known Jim would be in El Paso when he himself hadn't been sure of his destination? She could think of but one man whose sharp and inquisitive mind was able to reach out this way and discover them. She never had liked Sunshine for his nearness to Breed or for his eyes that always saw more than necessary, and at this moment she hated him, with that blind sort of hatred of those put on the defensive. To her it was quite plain that Sunshine had traced them and was trying to stop Jim.

SHE looked up and down the almost empty street, slipped the telegram into her purse and turned back. Breed was in the lobby and the dining-room was open. When he came up her smile was a little uncertain and a little anxious. She could see no light in his eyes and then, afraid of what might have collected in his head during her short absence from him, she turned and took his arm and led him into the dining-room. Nor did she speak until he had had his coffee; she was like one half expecting bad news and wishing to forestall it. Yet presently the silence frightened her. She looked over to him appealingly.

"Did you get in a little rest?"

He grinned at that. "No, I was only reflecting on my sins."

That show of humor released the strain in Carol; her spirits bounded upward. Her soft, gay laugh struck across the empty room like a sudden shaft of sunlight.

"It couldn't have been so unpleasant. Your sins may not be white ones, but they are not black. They're red and robust—as you are."

Silence came between them while the waiter served. Then Breed said gently: "Have any doubts or reservations come to you since last night, Carol?"

"No," she said, very swiftly. "Not any! Have—" But she caught herself and was still.

"What?"

"I was going to ask if you had any doubts. But I'm afraid of that question, Jim."

He didn't answer and she raised her eyes and studied him with a return of apprehension; she couldn't find a clue on his face. There were times when this man concealed his emotions behind an utterly enigmatic expression, more particularly when stirred. This she knew from much study of him, as she knew many another thing about Jim Breed; indeed, there was no other single task she had more determinedly set herself to perform than to understand the odd cross-currents of this simple yet sometimes extremely complex character. She had put all the intensity of her will to that task.

"You are an extremely beautiful woman, Carol," he told her abruptly. "I had never really thought you were until a moment ago."

Her head lifted. "I wish you knew what a compliment like that, from you, does to me."

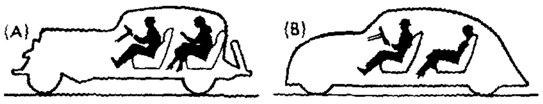
"Compliments are not that uncommon to you."

"This is the first one *you* have really ever paid me." She pushed her plate aside, too strung-up to taste more than her coffee. "Let me tell you something: If I am all at once beautiful to you—it

(Continued on page 40)

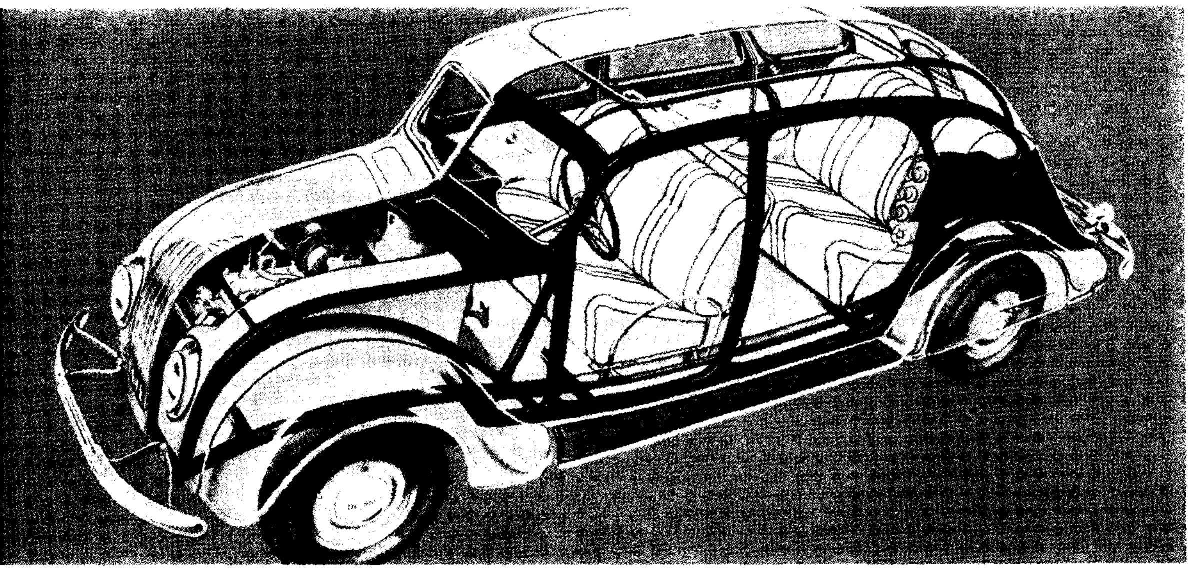
Ride between the wheels NOT OVER THEM

"IT'S THE FIRST BASIC, fundamental change in motor cars in thirty years," says the Press. "It makes ordinary cars seem old-fashioned," says the Public. But you cannot realize how *great* an improvement it is until you have taken your first "Floating Ride" in this sensational new AIRFLOW DeSoto.



In conventional cars, even the so-called streamlined models (A), rear seat passengers are bumped and bounced about over the rear axle. But in the AIRFLOW DeSoto (B), the engine and passengers are moved forward. Everyone rides smoothly *between* the axles. So you see that DeSoto's "Floating Ride" is not just a matter of new springs. It is more important than that. It's a new distribution of weight. You ride completely *relaxed* for the first time.

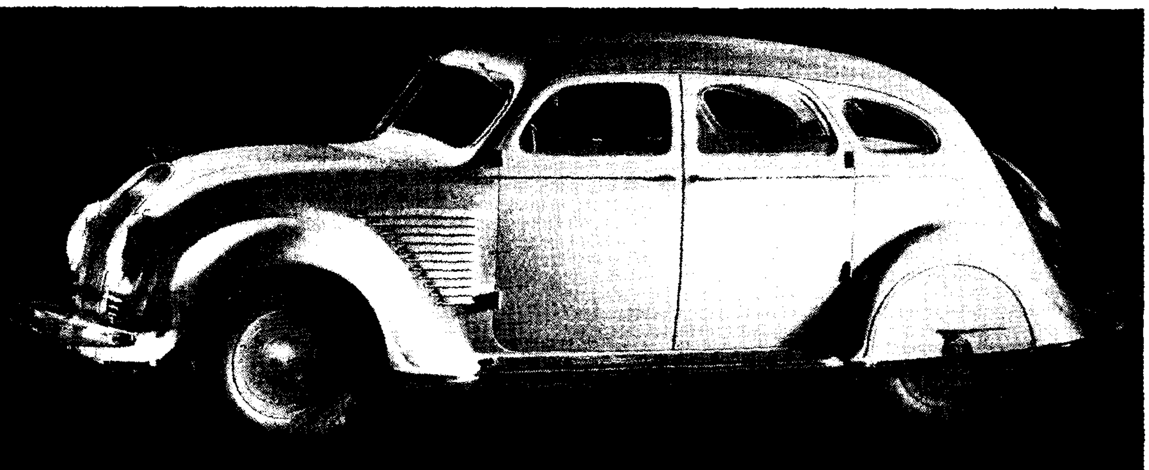
Ride inside the frame NOT ON TOP OF IT



IN CONVENTIONAL CARS, frame and body are two separate parts. In the AIRFLOW DeSoto they are one all-steel unit . . . 40 times more rigid . . . built like a bridge. In this 16-foot car you are actually protected on all sides by 181 feet of girder steel! Without question this is the safest type of car ever built.

There's a De Soto dealer near you. He will show you dozens of other unique features in this car that put it in a class by itself. See how spacious it is, with room for three in the *front* seat as well as the back. Notice that although the car is lower *outside* it is higher *inside*, giving more headroom. Try the deep, comfortable seats, cradled in chromium. Open the concealed luggage compartment . . . big enough to carry three suitcases. Note the rakish tilt of the wheel that permits driving with an effortless forearm motion. Then take your first "Floating Ride." We promise that it will be an exciting, memorable experience.

See how it feels to ride in a truly Modern Car



FOUR MODELS: 4-Door 6-Passenger Sedan; 4-Door 6-Passenger Town Sedan; 2-Door 6-Passenger Brougham; 2-Door 5-Passenger Coupe.

NOT JUST A "STREAMLINED" CAR —IT'S A NEW WAY TO TRAVEL!

THE *AIRFLOW DE SOTO

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★ ★ Of course, Nash has individual front wheel suspension . . . and in the most simplified, dependable form . . . *without sacrificing the strength of a front axle.* And Nash leaves it entirely to the buyer to choose whether or not he needs, or wants, individual front wheel suspension—for Nash makes it *optional* at slight extra cost.

In every phase of up-to-date engineering, refreshing style, unusual luxury and comfort—the 1934 Nash stands right out in front in any comparison.

On the road, in brilliant action, a 1934 Nash quickly clinches its place in everybody's heart. With the unmatched power thrill of a Twin-Ignition valve-in-head motor, Nash makes motoring a sport again!

One drive turns interest into enthusiasm. Learn about motor car progress from Nash. All Nash dealers will gladly arrange a demonstration.

1934 TWIN IGNITION VALVE-IN-HEAD NASH

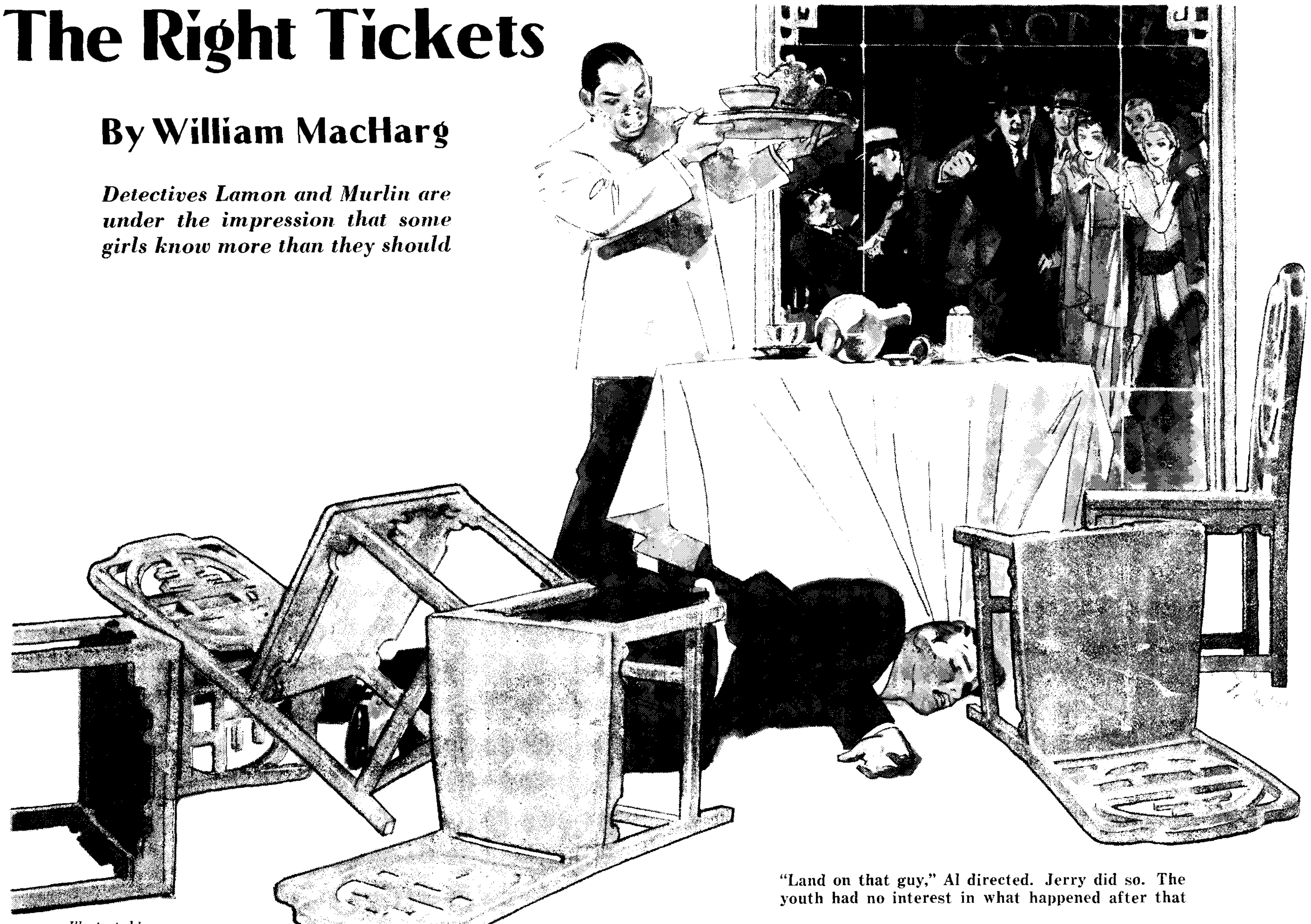
BIG SIX, 116" Wheelbase, 88 Horsepower . . . . SIX BODY STYLES
ADVANCED EIGHT, 121" Wheelbase, 100 Horsepower . . . . SIX BODY STYLES
AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 133" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . . TWO BODY STYLES
AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 142" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . . THREE BODY STYLES

NEW NASH-BUILT LAFAYETTE, THE FINE CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD, FIVE BODY STYLES

The Right Tickets

By William MacHarg

Detectives Lamon and Murlin are under the impression that some girls know more than they should



"Land on that guy," Al directed. Jerry did so. The youth had no interest in what happened after that

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

THE Hotel Courley, near Broadway, had reported that a guest of theirs, Mr. J. D. Smith, of Nevada, had been held up on the street and robbed of a thousand dollars. So Al Lamon and Jerry Murlin, two detectives, were sent over to find out all about it. Al was supposed to be a very smart detective, and that was something of which no one had ever accused Jerry. But Jerry stood six feet two and weighed two-twenty, and that was as valuable for a police officer as intelligence.

"Our guest, Mr. Smith," the hotel manager informed them, "was walking back to the hotel last night, or better say early this morning, and a car pulled up beside him. Three men in it. They jumped out and stuck a gun against him and grabbed the pocketbook out of his pocket and jumped back in the car. Mr. Smith had never seen the men before and cannot describe them. He didn't get the number of the car. It is all very unfortunate. Mr. Smith arrived in town only yesterday afternoon."

"Just a plain holdup, Al," Jerry commented.

"You got that settled already, boy?" said Al. "Where's Smith?"

Mr. Smith, it proved, was in his hotel room. He received them without enthusiasm. He was about forty-five years old, bronzed, and looked able to take care of himself, and he had a small bruise on his chin.

"Where was you last night, Mr. Smith, before this stickup?" Al inquired of him formally.

"Don't think that has anything to do with it," Mr. Smith warned them. "I was with a New York gentleman named Mr. A. B. Merchan, whom I met yesterday on the train. Mr. Merchan's wife, Mrs. Merchan, is out of town, so he proposed that we meet again and have dinner together. We did and then went to a show. Afterward we had supper and a few drinks and I was on my way back to the hotel when the holdup happened."

"Take anything besides the pocketbook?"

"No; just grabbed that."

"You and Mr. Merchan go anywhere after the show except that restaurant where you had supper?"

"No; just there."

"Then what?"

"I told you; I came back to the hotel."

"YOU mind if I light up?" Al inquired politely. He took a cigar from his pocket but it crumbled in his fingers and the pieces fell to the floor. Al gathered them up painstakingly and put them in the wastebasket.

"I didn't expect much from that cigar anyway," he remarked, "because the sergeant give it to me."

"Try one of mine," said Mr. Smith.

He gave them each a cigar and they all lighted up sociably.

"I guess you're a married man and a good church member, Mr. Smith," Al observed conversationally.

"Why, no. I never had much luck with ladies and probably I'd ought to belong to some church but I don't."

"You got big business interests, then."

"No; I have a business of my own which takes good care of me, but you couldn't call it big."

"And you can't tell what any of those guys looked like?"

"I can't," said Mr. Smith, not at all regretfully.

They went down in the elevator.

"You got this figured, Al?" asked Jerry.

"What could it be, boy, except a tip-off? I'd think even you'd see that. Three guys take J. D. Smith so quick he hardly knows it happened. They get his pocketbook and don't look for nothing else, even his watch. They knew he had the money on him and knew where he carried it."

"Sure they did!" Jerry agreed enthusiastically. "And who told 'em was A. B. Merchan."

"We'll go see him anyway," Al assented.

But as soon as they saw Mr. Merchan, whose address Mr. Smith had given them, Al knew that he had nothing to do with it. He was an eminently respectable little man, in a neat office, with a middle-aged stenographer.

"Smith speak of going anywhere when he left you last night?" Al inquired of him.

"He remarked that he was returning to his hotel."

"Can you dance, boy?" Al asked Jerry when they were in the street again.

"Buck, tap or what?"

"What they dance in the dance halls."

Al took a string of three dance-hall tickets from his pocket.

"You carry those?" Jerry inquired, kidding him.

"I carry 'em this last half hour. Did you park your eyes in the lobby when we went up to Smith's? You seen me put the sergeant's cigar into Smith's wastebasket so I could take these out of it. Those wastebaskets get emptied every morning, so it must be Smith found these in his pocket and he dropped them in there during the day. We're lucky these got the dance hall name on 'em. This is a funny case all round. Smith tells Merchan he's going to his hotel but instead he goes to a dance hall. There's no harm in going to a dance hall except you got a wife, or maybe fellow church members or business associates that might think it that way. Smith ain't got those but he lies to us he didn't go there."

"Smith's O. K.," Jerry insisted. "Nothing wrong with that guy."

"Did I say wrong? I said it was funny. I wouldn't expect you to understand this because I can't myself."

THEY went and ate and sat around a while and then went to the dance hall. There were plenty of girls. Al danced with a brown-haired girl and Jerry with a blonde. Then Al danced with a girl with freckles and Jerry with a little black-haired one. Then Al danced with a Spanish-looking girl and with a couple of blondes but when he looked Jerry was still dancing with the black-hair. So Al went over to him.

"That kid know anything about Smith?" he asked.

"No; she wasn't here last night, but she thinks I'm a great guy—she told me

(Continued on page 55)

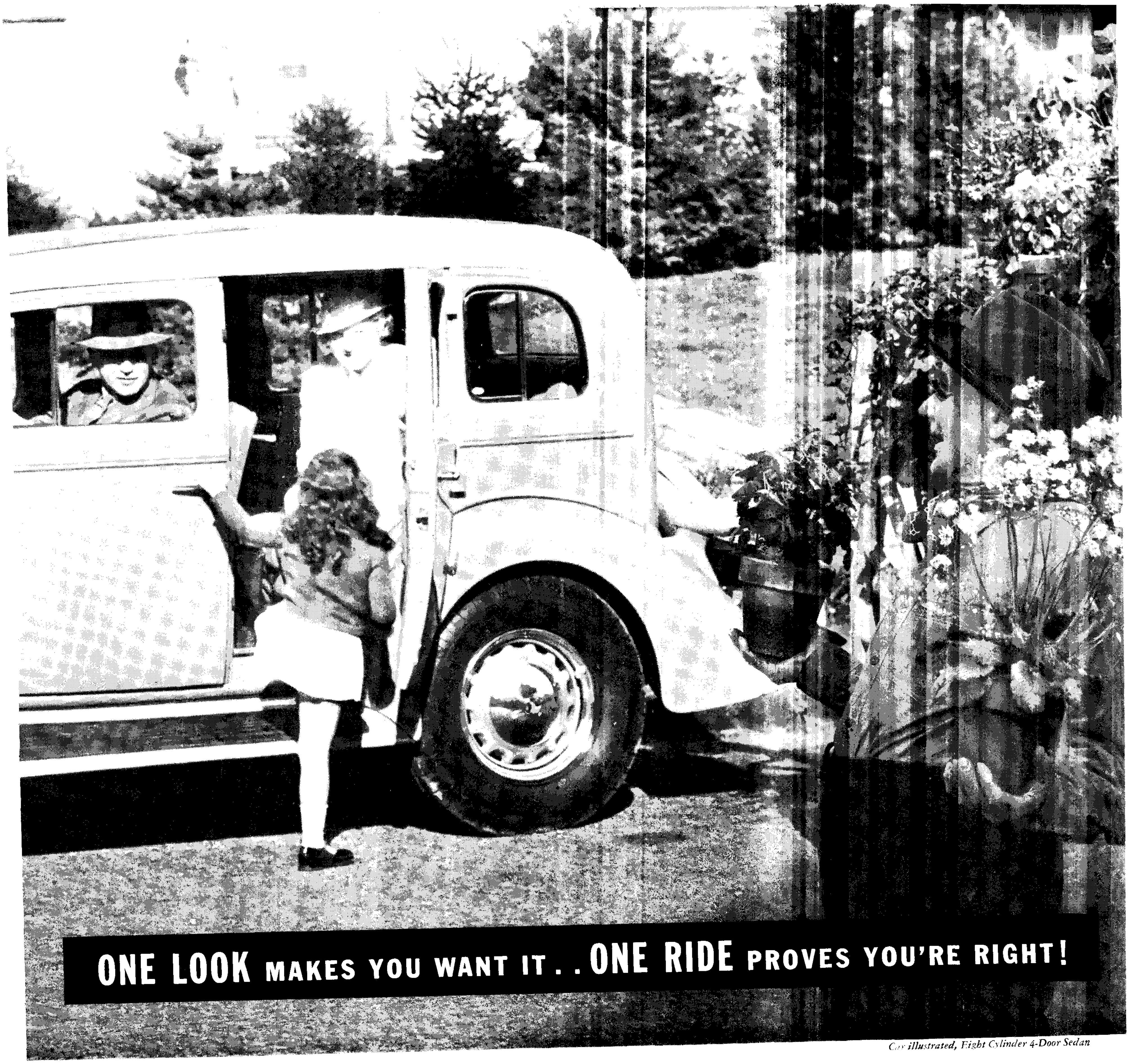
THE STYLE LEADER

9 OUT OF 10 CAN AFFORD THIS YEAR!

"SOME DAY," you've said, "when I get the money I'm going to own a fine car!" Maybe you don't need as much money as you thought. In the face of rising prices, Oldsmobile places a big, quality All-Feature Six in the low-price field—$640. And holding the Eight to last year's low price, offers a bigger, finer automobile at $845.

These Oldsmobiles are not merely improved Style Leaders, but *entirely new cars,* with air-stream beauty and greater economy than ever . . . engineered with *all* the new features your 1934 car *must* have to give you full value for your money.

No matter how much (or how little) you are thinking of spending for your new car, go to the nearest dealer and see the new Oldsmobiles—the cars that have EVERYTHING but are not like EVERYBODY'S.


ONE LOOK MAKES YOU WANT IT . . ONE RIDE PROVES YOU'RE RIGHT!

Car illustrated, Eight Cylinder 4-Door Sedan

THESE FEATURES YOUR NEW CAR MUST HAVE

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS
SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES
CENTER-CONTROL STEERING
RIDE STABILIZER

OTHER FEATURES YOU GET IN OLDSMOBILE—FISHER No Draft Ventilation . . . Fisher Body, strongest known . . . Safety glass windshield and ventilators . . . X-type frame . . . Syncro-Mesh non-clashing transmission, silent in all gears . . . Automatic choke (extra on Six) . . . Full-pressure lubrication, with rifle-drilled connecting rods . . . Electro-plated pistons . . . vibrationless rubber cradling of engine . . . Horsepower: the Six, 84; the Eight, 90; speed 77 and 82 m. p. h. Overall length 189½", 197¾".

Sixes priced $640 and up, Eights $845 and up, f. o. b. factory. Spare tire with lock, metal tire cover, bumpers front and rear, and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

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SIX.......$640
EIGHT..$845

SIX COSTS ONLY $6 TO $7 A MONTH MORE THAN LOWEST-PRICED CARS . . . EIGHT SAVES HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AS AGAINST OTHER FINE CARS

Me for RIO

By T. R. [illegible]

Ewing Galloway

"The Colossus of the North." That's what we're called in many South American countries. But not in Brazil. Perhaps that's because Brazil is bigger than the United States. Anyway, we stand aces-high with the Brazilians. Strong ties unite us—"milk shacks," for instance, and movies. You'll like Rio on sight. Collier's sent Mr. Ybarra to report on a part of the world we should know better. This is the first of a series of articles from South America

ONCE, in a certain European country which was going through one of those spasms of acute unfriendliness toward Americans, so common in Europe, I met a fellow-countryman who had worked himself up into a grand rage.

"I don't mind being disliked because of something I have said or done," he spluttered, "but I'm hanged if I can see why I should be disliked because of something I *am!* Here they dislike me, before I open my mouth or stir a finger, simply because I am an American! It's not right. I'm going home."

And he did—by the next boat.

So, with his rage still fresh in my memory, it was pleasant, within a few hours of my first setting foot on the soil of Brazil, at Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital, to encounter an American who had lived there for years, and to be told by him, with a beaming smile all over his face:

"It isn't what you say or do that will make people here like you. It's what you *are*. Tell Brazilians 'I'm an American' and they'll begin liking you. Afterward, of course, you may say or do something to queer yourself, and they'll dislike you—in spite of your being an American. But, take it from me, you'll start right."

Everything I found during my stay in Rio confirmed his words. Friendliness toward Americans is characteristic of the place. That—and beauty. Rio is so beautiful that it takes your breath away. "Beauty and friendliness" should be its motto—the motto of all Brazil, in fact.

From the moment that our ship, on the twelfth morning after leaving New York, had begun to slip along the steep, green coast of Brazil, we passengers had become as restless as a lot of caged jungle beasts. We simply could not wait patiently for our first glimpse of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, enthusiastically acclaimed by those aboard who had seen it as the most marvelous in the whole world.

We had taken to pacing the decks, up and down, up and down, for miles. We had developed a habit of suddenly rushing to the rail and gazing expectantly shoreward, as if in hope that such tactics might persuade Rio to move a bit northward and put us out of our suspense. We had stopped playing the strange new dice game, taught us by South American fellow-travelers, which, having raged without intermission ever since the beginning of the voyage, had earned the enthusiastic approval of the smoking-room steward, a canny Britisher, because "it lasts just long enough, sir, for you gentlemen to want another drink."

But there was one exception to the general rule of restlessness. The man whom we had nicknamed Me-for-Naples remained aloof and skeptical about the reputed wonders of Rio. Buttonholing each of us in turn, as we vainly tried to control our impatience, he would intone once more the litany which we had first heard from him when the Statue of Liberty was scarcely out of sight astern:

"Me for Naples! I tell you, there's nothing in all the universe like Naples. Oh, boy—that glorious bay, and Vesuvius, with the curling wisp of smoke over it, filling up the whole background! Ever seen Naples at sunrise? Ever seen Naples by moonlight? Ever listened to the chatter of the fishermen on the Neapolitan water front and bargained for coral ornaments in a Neapolitan shop? Me for Naples!"

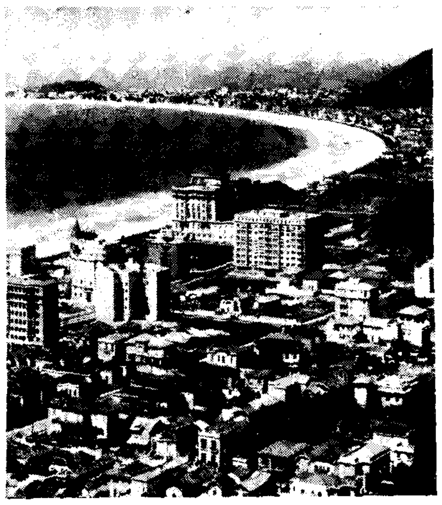
And, ignoring the green strip of Brazilian coast line, heedless of excited exclamations such as "By gosh, there's the entrance to the harbor right ahead!" and "Why, of course that big mountain over there is the Sugar Loaf!" he calmly sat down to a solitaire version of the strange South American dice game, with nobody to look at the hands he threw except that travel-hardened Britisher, the smoking-room steward.

I did not have any more conversation with Me-for-Naples that day. I had no time for him. Like innumerable travelers of all nationalities who had preceded me, I was overwhelmed, left gasping, struck breathless, knocked

(Continued on page 47)

Publishers' Photo Service

Multi-colored mosaic pavements along Rio de Janeiro's bay shore



Publishers' Photo Service

The harbor, with its fine beach, is one of Rio's chief attractions

Publishers' Photo Service

Sugar Loaf Mountain, and the aërial car which goes to its top

Ewing Galloway

Stately royal palms make residential streets charming

DOBBS presents "THE CAVANAGH WAY"

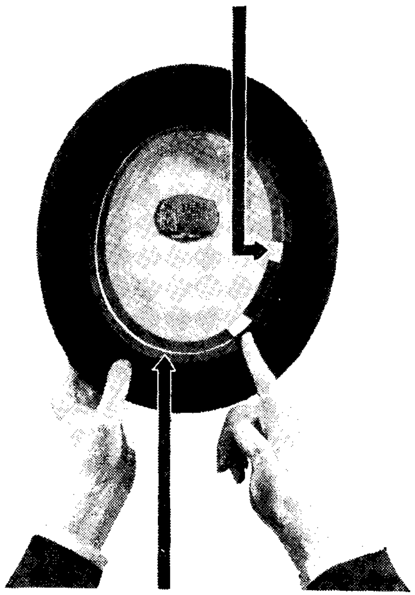
TRADE MARK

—the most amazing achievement in fine hats in a generation

- **THIS EXCLUSIVE METHOD CONFORMS THE HAT TO THE HEAD AND PROTECTS THE OUTSIDE BAND FROM STAIN.**
- **FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU MAY NOW BUY A GUARANTEED* HAT.**

A*gain Dobbs demonstrates its leadership . . . again John Cavanagh proves himself the master hatter of them all. By the extension of the leather to the underside of the brim for a fraction of an inch and the insertion, between leather and crown, of a chemically treated fabric the tell-tale trail of sweat from brow to band is broken—an individual, luxurious, head-conforming fit is achieved. Dobbs Hats made The Cavanagh Way offer you the greatest comfort you have ever enjoyed—and months and months of long, economical wear are* guaranteed. *More than ever a fine Dobbs is a real economy.*

THE CUSHION GIVES YOU THE FIT



THE LEATHER PROTECTS THE BAND

***THE GUARANTEE:** THE CAVANAGH WAY INSIDE BAND (PATENT APPLIED FOR) INSURES THIS HAT AGAINST SOIL OF OUTSIDE BAND FROM PERSPIRATION. YOUR INSURANCE OF A NEW HAT IF IT FAILS.

AGAIN DOBBS SETS THE STYLE • *The correct color in men's fine hats for Spring is* **BLUE** *Introduced by Dobbs, Blue has proved so popular the country over that Dobbs is offering two new Blues—Dobbs Flemish Blue and Dobbs Horizon Blue—in these two, much favored shapes. For business wear, the Dobbs Brims Up; for town and country, the new snap brim in lightweight felt.*

$7 AND UP

OTHER DOBBS HATS, $6 AND UP. THE DOBBS CROSS COUNTRY, $5.

DOBBS

New York's Leading Hatters

711 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

REPRESENTATIVES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

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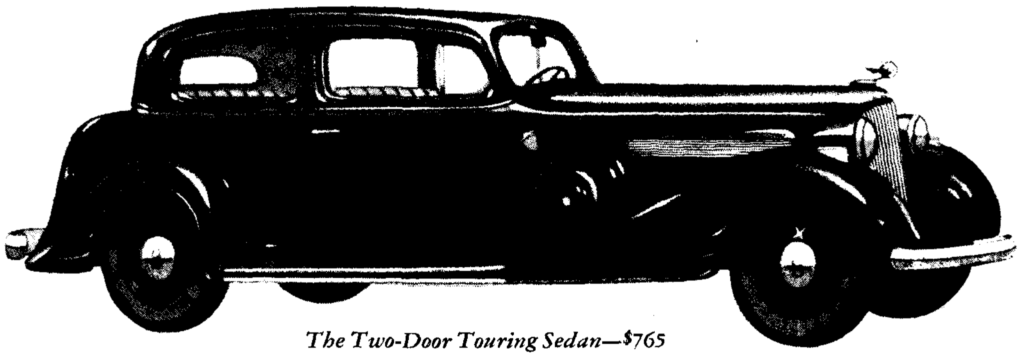
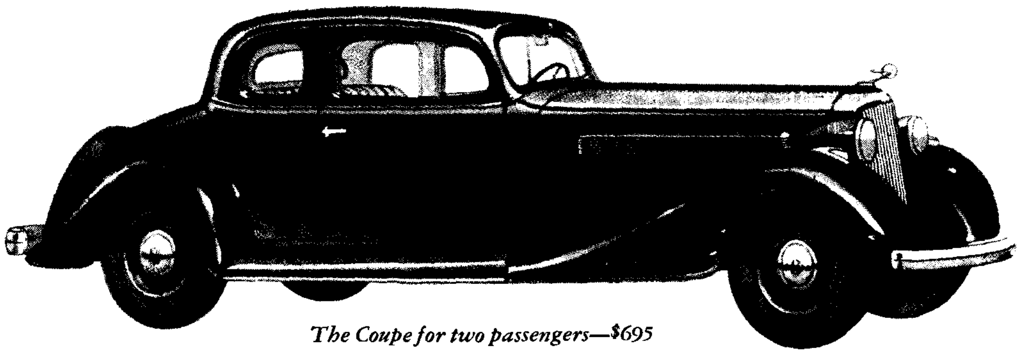
ONE OF THE *TWO* MOST B

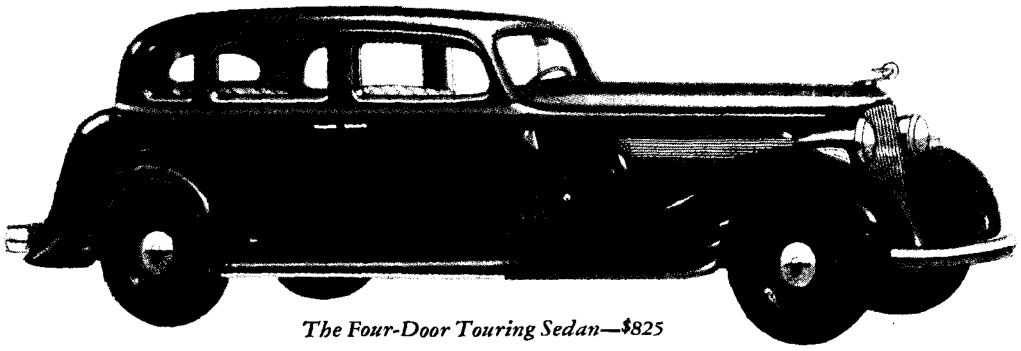
. . . *offered in seven di*



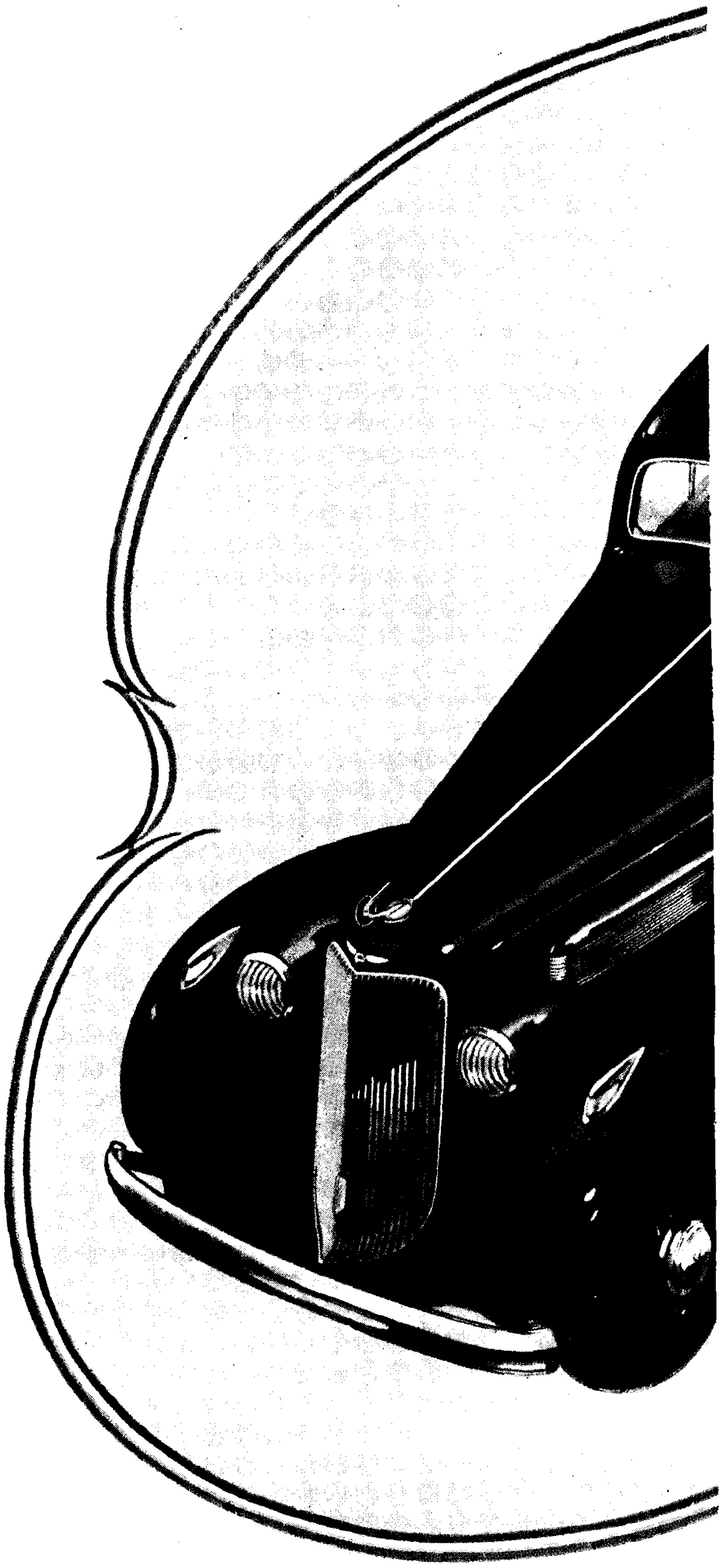
The Two-Door Touring Sedan—$765



The Coupe for two passengers—$695



The Four-Door Touring Sedan—$825



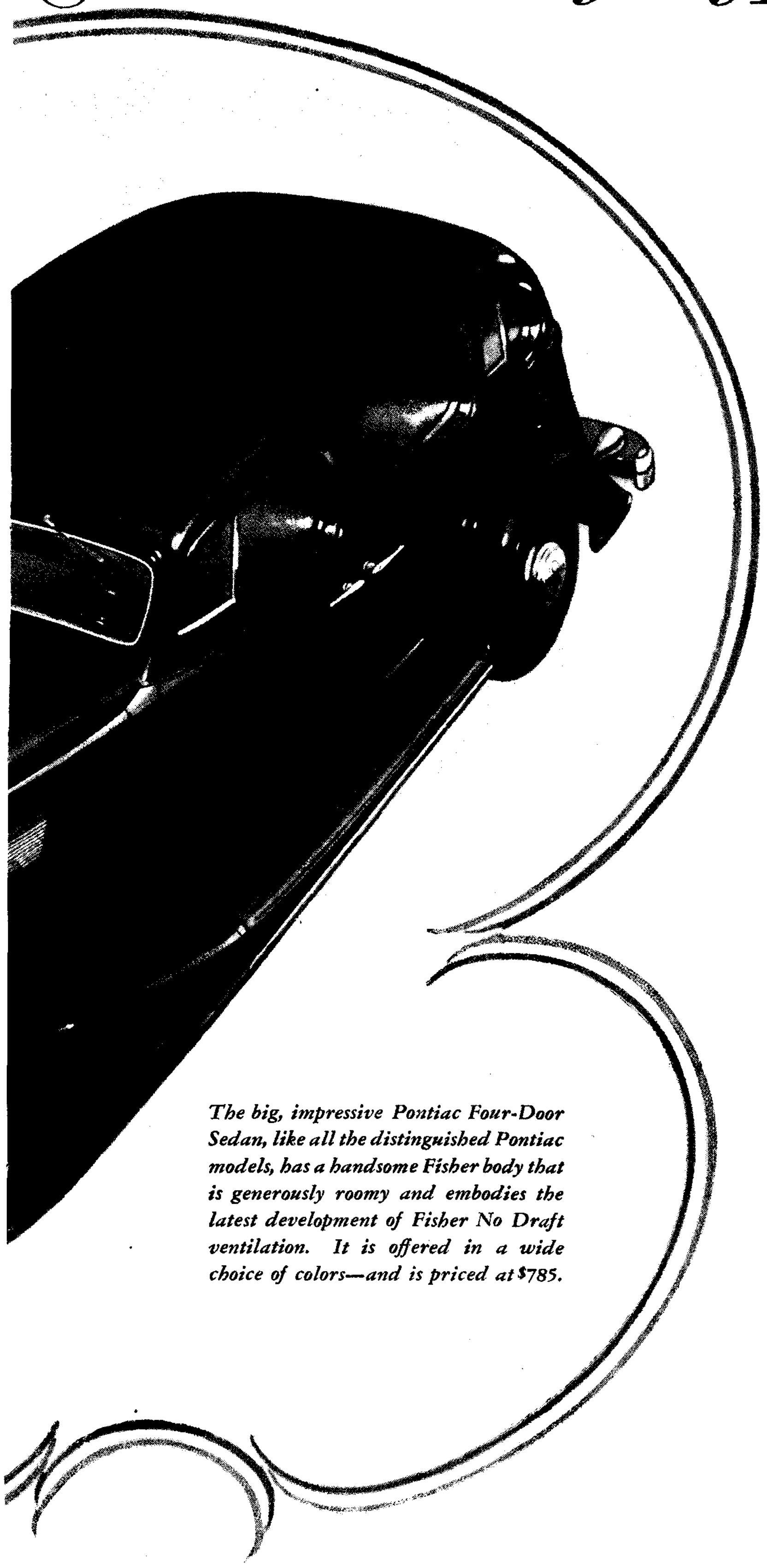
PONTIAC, world's largest manufacturer of Straight Eights, offers seven new and distinguished body types for 1934. Study the Pontiac model of your choice and you will understand why discriminating motorists *everywhere* are saying, "Pontiac is *one* of the *two* most beautiful cars in America, *regardless of price!*" And you will agree that everything about this extraordinary car matches its *beauty.*

PON

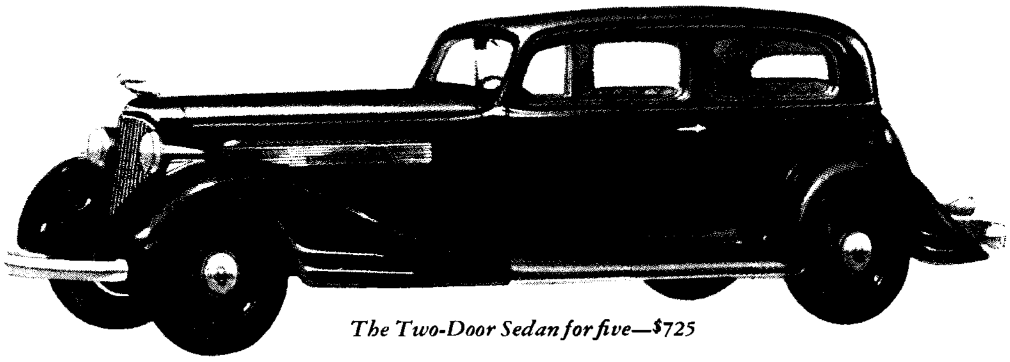
THE ECONOMY

AUTIFUL CARS IN AMERICA

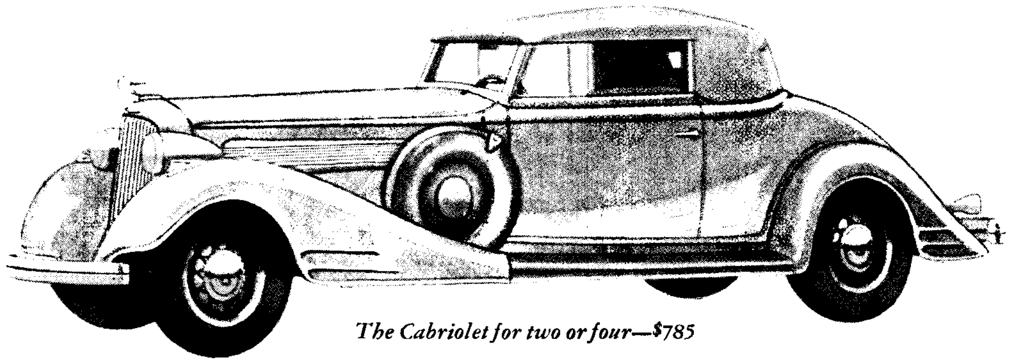
nguished body types



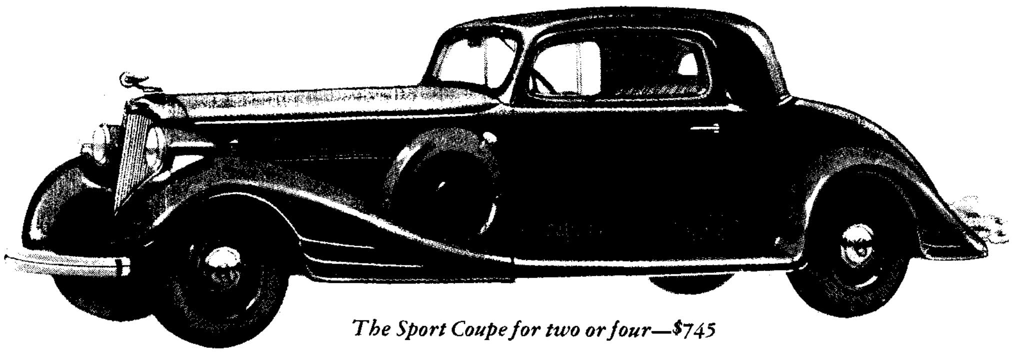
The big, impressive Pontiac Four-Door Sedan, like all the distinguished Pontiac models, has a handsome Fisher body that is generously roomy and embodies the latest development of Fisher No Draft ventilation. It is offered in a wide choice of colors—and is priced at $785.



The Two-Door Sedan for five—$725



The Cabriolet for two or four—$785



The Sport Coupe for two or four—$745

All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan—special equipment extra

TIAC

RAIGHT EIGHT

Pontiac's improved Straight Eight engine is unsurpassed by any Eight in the world in *smoothness!* It gives you full 84 horsepower, a top speed of 85 miles an hour, and more miles to the gallon of gas by a generous 10 per cent. Powerful Bendix brakes guard your safety. Knee-Action wheels make every road a boulevard. Be sure to *see* and *drive* this big and beautiful car. You'll *like* the new Pontiac!

The Kid from the Ukraine

By Kyle Crichton

Miss Anna Sten, late of Russia, is Hollywood's newest gift to the world of art. A notable actress in her own right, she has been extensively remodeled on the West Coast—though not to the extent of giving up housework and sour milk—and is now poised for flight. Only the most conservative would consider the sky a limit

Anna Sten in the title rôle of the motion picture Nana

ANNA STEN is likely to have a profound effect upon the educational institutions of this country. She is the young lady who did her home work so neatly she was rewarded with a chance of playing in a picture for Samuel Goldwyn. What this will mean to other young ladies who are having a little trouble with their trigonometry need only be visualized to be realized. What Mr. Goldwyn got, previous to Miss Sten's appearance in the picture, was a misery in that portion of the anatomy which harbors the billfold. The result is the motion picture called Nana, which will either make a lot of money or Mr. Goldwyn will stop trying to teach English to foreigners at the rate of several thousand dollars a week.

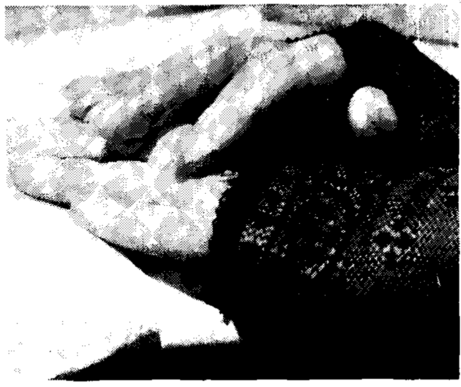
The risk was not too great in the case of Miss Sten, however, because when she lived in Russia she worked in Soviet films and in Germany she played in German. When they needed a French version of The Brothers Karamazov, she learned that language in two weeks. The only worry was that she might acquire an English which would be good in one part of America but mere Litvak in another portion of this broad land. This also was guarded against by Mr. Goldwyn who, according to the press stories, superintended Miss Sten's training himself.

What makes Miss Sten important, in addition to the quality of her acting, is the fact that she is the first Soviet-trained screen star to appear in an American-made film. The interest now lies in two directions: What Hollywood will do to Miss Sten and what Miss Sten will do to Hollywood. So far, the answer to both questions is, "Nothing." She scarcely knows Hollywood and all they know of her is that for over a year she got a check every week for learning to say, "This little pig went to market, This little pig stayed at home." Aside from that she lived in a house at Santa Monica and spent most of her time trying to get the milkman to sell her sour milk. Yes, the Russians were queer people, but could she have the sour milk? The argument was all right; she rather liked the argument because it helped her education in the language, but what she really wanted was the sour milk.

There was the further matter of the Negro cook, whose idea of a meal was a supper of pork chops about six o'clock. Miss Sten and her German husband, Dr. Frenke, liked a rousing Russian dinner of cabbage soup, herring and shashlik at high noon. This seemed a simple enough request, cabbage being what it is, but the controversy covered a considerable period. There was finally a compromise, with the cook having *her* pork chops at six and the Frenke household having its cabbage at noon. This only goes to show what it means to be a Bolshevik film star who stops en route to marry a German husband and finally lands in Santa Monica.

A Sophisticate at Twelve

Anna Sten was born in Kiev, Russia, where her father conducted a ballet school. That is to say, he taught Ukrainian folk dances when he could get any pupils in town and when he couldn't he went out on the road. Her mother was part Russian and part Swedish and had once had ambitions to be an actress. When the war broke out, Papa Sten went off to the front. After the war and the Revolution came the civil war and he was killed in that in 1922. Anna was twelve years old and had already been acting in school plays. She was art editor of the paper—The Truth in Kiev—and was rehearsing and studying in her spare time. All this at the age of twelve? We set down only what we have been told, having no acquaintance with Kiev.



About this time one of the state-endowed theater companies of Stanislavsky—the famous director of the Moscow Art Theater—visited Kiev and they bothered the director until he sent one of his assistants to coach them in Gerhart Hauptmann's Hanneles Himmelfahrt, with Anna in the leading rôle. Because of her performance there she was admitted to the newly organized Film Academy, where she studied and worked with the great actor-director, Inkijinoff, who played the leading rôle in Storm Over Asia.

In 1928 she decided it was to be the big league or nothing for Anna so she went up to Moscow and hung around the Moscow Art Theater until they finally got tired stumbling over her and put her in one of the lesser Stanislavsky companies. For a time she appeared in the plays of Pirandello, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Frank Wedekind, thus proving that there is no freedom in Russia and all they'll allow you to act are propaganda plays about machine lathes. At the same time she was taking screen tests to join the Sovkino companies but she didn't get along any too rapidly there. For one thing the Russians had the best actors and actresses in the world and when they needed anybody else they went out on the street and pulled him in.

The success of the untrained actors in Soviet films was a testimonial both to the innate dramatic instinct of the people and to the effectiveness of the direction. There wasn't a thing in Moscow and the only chance would be with a "Wufcu" company working in the Crimea. Anna forthwith packed herself off to the Crimea dressed like somebody who has just spent a long winter in Vermont. She wore shawls, sweaters, overcoats, petticoats and gumboots.

"Lady," said the director, "if you took eighteen laps around the track and sat in a Turkish bath from now till Wednesday two weeks hence, you would still be about two tons on the wrong side for a leading lady."

Whereupon there followed a great peeling of garments and before the director could say "Nizhni-Novgorod-Now Called-Gorki" there stood our heroine, little Anna, down to the last petticoat and looking slim and boyish, not to mention a trifle embarrassed.

The experience she got on the Crimea secured her admittance to the great "Meschaprom" studio in Moscow. There she played Girl with the Band Box, Lash of the Czar and finally The Yellow Ticket, which made her reputation internationally. It continued the line of world conquests for the Soviet films which started with Potemkin, The Ten Days that Shook the World, and Storm Over Asia. It also firmly established Feodor Ossip, the director.

Mr. Goldwyn Becomes Curious

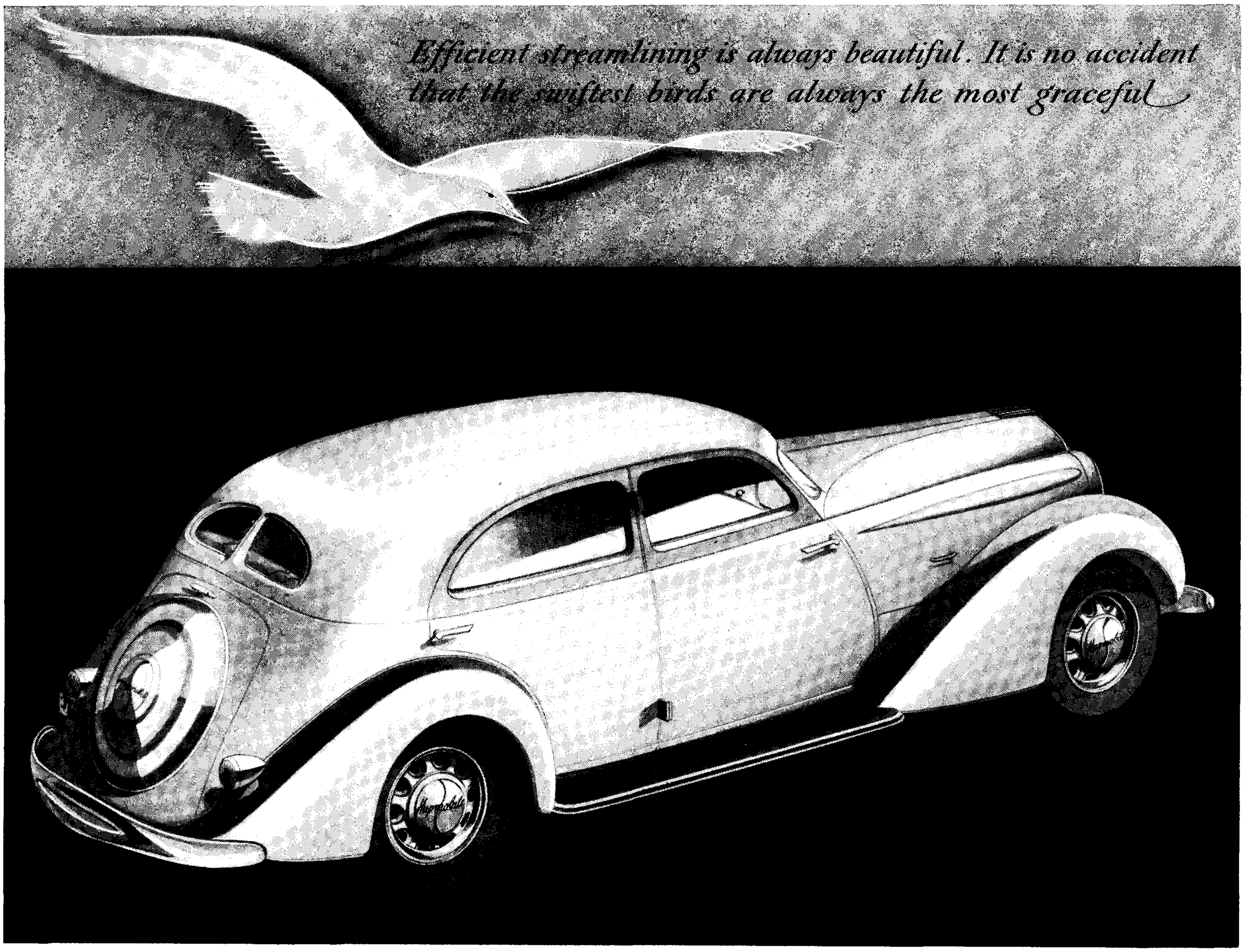
Soon after that "Meschaprom" sent Ossip and Miss Sten to Berlin to make more Soviet films. But difficulties arose and no films were made. Instead, Anna and Ossip went over to the Terra Film to make The Brothers Karamazov, based on the famous novel by Dostoievski. This picture definitely placed her in the front rank of world film stars. After that she played Bombs Over Monte Carlo with Hans Albers, and The Tempest with Emil Jannings.

It is now that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn enters, check book in hand.

After arriving at New York and riding up the bay with her limbs folded in various postures to assist the cameramen, she left for Hollywood and dropped out of sight. It was then that Mr. Goldwyn began his work of instruction.

In all of these arrangements Miss Sten had views of her own. Aside from studying, she kept house, holding to the old-fashioned (at least in Hollywood)

(Continued on page 52)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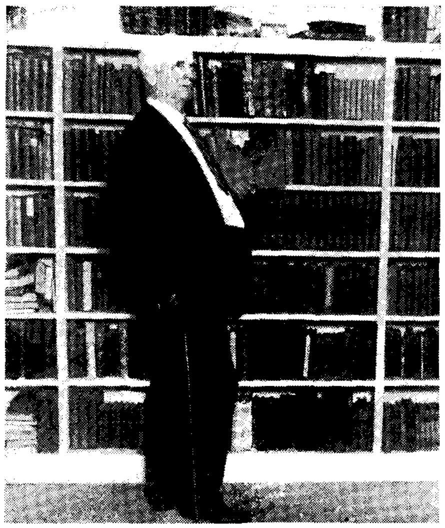
Statesmen at Ease

Mr. Roosevelt's candid enthusiasm for stamps has made our other statesmen less reticent about their hobbies. Even a senator, some of them will now admit, has to have some fun. Here's where, with characteristic variety, they find it

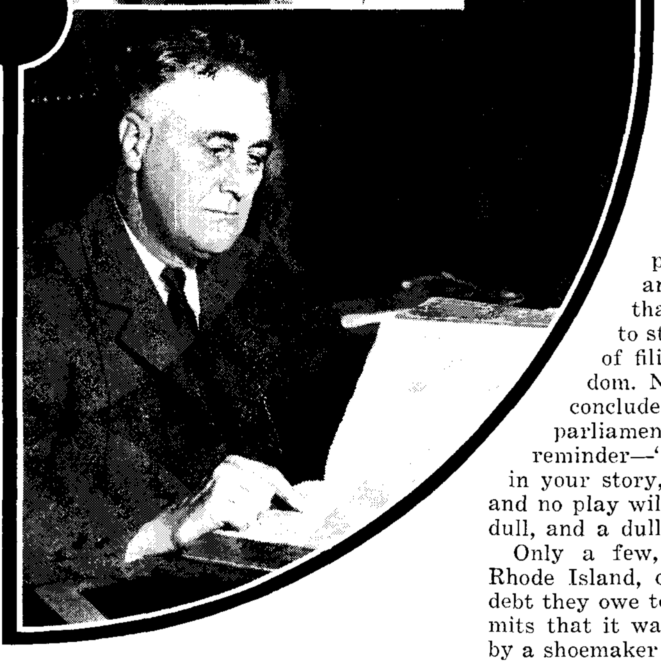
By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer



CATHERINE I
G 55

Representatives of the indoor and outdoor senators. Thomas P. Gore (upper left) is an ardent bibliophile. Joseph P. Robinson (lower left) prefers fishing to any other hobby



In the circle: Senator Hebert and his musical family (left); and (right) President Roosevelt deeply immersed in the old family Bible

William G. McAdoo (lower left) leads the contingent of senatorial social lions. The knickered golf enthusiast (upper left) is Pat Harrison. His partner is Merle Thorpe

WITHOUT trying to answer the question as to which comes first, a statesman or his hobby, it is safe to say that the hobby is often the father of the senator.

With some senators it is hard to tell whether they rode their hobbies straight through the doors of the Senate or lassoed them after they got to Washington. Did William Edgar Borah, the Senate's most omnivorous reader, take to the forum because of his admiration for the works and lives of Pitt the Elder, Edmund Burke and Alexander Hamilton, or did he generate a passion for those kindred spirits after the voters of Idaho gave him a chance to practice what those eighteenth-century philosophers preached?

Did J. Hamilton Lewis of the faded pink whiskers, the Senate's classical scholar and courtier, survive in politics because of a politeness so habitual that he tips his hat when a feminine voice is wafted to him over the telephone? Or did his many defeats convince him that a chivalrous mien and manner are as useful to a Chicago politician as to a knight in armor?

Another whose careful reading of the Faerie Queen and polished gentility propelled him toward the Senate is the handsome Henry Fountain Ashurst, excowboy from Arizona. He is so gallant that it hurts. Once, when acting as a reader at a grammar-school spelling bee, Cavalier Ashurst stopped giving out words, removed his pince-nez, laid down his blue-backed speller, and bowed from the hips with a gracious "I thank you most kindly." All because a young colored boy spelled "Congress" with a capital C.

It is no strain on the imagination to suggest that President Roosevelt owes one step in his advancement to his hobbies. When Woodrow Wilson wanted to reward the young New Yorker who had backed him at Baltimore in defiance of Tammany landlubbers, Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm for ships and stamps from far-away lands seemed to qualify him, superficially at least, for a Navy post. Anyway, he is the first President in many years to have hobbies and not be ashamed to talk about them.

Some senators, of course, consider it beneath their dignity to admit that they indulge in any activity more trivial than that of "serving the good people who sent me here." Even those who confess, privately, to a liking for dancing, butterflying around at tea and cocktail parties, reading, reciting, speaking Chinese, studying Spanish, painting, golf, hunting, fishing, baseball, wrestling and boxing bouts, insist that legislative pressure since the New Deal gives them no time to keep either fit or funny.

"I haven't been to a night club in ages," sighs the sedate sixty-eight-year-old Arthur Capper of Kansas, a pathetic twist to his face and voice, and he shrugs his narrow shoulders reminiscently as he wonders how the seventy-year-old McAdoo finds time to swing dainty débutantes and Hollywood stars around Washington's dance floors. The outdoor bloc, headed by Majority Leader Joe Robinson, has had to give up rollicking week-ends at Bernard M. Baruch's North Carolina lodge and at the Jefferson Island Club in Chesapeake Bay. The golfers, who disagree as to whether Pat Harrison or Minority Leader Charlie McNary gets, or keeps, the better score, can't sneak away from the chamber as frequently as they did before President Roosevelt stymied them with a bagful of bills.

Although Mr. Roosevelt has shortened senators' play time, he has made them more willing, and more vocal, in discussing their secret passions. The spectacle of a President holding up an important bedside conference while he examines a rare stamp under a magnifying glass releases them from the dread that hard-working constituents may set them down as playboys. If he can grow eloquent about marine prints and ship clocks and models, they figure that they can plead guilty to strange and diverse ways of filibustering against boredom. Nevertheless, they always conclude a discussion of extra-parliamentary activities with the reminder—"and be sure to put this in your story, my boy, that all work and no play will make a bright senator dull, and a dull one duller."

Only a few, like Felix Hebert of Rhode Island, openly acknowledge the debt they owe to their hobbies. He admits that it was a cheap violin played by a shoemaker in a cellar which transformed him from a $1,000-a-year railroad billing clerk into what headline writers call a "Solon," and gave him the honor of being the most talented musician on Capitol Hill.

Young Felix liked the shoemaker and his violin, scraped an acquaintance with both, and soon he was sawing away in an orchestra organized by a justice of the peace more interested in music than money. When the billing clerk stayed away from rehearsals due to the demands of his regular job, the justice yanked him out of the railroad office and put him to studying law as a profession that would leave his evenings free for fiddling. From the law he turned to politics, and now the Hebert family, besides producing a statesman, has blossomed into a conservatory-trained quintet of violin, cello, piano and viola players. Senators Walcott of Connecticut and Tydings of Maryland can coax tunes out of a piano, but they don't brag about it, at least not when Mr. Hebert is around.

(Continued on page 39)

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Bachelor Dinner

Continued from page 13

can be as well-dressed as you like."

Ted nodded. "But at the same time," he said, "we thought we ought to do something special. We ought to rib Ray a bit at his last party. And I happened to get an idea. I remembered hearing talk of this girl Polly Harmon."

Bucky gave a start and frowned.

"I was a mere freshman at the time," Ted said, "but it was campus gossip. It was in his senior year, wasn't it?"

"She was a kid at the old Royale," Bucky answered quietly.

Collings laughed. "I'd a hunch you'd know her, old man," he said.

"What about Polly?" Bucky asked.

"We want her at the dinner. We want her as one of the entertainers as a surprise package for Ray."

"She disappeared long ago," Bucky answered quickly. "I don't know where she is."

Ted Wheeler chuckled. "I do," he said. "She's doing a couple of numbers at the Serene Club. It's a shanty place on the west side."

Bucky peered at him anxiously. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"An agency had her name. She came into town from somewhere a few months ago, and they got her this job."

"Don't you see, old man?" Collings urged. "It may be fun. I'll tip off the gang and we can watch Ray and get a laugh. And perhaps the little lady will build up the gag a bit for an extra ten-spot. A few tears would help. And a sob in her voice when she sings An' He Done Her Wrong!" He smiled. "What do you think, old man?"

"I don't think it would be so funny," Bucky answered.

HE TRIED to say it carelessly, but he looked too solemn. Collings frowned. "Of course," he said nervously, "we don't want to invite blackmail."

"That part of it's all right," Bucky said sharply.

Collings was puzzled. "Well, if you're thinking of Ray," he said, "you're all wrong. If you think some little show girl who had him dizzy when he was in college could possibly upset him now—"

"I wasn't thinking of Ray," Bucky said.

They were silent a moment. Then Collings shouted a laugh. "Oh, Lord! He's worried about the chorine!"

"She wasn't that, exactly," Bucky explained quietly. "I mean she wasn't the usual type."

"Oh, Lord!" Collings shouted again.

"Oh, I realize there are rules," Bucky answered. But there was no use in trying to explain. "Anyway, she wouldn't come to your party," he said.

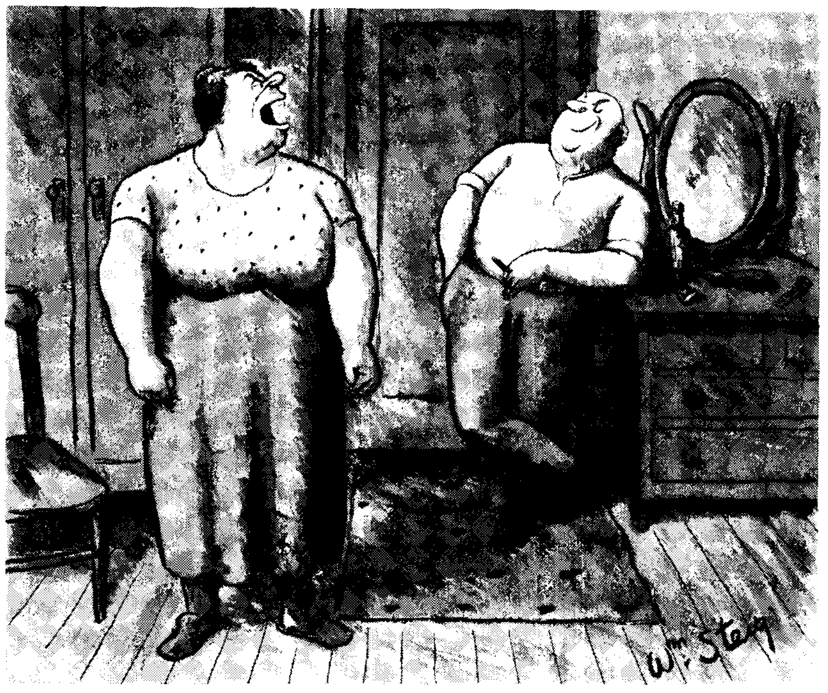
"You might ask her," Collings said coldly. "It would be a laugh." He grew impatient. "Why, look here, old man! She's probably had a dozen college kids in tow since Ray's day. Of course," he added indifferently, "if you don't want to bother, we can look her up ourselves."

Bucky thought a moment. It would be better, he decided, to go himself than to have the two of them crashing in on her. He could come back and say that he had asked her, and that she had refused. "All right," he said shortly. "I'll see her."

THE Serene Club wasn't one of those shimmering, modernistic palaces like the old Royale, but it was an affection to call it shanty. It was small and intimate, but it had class, and it seemed to be getting by. Bucky went for dinner and sat in a far corner. He didn't want Polly to pick him out from the floor. He wanted to sit back unnoticed and watch her as he used to.

She came out alone, after the opening number, moving with a gliding dance step in the center of a shaft of amber spotlight. There was applause, and a crowd of youngsters at a big table let out a cheer. Polly turned and smiled, and Bucky saw then how she had changed. Her black evening gown revealed the softer and more womanly lines of her figure. Her smile was slow, studied, alluring. Bucky remembered the kiddish grin she used to show to the customers. She used to grin and dance as though she were having fun. He watched her in his grave, thoughtful way, as calm outwardly as though he had never seen her before in his life.

THE smooth, picture-perfect sweep of her hair; the slow, languid movement of her arms; the defiant way her eyes moved about the room—all these made her older and different. She sang carelessly, but her voice lingered on the meaningful phrases, and she used her smile expertly. She put the song over like a veteran second-rater, getting her effects without really trying, without putting a shade of real feeling into it. But the mechanics were perfect.



"You cad!"

William Steig

Her third number was the finale. She would be free until the supper show later. Bucky wrote on a menu card and sent it inside. The waiter was back in a minute. She wanted him to come to her dressing-room.

It was a tiny alcove, partitioned off from a larger room where the chorus dressed. Bucky could hear them quarreling and complaining in there as he stood in the doorway and looked down at Polly. She was more like the girl of four years before when he saw her like this. She was still herself. Bucky took her hand as she came forward. He did not try to kiss her in the friendly, welcoming way she probably expected.

"Bucky the playboy!" she laughed. "I wouldn't have thought it—after all these years!"

He smiled quietly. "I came here to see you," he said. "I just found out you were back."

Polly nodded. "I tried Hollywood. Three years of it. Then I had a job in Chicago."

"I looked for you at the Royale," he told her. "It was right after—after I was through college. Later, I tried your home. You'd disappeared."

"Mother died," she answered shortly. "That split things. I went off on my own."

Bucky watched her intently. "Still on your own, Polly?" he asked.

Her answer was sharp. The bitterness in her voice jarred him. "Very much that way," she said. "You get along better."

There was a strained silence. He had everything to tell her, but he was as inarticulate now as he had been when she was Ray's girl. Deep in his heart he knew the reason. He could read it in her eyes. She was still Ray's girl. It was four years, but she hadn't forgotten him. Bucky's blood pounded and he fought to keep his anger down. He moved forward and lit a cigarette for her and one for himself.

She threw back her head and smoked. "Did you bring me an invitation to the wedding, Bucky?" she asked him.

"You've heard then?" he said gruffly.

Polly laughed lightly. "I read the papers. It's nice to follow your old friends." She was silent a moment. "How is he, Bucky?"

"He's all right," Bucky nodded.

She smoked again. "I was a silly kid in those days," she said softly.

"All kids are silly," he growled.

HER brows knit and she gave a thin, slanting smile. "Bucky," she said, "I cried on his shoulder that night he told me he wouldn't see me any more. I made quite a scene of it. I should have gone in for the heavy, dramatic stuff, Bucky, instead of dancing."

"You fell all the way," he murmured.

"I couldn't get back in step with anything after it happened. I was that little what's-her-name Jap lady sitting at the window. Butterfly, wasn't it?" Her voice tightened up. "Then Mother died. I guess maybe one fire put out the other. Anyway, when it was all over, I was cold. And terribly calm." She laughed harshly. "I'm still calm, Bucky."

Bitterness welled up in Bucky. The truth was so obvious. "You're still in love with him, you mean!" he said suddenly.

Polly shrugged. Her voice was toneless. "Am I? I don't know. No one else ever meant much. I've never felt that way before or since. Does that mean I still love him?"

"It means you've been nursing the idea along. That kid stuff stays with you."

She stirred impatiently in her chair before the long mirror, and frowned. "I haven't talked like this for a long time." She turned to Bucky with a friendly smile. "You were nice to come and see me," she said.

He waited a moment before he spoke. "I've wanted to see you for four years, Polly," he said simply.

She caught the sincerity in his voice. Surprise came into her eyes. Her lips parted, and closed, and she looked away, frowning. "I didn't know that, Bucky," she said gently.

"Of course you didn't. You wouldn't have noticed."

"I've thought of you sometimes. You were always so grave and gentle. I often wished I could talk to you. If I had known, I—I—"

He leaned forward. "What would you have done, Polly?"

She met his eyes squarely. "I don't know, Bucky," she said. "I'm not sure."

He moistened his lips. "There's a way of being sure," he said gruffly.

"How?"

"See him again. Talk to him. See if you feel the way you think you feel."

She smiled faintly. "How does the ex-sweetheart get to see the bridegroom, Bucky?"

"You could see him," he persisted. The idea was growing in his mind.

"At his wedding? Could I sit next to him at the wedding breakfast?"

HE AROSE and carefully crushed his cigarette into a tray. "I wasn't going to ask you this," he said slowly. "But now I will." And he stood beside her, and told her, putting it as bluntly as he could. Even when he saw her start, and close her lips angrily, he kept right on. And when it was over and she sat motionless, watching the moving ribbon of smoke from her cigarette, he turned away.

She spoke, after a moment, in a low voice. "So I'm to put on an act?" she said.

He answered over his shoulder. "It's up to you," he said gruffly. "I can tell them you won't do it."

"Put on an act!" she repeated. She laughed, her head far back, her eyes tightly closed. Bucky turned to face her. He saw her lips tremble while she laughed. "Oh, gosh! Bucky, I ought to be able to do it. I used to be swell at the sob stuff. I had a great routine in the old days. It ought to go over with the boys."

"I didn't want to ask you," he said softly. "But it may be worth it. You'll be sure of yourself."

He waited, his eyes sharp upon her. And when she turned and smiled calmly, he knew she had decided. "Tell them I'll do it, Bucky," she said.

He left her then. All the way home, as he lounged in a taxi, ignoring the flow of life outside, he kept telling himself it could only go one of two ways. Either Ray would be the old Ray Shores, or he wouldn't. Either she'd go on carrying some part of him around in her heart, no matter where she went, or what she became, or whom she married; or she'd root the memory out clean. It might be that she could never in her life love anyone else completely. Bucky wouldn't want her that way. But it might be that afterward she would be ready to love someone the way she had once loved Ray. It could only go one of two ways. . . .

Bucky dressed slowly that evening of the bachelor dinner. He was fumbling nervously with his tie when the

(Continued on page 38)

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Bachelor Dinner

Continued from page 36

phone rang. It was Ray. He was dressed and ready, he said, and he would drive by and pick Bucky up.

Bucky grumbled protestingly. He didn't want to talk to Ray alone that night. But Ray cut him short and hung up. Fifteen minutes later he slumped in the easy chair in Bucky's small apartment, his topcoat bunching up around his neck, his soft black hat pushed back on his head. His eyes moved restlessly about the room. "Can we have a drink?" he asked. "I'm tired."

"We ought to get along," Bucky murmured. He took a bottle from the closet and set it on a table near Ray's chair.

Ray poured a drink and sighed heavily. "Late night tonight," he complained. "Shopping tomorrow morning. Rehearsal at the church before dinner. Another party afterward. I'm tired."

"You've been going too fast," Bucky said.

He nodded. "I know. But Helen says—I mean, it's expected of us. You've got to do it."

"I suppose so," Bucky murmured. "Shouldn't we be leaving?"

Ray reached for the bottle again. "Stag dinners never start," he grumbled. He drank more slowly, tossing aside his hat and settling down in the chair. "Know where I'd like to be going tonight, Bucky?" he asked. His spirits were rising.

Bucky grunted. He was straightening his tie and watching Ray in the mirror. Ray's chin was on his chest; he was rolling his glass around between three fingers.

"Tonight," Ray said, "I'd like to be going to the Inn with you and Chuck Green and Lou Hennaberry and the rest. I'd like to sit and smoke and drink beer and talk. The way we used to." He chuckled softly. "We had fun in those days," he went on. "None of us had a dime. But we'd sit and talk out everything from war to babies." He paused and frowned. "You always knew what you wanted out of life, didn't you, Bucky?"

"Lots more than I've got—so far," Bucky said quietly. He looked at his watch. "We're going to be late," he warned sharply.

Ray heaved a sigh and stood up. "O. K.," he said.

RAY SHORES drank too much and ate too little as the dinner went on. But the drink sharpened him; his wit was never keener. He kept the party alive. He swapped repartee with a blackfaced comedian; he sang back a chorus to a little blond entertainer who singled him out. His eyes moved swiftly, sparkling with excitement.

The party started at a fast pace and kept it up. There weren't many around the flower-strewn horseshoe table who more than tasted the roast. Too much was going on—Ted Wheeler was announcing one entertainer after another, Ray Shores was clowning, Bill Collings was getting unsteadily to his feet and trying to make a speech.

Bucky sat quietly near one end of the horseshoe. His first drink was still in the glass in front of him, the ice long since melted. He kept his eye fixed on the head of the table, where Ray sat between Mr. Jennifer, his bride's father, and Bill Collings, his bride's brother-in-law.

They were serving the coffee and brandy when Ted Wheeler stepped out in the center of the floor again. He looked about him and smiled knowingly. He made sweeping gestures and tried to imitate a circus barker's manner. Now came the special attraction, he said.

The draperies of a door at one end of the room parted. The piano crashed the introduction of a current tearful ballad. The lyrics of it raced through Bucky's mind as he turned to watch Polly. She came forward with her gliding dance step, a set smile on her face. Cheers greeted her, and applause, and a score of faces turned, grinning, to watch Ray Shores as he was confronted, on the eve of his wedding, by his old girl. They were ready for his embarrassment; eager to laugh.

RAY was on his feet, standing none too steadily, and as his glance left Polly to move quickly over the semicircle of faces raised to his, he gave a faint, mocking smile. And suddenly he was on his chair, and from there he stepped lightly to the table and jumped to the center floor space, where Polly was coming forward, singing.

Uncertainty spread around the table. This wasn't quite what they had expected. Ray wasn't a comedy figure, uncertain and confused. He was sure of himself, and defiant. The cheers lessened. Ted Wheeler stood helplessly, with a feeble grin. Everyone knew, as they saw Ray Shores, not quite sober, standing in front of the girl he had once loved, that something had gone wrong. The last few jeering voices died away.

Ray held out his hand. "Hello, Polly," he said.

She stopped singing and the music stopped with her. Every man at the table could hear her voice, low as it was. "Hello, Ray," she answered.

He placed his hand beneath her arm, and led her forward.

"Glad they found you, Polly," he said. His voice was thick, but it had a challenging ring in it, " 'Sfunny," he went on, "I been wondering about you lately."

Polly was holding back. "We'll talk after," she said nervously. "I have to sing."

He laughed shortly, his glance going around the room again. "Not yet," he said. "First you got to meet my new friends. Lots of new friends, Polly. I lost all the old ones. Ol' Bucky over there—he's the only one left."

"But, Ray—"

"You got to have lots of friends, Polly. Connections, you call 'em. It's good business. Makes you plenty dough." He pressed her forward again. Mr. Jennifer was watching him sharply, his thin lips set in a hard, straight line.

Ray met his eyes and chuckled. "Someone I want you to meet, sir," he said. "Very dear friend of mine."

Mr. Jennifer's eyes snapped. "This is a little out of place, isn't it, Ray?" he said stiffly.

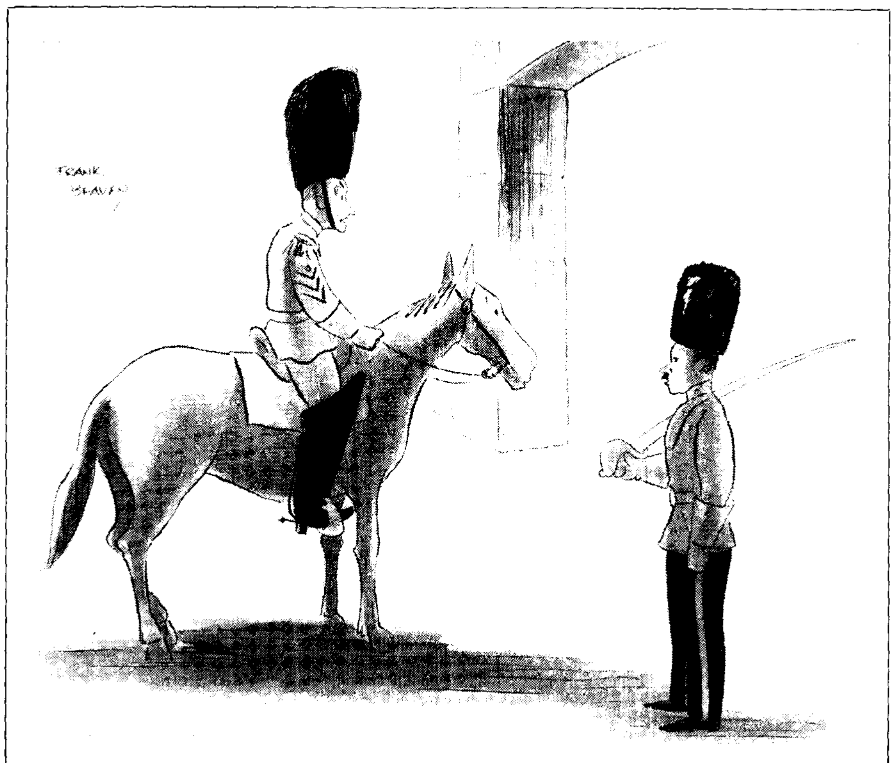
"Out of place?" His voice rose higher. "Not at all, sir. This is m'bachelor dinner. Fond farewell to the ol' life. An' the ol' girls. Polly's my ol' girl. Only one ever meant anything."

Ted Wheeler, behind him, pulled at his arm. "Get back and sit down, Ray," he said anxiously.

Ray grinned at him. "Sure. Sit down with Polly. Fond farewell—an' that sort of thing." He turned back to Mr. Jennifer and the grin hardened on his face. "Imagine it, sir! Might have married Polly. Four years ago. Wouldn't have had much now if I had, eh? No big job; no important friends; no standing at all. Wouldn't have had anything. Nothing but Polly."

"Ray!" Polly whispered.

"But I didn't marry you, did I, Polly?" he mumbled. "I knew what I wanted and I set out to get it."



"Great Scott, Montgomery, you've worn your wife's muff to work again!"

Frank Beaven

BILL COLLINGS was on his feet, leaning drunkenly across the table. No one in the room was quite sure what it was he said to Ray. But they saw a leering smile on his face, and his lips moved as he pointed at Polly. And then they saw Ray step forward, his face aflame with anger, and reach for Collings and pull him forward. Ray's arm shot out, fast and straight, and Collings fell back into his chair.

They crowded around Ray then, pulling him away. A score of voices were raised. But Mr. Jennifer stood, silent and immobile, his face drained of color. For a few moments Bucky stayed by his chair. His eyes followed Polly as she hurried from the room. Then he walked swiftly to Ray and pushed through the group that surrounded him. He took Ray's arm and led him off.

Ray's head drooped. Bucky tightened his grip, and very slowly Ray raised his eyes. He was sober now. There was no more challenge in his manner; no more defiance in his eyes. Only fear and despair were in his eyes now.

Bucky moistened his lips. "She—she's probably waiting downstairs," he said, "if you want to go to her."

Their eyes met. Bucky's heart pounded as he waited. And suddenly Ray pulled his arm free, turned away, and walked quickly to the head of the table. He was grinning. "Afraid I carried it too far, sir," he said clearly to Mr. Jennifer.

"Quite a bit too far," said Mr. Jennifer sharply.

"I wanted to have the laugh on the gang," Ray said. "I was clowning, of course."

Bill Collings, in his chair, pressed his hand against the side of his face. "Oh, of course!" he sneered.

Ray chuckled nervously. "I meant to pull that punch, Bill," he said.

"Like hell!" Collings growled. "You were sore. You resented it because I said the little lady—"

"You're tight, Bill!" Ray Shores' protestation rang shrilly through the silent room. "Why should I be sore? Why should I resent what you said about the kid? Oh, you're terribly tight, Bill!"

Bucky didn't wait any longer then. He walked swiftly from the room.

Polly was standing in the corridor close to the curtained door through which she had left. She smiled as she saw Bucky. "I stayed here," she said simply. "I heard."

Bucky stood before her stiffly. "Well?" he asked, frowning.

She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Oh, Bucky! It wouldn't have made any difference. I knew as soon as I saw him. I was sure. What I thought I'd feel inside me"—she paused and smiled gently—"just wasn't there."

Bucky drew in his breath sharply. A slow, tender smile spread over his face. "I figured it could only go one of two ways," he said. His hand closed firmly over hers.

She clung to his arm. "Could you leave now, Bucky?" she said softly. "Could you take me home?"

RAY'S wedding was the most colorful and extravagant affair of the season. The day was perfect; the church was a mass of flowers; the bride was exquisite in a gown that cost thousands. Bucky played his part flawlessly, offering his arm, with just the proper bow, to the ticketholders, and marching them to their pews with dignity and grace. When the organ thundered the first chords of Lohengrin, he and his fellow ushers started the procession down the aisle, their pace torturously slow, their gravity profound, their eyes straight ahead.

At the foot of the aisle they halted. Bucky stood stiffly at attention. Behind him came the bridesmaids, and then the bride, her arm resting lightly on her father's arm. In front of him, at the altar, Ray Shores waited with his best man. And just as the bride drew near, Bucky caught Ray's eye.

It was a short, fleeting glance that passed between them. But Bucky was never to forget it. Ray's eyes seemed to be seeing the past and the future at the same time, and they were agonized with doubt and uncertainty. Bucky felt a sudden wave of sympathy. Ray would always be like this, he thought. Never quite sure of what he wanted.

Then Ray put on his mask again. A few seconds later he stepped forward, with the correct respectful smile, to claim his bride.

Statesmen at Ease

Continued from page 34

Don't ever ask a full-blown statesman what his favorite reading is. It's an insult not to know. Without hesitation—and without a quiver—they will assure you that they are devoted to the "good old family Bible." It sounds righteous, and it may glean votes. With Mr. Roosevelt the Bible is a much-read book. He quotes from it constantly and, whether deliberately or not, his speeches are often tuned to the majestic roll of the prophets' poetry. When Steve Early brought him a rough draft of his birthday address, the President immediately pounced on the phrase, "a humble and grateful heart," and demanded that the "a" be changed to "an." "Don't you know your Bible?" he inquired with a mock frown.

Hobbies may not always produce a senator—or President—but often they indicate the kind of man their possessor is when not strutting on the political parade ground. Although Huey Long gives the impression that he is a man of wide reading and knowledge, he admits that he grabbed most of his information from guerrilla glances at cloth-bound lecture volumes and encyclopedias. He knows the Bible, too, and always carries a worn and well-thumbed copy with him wherever he goes. It's his stock in politics. From the Hebrew laws requiring redistribution of property every so often, he gets his legislative proposal for a shifting of American wealth through high income and inheritance taxes. His historical ideal is Frederick the Great.

"I get all my ideas on political strategy from him," says the Kingfish. "When he told his marshals to take Vienna, they told him that it would violate a treaty he had signed. 'You take Vienna,' he roared, 'and the professors at Heidelberg will find me justification.' When I was governor of Louisiana, and my men protested against what I wanted them to do, I told them: 'You do what I say, and my attorney-general will find me a law. If he can't, the legislature will pass one for me.' "

Bullets and Books

Roughly, the Senate divides into indoor and outdoor men and, strange as it may seem, the hunters and golfers, are chiefly Republicans.

It is the supposedly simple Jeffersonians who throng to the tea tables, swamp the dowagers' salons and stampede the night clubs. With Mr. McAdoo as their model and mentor, the social lions and Beau Brummels are Messrs. King of Utah, McKellar of Tennessee, Walsh of Massachusetts, Tydings of Maryland, Copeland of New York, and Capper, the lone Republican. The outdoor enthusiasts include Robinson of Arkansas, Pittman of Nevada, McNary of Oregon, Couzens of Michigan, Harrison of Mississippi, Hale of Maine, Reed of Pennsylvania, Walcott of Connecticut, Hastings of Delaware. Some golf or hunt for fun, some to minimize the menace of a waistline.

Dave Reed is handiest with the rifle, for he has made 245 out of a possible 250 bull's-eyes. Mr. Tydings, a bit of a dilettante, paints, plays the piano, writes heavy books, hunts, fishes and leads Junior League cotillions. Chairman of a Senate committee that serves as Board of Aldermen for 14,000,000 Latins, he is now learning Spanish.

"You can't be a social lion and a statesman," says Professor Fess of Ohio, who pulls the covers over his thin frame at 10 o'clock nightly. "You can be one or the other. I want to be a statesman."

The scholars and students differ greatly in depth and breadth of learning. Messrs. Borah, Lewis and Ashurst read largely for their own enlightenment and entertainment, and the last two in an effort to come upon allusions sufficiently sweet for senatorial ears. Bronson Cutting of New Mexico browses among assorted books for pleasure and is, perhaps, the most cultured member in so far as reading maketh a full man. Bennett Clark of Missouri has published a robust biography of John Quincy Adams, and sometimes seems to pattern his life after that of the crusty, rebellious Yankee.

A Weakness for Movies

Blind Senator Gore of Oklahoma haunts bookshops, visiting them whenever he enters a new city. Through the touch of his sensitive fingers and the eyes of a clerk or companion he explores the literary treasures he cannot see. Three of a kind are the studious, conscientious Costigan of Colorado, La Follette of Wisconsin and Wagner of New York, who get much pleasure from economic and statistical abstracts.

Senator Thomas of Utah, a college professor, has a yen for Chinese, as Will Rogers discovered to his dismay. Just back from the Orient, Will told friends that he was "going up to the hill to show his superior intellect to the Senate." Wandering by mistake into the office of Thomas of Utah instead of that of the Oklahoma Thomas, Will's inflationist friend, the humorist started to show off his familiarity with the philosophy of Confucius. When he lost command of breath—and quotations—the senator scribbled something on paper and handed it to Rogers. "Doesn't it go that way?" asked the professor quietly, gravely. Will examined the paper, and there were his dubious quotations written correctly. Will won't fool with an Oriental authority again.

Except for a few gregarious fellows like Senators Nye and Wheeler, the Progressives are stay-at-home hermits. In their hobbies they seek an escape from perennial feuds and protest. Senators Johnson and Norris, in their private lives, give the lie to their public performances. When Senate sessions end, these wreckers of parties and presidential hopes scoot home and shut the doors on passionate politics.

Swimming, singing and driving an automobile are Senator Norris' summertime delights. He spends vacation months at a lake cottage in Wisconsin which he built himself.

Hiram Johnson has a weakness for movies. He developed this hobby when, as governor of California, he found that only in a darkened movie house could he elude crowds, and rest. But the screen came to exert a definite fascination on him, and now he is an expert on Hollywood studios and scandals. Sometimes he goes to several movies a night. A home-loving man, and devoted to his wife, who never misses a Senate session when he is to tear a passion to tatters, he rarely stirs out for social evenings from the fine old house they have renovated in a quiet section near the Capitol building. He prefers his dominoes, cards, crocuses and detective stories to the fashionable goings-on in Georgetown and other sections where some of his colleagues try to demonstrate that Professor Fess, with his dictum against mixing society and statesmanship, is all wrong.

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OLIVE OIL
To put an irritated skin
back into shape . . and to
keep it in perfect condition!"
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TRAINER OF "TORCHY" PEDEN
SIX DAY BIKE CHAMPION

SHAVERS WITH TENDER SKINS!

Shave with Palmolive—for into the making of this shave cream goes olive oil . . . to protect you against after-shaving irritation.

GEORGE EARL, the wise trainer of championship bike riders, knows how beneficial olive oil is for taking the rawness out of a burning, stinging skin. And there are thousands of skin specialists, athletes, trainers, barbers who agree with him!

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Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect*. You'll find this same soothing action tends to produce a *permanent* improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather (it multiplies itself 250 times in volume) . . . lather that *stands up* for a full 10 minutes on the face—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for Palmolive—the largest-selling and most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube of Palmolive today. Shave with it in the morning. In three minutes you'll know why we say: Just as it's the alcohol that makes repeal beer different, it's the olive oil that makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

• • •

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Only 25¢
(FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢)

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Don't let your children's feet be deformed. Keep their shoes straight and their feet sound by seeing that their shoes have Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

Made of tough, resilient, shock-absorbing rubber that distributes pressure *equally,* these heels wear down *evenly—keeping shoes and feet from heeling over!*

Today more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. Don't take chances—make sure that youngsters' shoes, and your own, have this straight-walking, foot-easy protection.

GOODYEAR

WINGFOOT HEELS
keep shoes and feet straight

Rough Air

Continued from page 22

must come from you. Men do that to women, you know. Why shouldn't I feel happy enough to sing—and cry? To sit with a man at the first breakfast—that only comes to a woman once. All of us live a great deal on our memories, Jim. We store them up for rainy days. This is one I shall have."

He lighted a cigar, forehead cut across by thoughtful lines; in repose his rather broad, full lips formed a firm crease.

"One other thing, Carol. Hollywood is all glitter and words. I have always thought of you in that light. I've doubted your sincerity—until last night. You've got your heart in this. You want to see it through."

"Yes."

"Well, I've got to tell you this again: I don't want you to expect too much—that's the honest fact. It won't be much—and it won't last long."

"Whatever I get is enough, Jim. We've settled that."

He shook his head, displaying his open doubt. "I can't believe it," he told her. "No woman ought to be satisfied with so little. What do you get out of it, Carol?"

SHE met his eyes and held them; and presently he looked down, faintly flushed. She reached over and laid her hand on his arm. "If you knew how far down I started life, how hard I had to climb, how much faith in people I lost along the way—then I think you'd know. I can be pretty cruel. I can fight and scheme and break other women's hearts—in the profession. That's what the world has taught me. So many men have cheated me and tried to trick me. So many friends have gone sour. I live in one of the finest houses in town, and I can command almost any sort of person to my parties. Everything I want I can have—if I pay for it. But when the people have all gone home and I go to bed, what am I? Just a kid that never got anything for nothing—a girl with no belief in Santa Claus. And very, very lonely."

"What do you get from me, Carol?" he insisted.

There was a shine in her eyes, like tears.

"I don't know what you are giving me, willingly. Maybe nothing. That's all right. But whether you know it or not, I'm getting something from you that you'll never miss and I'll never forget. A day—or a week—of happiness. That's all I ask for. I've never had it before. Probably never will again. I'm in love with you, Jim. That's the answer to everything."

He said, deeply stirred: "You deserve a better break."

She shrugged her small shoulders. "You take what breaks you get."

"Yes," he agreed, slowly.

SHE bent forward, tapping his arm with one finger. "That hits home, doesn't it? You see, I know you. A lot of things have happened to you, Jim, and you've had a lot of bad falls. You don't ask for the impossible any more. You take your luck—and manage to smile. I'm like that, too. So, here we go—a couple of gamblers. While it lasts, we ought to be good for each other."

They got up and went out of the dining-room. In the lobby they stopped, midway between the desk, the street door and the stairway; and the haunting dread of disaster reached through Carol Castaine as she sensed Jim Breed's indecision. He looked down at her, but she didn't dare look back—she was afraid of what her answering glance might bring out of him.

Breed fumbled through a pocket, and let his arm fall. He called over to the clerk:

"What time does the border open?"

"Open now, Captain."

Breed said, "Thank you," and turned to Carol. "Ready?" he asked, without expression.

She took his arm; and it was her faint pressure that put him in motion. They went out to the wakening street and turned down it.

"He knows who I am," Breed mused. "We'll have no secret here."

"What of it?" Carol said.

THEY went slowly along the street, walking toward one of the bridges that crosses the Rio Grande to Juarez, in Old Mexico; and as they walked more than one passing citizen's eye turned on Carol Castaine with the half-curious glance of seeing someone familiar but for the moment unplaceable.

Of this Carol was actually unaware. She had no consciousness of the outer world then; all her thoughts were running ahead of her, into the future. She had Jim—she knew she had him. What her desiring mind now sought was a way of keeping him. If she had won the one battle, she must win the other.

Perhaps, she told herself, it would be best to take a year away from pictures. He was fed up with Hollywood and wanted to hurl himself to the farthest extreme, as was his nature. Very well, she would go along. No matter where he turned she would be there with him. If you could not stop an express train by stepping in front of it you could slow it down by getting aboard and using the brakes. Thus thought Carol Castaine as she walked across the bridge to Juarez.

It was in the hotel lobby that Sunshine Smith met them, as they returned from Juarez, better than an hour later.

Sunshine, that restless and high-handed and sometimes arrogant man, had left Los Angeles a little behind Breed and Castaine. None of his broadcast telegrams had wakened a response; Henry Brixey, at the airport, had found no trace of Breed's plane in the south. Apparently Breed had not landed at San Diego. Thus, with the time narrowing down and his own grim determination to straighten out a mess nagging at him, Sunshine did what was true to form. He told Brixey to keep extending the search farther eastward, sent a few more telegrams to likely points and then got in his own ship and went up into his natural medium to do a little thinking. His course was straight south to San Diego; for he had previously checked the passes into Nevada and was satisfied therefrom that Reno was not the destination. And to the north lay Oregon, where he knew a three-day wait legally preceded a marriage.

AT SAN DIEGO, finding nothing, he turned east and hedge-hopped along the border. He tried Calexico and Yuma and turned north to touch Tucson. South again, at Nogales, he stopped long enough to long-distance Brixey and to get the information that the El Paso airport had reported Breed's arrival. It was here that Sunshine sent the telegram intercepted by Carol; afterward Sunshine raced eastward, cutting across a corner of Mexican territory—which as a reserve army officer he was not supposed to do—and hit El Paso beyond nine o'clock.

So, red-eyed and irritable from his long search, he met them in the lobby. They came through the door slowly, arm in arm. Going forward, Sunshine tried to read the answer on Breed's face—and saw only that poker-playing expression which repelled curiosity. As

"Heavens, I've been robbed!" George Shellhase for Castaine, he had never concealed his dislike for her and now her features answered that dislike by tightening against him.

Breed looked at Sunshine without much surprise. "What brings you down here?"

"Did you get my telegram?"

"Telegram?" Breed shook his head. He looked toward Carol, but afterward turned his attention back to Sunshine. "What's on your mind?" Then he noticed the half dozen people collected in the lobby and said, "Come upstairs."

They went to Breed's room. As soon as the door had closed Sunshine faced them, grimly determined to get the truth. "Have you been married?"

"That's our business, son," said Breed.

"Is it?" growled Sunshine, and stared at Castaine again, visually trying to pry the secret out of her. But he was balked by that outward passiveness, and by the shadow of hostility in her eyes. "It's damned funny you didn't get my telegram," blurted out Sunshine.

"Kid," Breed said with a faint impatience, "what's your sweat?"

"Why the hell do you have to make it appear I'm always buttin' into your affairs?" was Sunshine's angry answer. "I didn't follow you all over the southwest to protect your virtue, you dumb egg."

"So what?" said Breed, dryly.

"There's a gold-digging blonde that's turned out to be Trent's wife. She's suing Trent for a divorce and she is going to name Anne as corespondent."

"How do you know?" Breed threw the question sharply at Sunshine, the reserve in his face breaking up.

"I know."

Breed put both his hands in his pockets and wheeled away from them. He walked over to a window. Castaine's glance stabbed Sunshine. She never moved.

"Don't you see it?" called Sunshine. "It looks like you got wind of this fool yarn and believed it and ran out on her. That's what Hollywood will think. See here—are you two married?"

Breed flung himself around and said in a grating voice: "It's none of your business, sonny. Don't ask that question again."

"Are you going to let Anne down?" snapped Sunshine.

"I'll see you in the lobby in a minute," stated Breed, stonily.

"Listen," muttered Sunshine, his high-bred face pale with the anger he felt, "I won't poke my nose into your affairs again. But if you two are married, for God's sake keep it secret until all this blows over." He looked from Breed to Carol, received the sultry flash of her bitter-burning hatred, and abruptly left the room.

Breed said, without looking at Carol: "What about the telegram?"

CAROL opened her purse and came to Breed, handing him the telegram in silence; she turned and walked to another corner of the room, watching him read it, watching his cheeks assume that formidable smoothness she feared. He spoke quietly.

"Did you forget it?"

"No. That was deliberate."

"I'm sorry, Carol."

"What else did you think I'd do?" she burst out. "Do you imagine I'd let anything come between us today? Oh, Jim, I told you I could fight for what I wanted! I can be ruthless and unscrupulous—it's the way I've had to be—it's what the unkind world has taught me! My dear, if you'd only try to feel what I have in my heart this minute—"

He walked over to the bureau and collected his things and put them in the kit. He closed the kit and faced her. "Coming along?"

Her body lost its trimness; it sagged perceptibly. "You're going back to Los Angeles?"

"Yes."

"So I guess I've had my day—and that's all I get," she murmured, dully. "No, I won't go with you. I'll take a transport plane back."

"Goodby, Carol," he said, and started for the door.

But she was instantly across the room, barring the door with her body, and Breed had to stop. He stared down at this girl, whose dead white features were locked by despair; and what he saw turned his own expression sad. He said, "I'm sorry, Carol," and then was inexpressibly shamed by the imploring hungriness of her wide eyes.

Abruptly she moved against him and got her arms around him in a fierce grip that dragged his head down. After she had kissed him, he felt a silent crying rack her body and all he could do was to stand and stare dumbly at the shining top of her bowed head. Presently he swung her gently aside and passed from the room.

HE HIT the Los Angeles airport past four in the afternoon, finding an urgent note from Sam Wein, which he disregarded. Buying a paper, he drove home. There was another note from Sam under his door, which said: "Call me right away. You wanted something—and I got it." But Breed threw the message on the table, all his attention riveted to a front-page story in the paper:

"Suit for divorce from Barry Trent, famous screen star and current idol of America's young sophisticates, was filed this morning by Dolly Vay Trent. The grounds named by Mrs. Trent, a former actress on the New York stage, were desertion and infidelity. In her complaint, the internationally known actor's wife named as corespondents, Anne Carson, and several Jane Does. Miss Carson, a local newspaper woman, could not be reached this afternoon by reporters.

"The action came as a surprise to Hollywood where it had not been known Trent was married. Miss Vay, according to a dispatch from New London, Connecticut—"

When Sunshine arrived a half-hour later Jim Breed turned from a restless tramping around the room to indicate the story, silently. Sunshine read it and threw the paper disgustedly away.

"The woman's nuts, Jim. Bill Gaynor says she is nothing but a drunken bum with a bad record."

"What of it? She's named Anne in print. You can wipe off the mud somebody throws on you, but the smell sticks. That's publicity."

"Maybe you know, now, why I chased you all the way to El Paso. But they can't touch Anne. They've got nothing on her."

Breed shook his head. "I'm afraid of this, Sunshine. Trent's a yellow dog. A woman doesn't mean anything to him. He might get on the stand and ruin Anne's reputation deliberately."

"Why?"

"To keep some of his affairs with other women covered up. He's in pretty deep with half a dozen prominent wives in this town. The sort of stuff he can't afford to have dragged into court. It would ruin him in pictures. The easier he can get through this trial and the quicker he lets the Vay woman have her divorce, the less mention there's going to be of these affairs. Note that phrase 'and several Jane Does.' His wife apparently hasn't got enough dope on them, but if he battles the divorce too hard she might rum-

(Continued on page 42)

There is magic in

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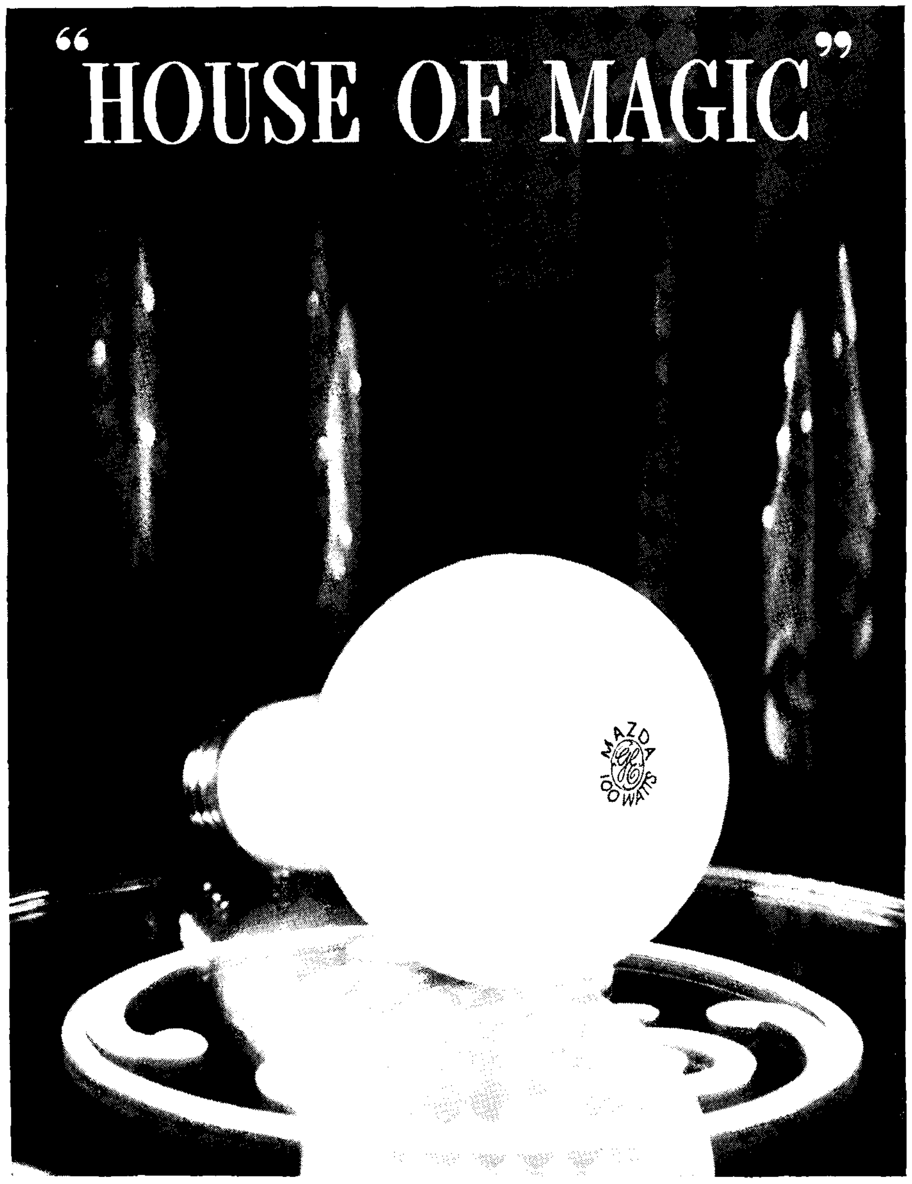

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EVER since the days of Edison's first crude lamp, General Electric Research Laboratories have been delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of light. Year after year MAZDA lamps have been improved . . . good light has cost less and less.

Here is just one striking example. It was discovered that the use of a certain gas inside the bulb made a lamp give more light for each unit of electric current consumed.

But this gas had to be *dry*. A single drop of water could ruin 100,000 lamps! So the scientists in the "House of Magic" found a way to make that gas 100 times drier than the air of the Sahara Desert!

This is just one of many reasons why lamps from the "House of Magic" give good light at low cost . . . why it pays you to look for the mark GE on every lamp you buy.

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(Continued from page 41)

mage around and find out. So what's the easiest thing for him to do? Admit he and Anne were too friendly and let it go like that."

"It would take a pretty low sort of a louse—"

"You've named him," broke in Breed. He came to a stand before Sunshine. "You go see Anne. Ask her if there's anything we can do. Ask her to build up an airtight alibi for every day in the past two months. We'll back her up."

"Why don't you go?"

After he had asked the question, Sunshine regretted it. For the answer was in Jim Breed's eyes—as sad and dismal as anything he had ever seen. The big guy had assumed the responsibility for what had happened to Anne; it had plowed him up pretty bad.

"I can't," Breed said.

"That's all over?"

"Yeah. I've gone back across the tracks, where I belong."

Sunshine got to the door, and thought of something else. "You weren't thinking of working on Trent?"

"No," Breed answered. He looked down at the floor, rubbing his solid hands together.

"Don't do it," urged Sunshine. He went down and got in his car and drove away. Turning the corner, he caught the blur of somebody moving across the edge of his vision and he looked back along the street, in the direction of the apartment door. A man there faded from view, into some adjoining opening. Sunshine, mind filled with the enigma of the scene in El Paso, thought nothing more of the fellow.

BILL GAYNOR, a newspaper man down to his least instinct, violated the ethics of his profession that morning. When the courthouse beat phoned in the story of the divorce suit, in which Anne was named, Gaynor buzzed Anne to his desk.

"The story's wide open. It's worth four hundred words on the wire—and I can't help you there at all. You can deny it—which would make a better story for middle-aged America to smack its lips on—or you can keep still. Nothing you say is apt to be believed, Hollywood being what it is and middle-aged America being what it is."

Her glance told him nothing; she stood at the railing, straight and motionless, and at the moment he thought she was carrying on a sober debate with herself. But if there was any shock in the news she didn't show it. It was apparently something she had stiffened herself to meet. Suddenly he was violently proud of the way she held her chin up.

"There isn't anything to say, Bill."

"Get out of here and hide," he said. "Don't tell anybody anything."

So she went home, and for the first time in her life she knew what it meant to be shot at by her own guild. The phone was ringing when she entered the apartment, and continued to ring until she called the switchboard operator and ordered no more calls through. She hated that; it put her in a class with those snooty people who slammed doors in reporters' faces. But she couldn't stand the strain; outwardly calm as she was, she went cold and sick at each reiterated question. Afterward she had a little peace. Yet it wasn't for long. Balked by the telephone, they came out to the apartment—newsmen and photographers.

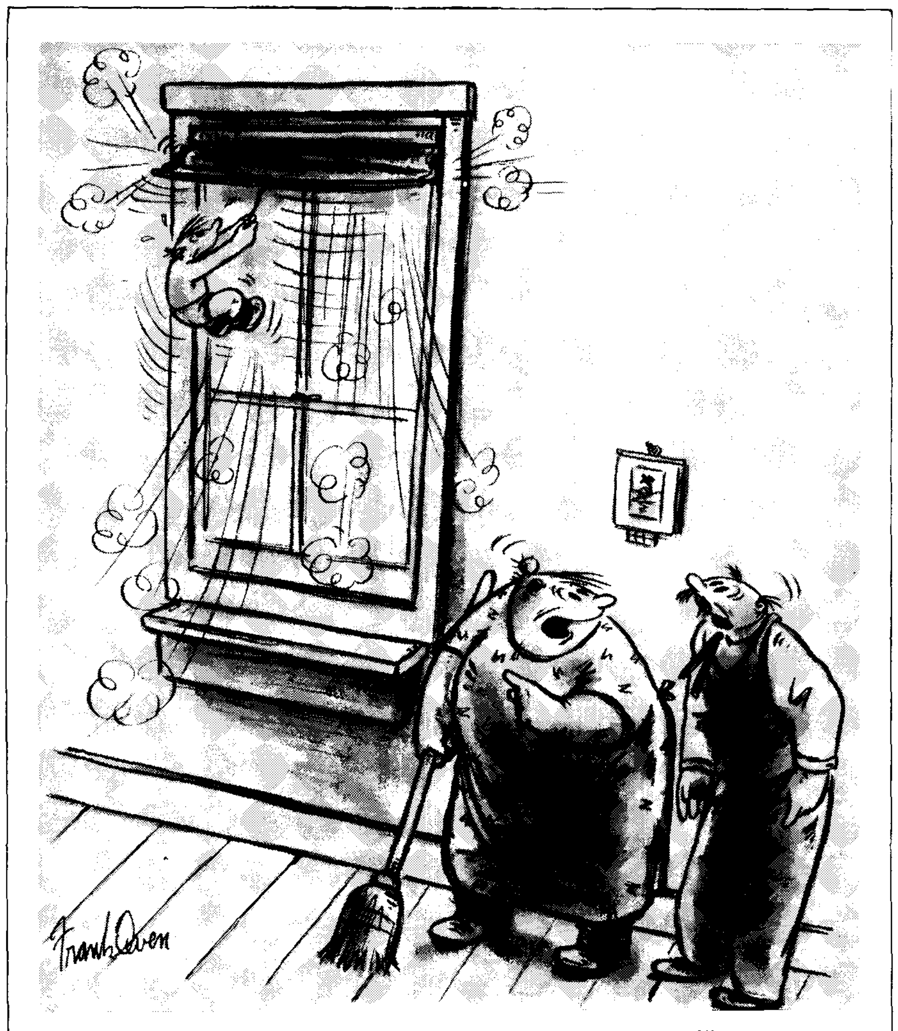
It wasn't bad with the men. Miles Kitchen, from the Times, grinned when he saw her. He turned it into a joke: "Local girl makes good. Break down now and tell papa." But after she had refused he said, "Neither Trent nor his number one woman is any damned good, so think nothing of it." The rest of the gang, coming on later, were sympathetic, and altogether kind. It was different, though, with Helenie March, who did features for the Globe. In a way they had been rivals in the freemasonry of reporting and Helenie hadn't liked her.

Helenie said: "Is this a gag, Carson? Trent always did have a yen for you, and it wouldn't be hard for you two to frame a first-class scandal. It's an easy way to put you into the movies."

"What do you think?" was Anne's barely civil answer.

"I might think a lot of things, but this is supposed to be your story."

"You write it as you see fit," said Anne, and closed the door. Afterward she regretted her curtness toward Helenie March. Newspaper people, she well knew, had a special punishment for the nasty ones. They could take a stubborn 'nothing to say for publication,' and so color it that it looked and sounded like guilt. That was the power of the printed word. Newspapers could make her notorious overnight, if they wished. It wouldn't take much. She could visualize the editorials of the Middle West, where all things Hollywood were regarded with little faith. Another screen idol, another woman, another sorry revelation of the lax morals of celluloid people. That would be the theme in a hundred papers. It didn't matter that there was scandal sufficient enough and real enough in Middle West America which never saw daylight. That wasn't the point. The point was that Barry Trent was a celebrity. He was front-page stuff. He would drag her into the limelight.



"He got the shade up—now you get him down!" *Frank Owen*

AROUND noon somebody knocked on her door, but she didn't answer it. Later she drank a glass of milk and relaxed on her divan, trying to sort out her confused and bitter thoughts; and it must have been well beyond four when somebody else tapped on the door and, getting no answer, called through.

"Anne—it's Wyn."

Anne got up and let the redhead in. Wyn closely scanned Anne with her eyes so full of dark wisdom. She was eight years younger than Anne Carson—nothing more than a schoolgirl—but for the moment her hard knowledge made her seem older than the tall, gold-blond girl before her. She said to Anne, in a tired voice: "I'm sorry. I told you it would hurt pretty bad."

"SIT down, Wyn," Anne said; and then her eyes touched this small, slim girl's faintly wrinkled, loose-fitting dress a moment. Something odd came into her glance. She turned from Wyn and went to another part of the room. "Tell me—did you know Barry Trent was married, when you warned me?"

"Yes," Wyn answered, voice lackluster.

"That's something nobody else in the colony knew," Anne said, very thoughtful. "You are too wise a child."

"I hear things," Wyn said, almost sullenly.

"And you couldn't tell me?" pressed Anne. She added swiftly, "I'm not blaming you—I'm only very curious."

Wyn shook her head. "I just couldn't. Don't ask me why."

"No, I shan't." She studied the girl soberly for quite an interval. "Wyn," she said at last, "there's a great deal of actual crookedness and evil on the back side of all this glittering front of Hollywood. Blackmail and dope and worse. Sometimes youngsters who haven't made the grade get involved in it. They seldom get out. I'm just telling you this."

"Do you think—"

"I think you know too much for a seventeen-year-old girl, far too much. I think you're on the edge of something. I think you'd better go back to wherever you came from before it's too late. Bigger people than you are have got caught in the undertow. Nobody knows yet who killed William Desmond Taylor. Or why, or what for. That sort of thing is always just around the corner." Anne stopped, then said, with a startling bluntness: "I'm telling you."

She was astonished by the reaction. Wyn's eyes widened with a distinct fright; her cheeks whitened until the rouged lips turned garish. She pulled her arms about her. She got up. "I got to get out of here," she muttered.

"Very well."

But the girl stared dumbly at Anne, manner changing again to a miserable uncertainty. "What am I going to do?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Yes," said Wyn eagerly.

"Go talk to the man. Tell him what he's got to do."

"Who?" whispered the girl.

"Whoever it is."

"That's a laugh," said Wyn bitterly. "I thought you knew the kind of guys that string girls like me along."

"I'm sorry," Anne said, infinitely gentle. "He can't be much of a man."

"You're telling me!" Wyn's eyes expressed her hating contempt of that man. Yet the expression didn't last. Her emotions ran instably from one extreme to another; and her eyes haunted Anne. "It's too late to go home. I only live over at San Fernando. I had a boy friend there. He came to see me a few days ago. Sap, I am. What do you suppose I did? I told him the truth. That's the end of that. Well, I'll get along, somehow."

"Wyn, could I help you?"

"Nobody can help me."

"The man could," Anne reflected, "but he won't."

"How do you know?" challenged the girl, alarmed again.

"The story is rather clear, Wyn. I think I know who he is. Stay here tonight. We'll think of a way—"

The girl stumbled to the door and opened it. She looked back, tears showing; she was nothing more than a frightened youngster then, with no reserve and no courage. "You're a grand person, Anne," she blurted out, and ran out, slamming the door behind. She went down the stairs. On the street she met Sunshine Smith and said, "Hello, soldier," which was the one line of dialogue she had spoken in Wings Over Hell. He turned to talk to her, but she hurried on around the corner of the building.

OUT of his sight, Wyn slowed her pace, going rather aimlessly from one block to another. She walked, thus unheedingly, far out to the city edge; and when she became aware of her surroundings—brought out of her incoherent thinking by a physical weakness—it was turning from daylight to dusk. She went into the nearest drug store and drank a malted milk; and then phoned for a taxi. The address she gave the taxi driver, when he came, was a street corner three blocks from Barry Trent's place.

"She looked scared stiff," observed Sunshine.

"She is, Sunshine," said Anne.

"In trouble?"

"Yes."

"World's full of trouble," mused the flyer. He turned his head downward, brushed a spot on his coat. "You've got yours. But that Vay gal's got nothing on you."

"That isn't the point."

"No—I suppose not." Sunshine lifted his glance. "What can we do?"

"We?"

"Jim and me," he said. "Jim sent me over."

She had been standing across the room, listening to what he said. But she wheeled around and walked into the kitchenette where he couldn't for a moment see her. After a while her voice

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Revive us Again

Continued from page 11

deserving or because they were unpopular and better out of the way. Few if any of these blessed ones knew precisely where their awards were located, numbers of them paid no attention to the grants, some died en route, some fell frightened prey to Indians and some simply froze to death in the vast Northwest Territory which was one day to be known as Ohio. Such unconquerables as the Boones, the Purseleys, the Longs, Casses, Schoolcrafts, Bill Olivers and Tom Higginses could take it—and did.

Today there remains of our public lands—unappropriated and unreserved—something less than three quarters of a million acres. On most of this residue, sand would have a hard time getting along. Weeds, I am informed, would hate to be caught on it. The records of the land office are not among the things of which the government boasts.

A Golden Opportunity Lost

It is known, for example, that since 1785 the government has received from sales of public lands—from homesteaders, from lumbering corporations, railroads and mining interests—a little less than $616,000,000. Eighty-four million dollars—about one seventh—of this has been collected in mineral royalties alone since 1920 when, belatedly, the government decided that it was a bit foolish to let the land buyers take all the minerals and oil from such tracts without paying a rebate or lease fee into the United States Treasury. It would be a good thing to keep that figure in mind. It gives you some idea of what the government might have collected.

No one knows, the Land Office confessing to have no idea at all, just how much money private interests took out of land for which they paid the infantile sum of two dollars and fifty cents an acre for timber and stone land and five dollars an acre for mineral land.

It is sheer guessing, but there are people in the Department of the Interior who enjoy that sort of guessing. They will assure you that past Congresses, by refusing repeatedly to lease mining, oil, timber and even grazing lands on a royalty basis instead of selling them outright at ten-cent-store prices, ignored something more than twenty-five billion dollars. Maybe they're right. It is scarcely worth weeping about now; it would have been spent as fast as received in any event. But now that the plans of the new order involve the spending of quite a number of billions to undo the errors of old razzle-dazzle policies—well, it seems too bad.

There were always in Congress certain stout patriots eager to denounce our land policy (to give the racket a politer name) and to roar the mining and timber land grabbers into fear and trembling. Therefore certain of the great corporations went in for guile. Instead of boldly taking over fifty thousand acres for two and a half and five dollars an acre and handing the government their checks for a million or so, they send whole trainloads of dummies west to purchase sections and quarter sections on sites marked for them on maps carefully drawn by the corporations.

The land thus acquired by individuals was promptly purchased by the corporations for the price of the acres plus a bonus of, say, five per cent which the individual purchaser regarded as his reward for his part in the transaction. All of his expenses were paid, of course. And it was not difficult to cloak the whole operation in the Land Office because that bureau has never paid any attention to what happened to or on the land after it became private property.

All this, you understand, is taken from the picture the New Deal's painters are working on in Washington. These mistakes are drawn large because they show you what must be remedied and what must not be repeated. Of course they are not going to be repeated: along conventional, unimaginative lines we have just about exhausted our physical frontiers. From now on our explorations must be of the mind and not the arms and legs.

Next comes the farmer, the homesteader, who after the rich lands of the midwest and south were absorbed by the early birds, took up their abode on lands that nature had left arid. Until 1868, when the Homestead Act was adopted by Congress, there was no particular system to our land-granting for agricultural purposes. You got it or didn't get it according to your own initiative and what political influence you could muster. Besides, until the transcontinental railroad began to function in good order there was very little reason for looking for farm lands in the Far West unless you were looking for mere subsistence.

But in ever-increasing volume, after the passage of the Homestead Act, the homesteaders rushed west until, in 1932, more than two hundred and thirty-six million acres of our public domain had been occupied in agriculture. Huge numbers of these pioneers knew no more about farming than they did about aviation. Many were eastern wage-earners who had been crowded out of industry by cheap immigrant labor. In large numbers the Northern European farmer hesitated on the Atlantic seaboard just long enough to find transportation west.

The point here, however, is that once the easily cultivated land was occupied the desert was invaded. And on the desert the would-be farmer was in a bad way. He had been the victim of real estate racketeers and railroads who sold him land from maps in eastern offices.

Pork-Barrel Legislation

And then the government sought to save the situation here and there by irrigation. There can be no argument concerning the good that irrigation has done. It saved and remade the grazing country of Wyoming after the increasing herds and flocks had eaten the plains nude. It converted some of the Nevada, Colorado and Utah mining camps into farms. It made Southern California rich. And so on. But because irrigation and so-called reclamation attracted new population, because there was much pork in such legislation and government spending, this too became quite a racket.

Perhaps somewhere in ancient records in Washington you might find reports of conscientious investigators warning the government against spending millions here and more millions there to reclaim land that no amount of water and labor would make fruitful. But they are buried too deep for anybody of our times to remember. Such warnings have a way of disappearing. Anyway, thus far, the government has spent about $280,000,000 in the construction of irrigation works, exclusive of the Boulder Dam project, which will add $165,000,000 to the outlay.

Unhappily not all the government's irrigation work was done with the farmer and the herder in mind. Senators

(Continued on page 46)

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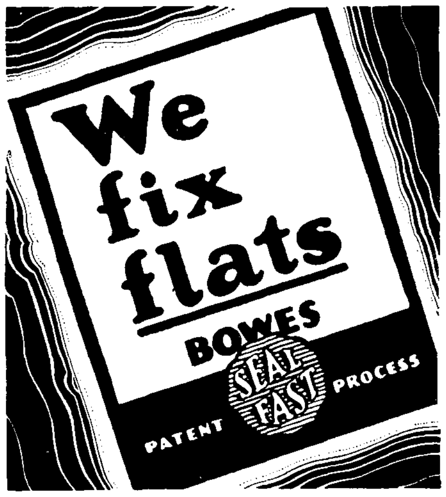

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(Continued from page 45)

tors and representatives in Congress fought for and got appropriations for irrigation work in sections where such work was certain to fail. It brought government money into the state. It caused population to flow in, thereby inspiring real estate booms and setting up larger political machines. It opened up taxation possibilities. It furnished eiderdown jobs for minor politicians in land offices. And without minor politicians well nourished, the bosses starve to death.

Just what did these gentlemen care that such things as soil depletion and, in particular, erosion were making beggars of the farmers upon whose votes they depended? Most of them had never heard of soil erosion and refused to listen to its prophets while such grafts as these fetched government moneys into their precincts in actual gold and silver. And even the farmers whose land was being swept thinner and thinner year by year by flood and wind, whose acres were dying of erosion while they watched, were content to keep still because the so-called improvements to the streams of their sectors were booming the prices of their farms. In hundreds of instances the money spent on local streams did nothing whatever to solve the transportation problems of the farmer, but the real estate ballyhoo saw to it that their consumptive acres rose steadily in paper value. So they sold, gloated over their profits, and moved on westward.

Erosion, the Enemy of Land

It isn't necessary to tell you that things like that couldn't last. In the end came the crash, the explosion. And as soon as they were able, the farmers, the land speculators and, for all that, the rest of us, began to look around for the reason. And here it is, in this absorbing picture they are drawing in the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior. Now that there is nothing left for us to do except repair the damage our shiftless policies have created, we find out that more than 35,000,000 acres of the land that were once under cultivation in the United States are now sheer waste lands due to soil erosion.

While our farm lands were thus degenerating, we were spending millions after millions to fetch water to lands which, because of erosion, would soon need no water because there would be no land. Millions of dollars' worth of these irrigation projects have been written off by law, even the sponsors of the projects admitting (after the money had been spent) that it was futile work. But in the present Administration's efforts to find the best means to control and stop the erosion that went on while the water was on its way, we are spending a mere ten million through the PWA.

The areas on which the first erosion control work is being carried on are located in the cotton-producing Piedmont Plateau of South Carolina, the cotton belt of Texas' Blackland, the Palouse wheat belt in Washington and Idaho, the dairy section in southwest Wisconsin, the corn lands of north central Missouri and south central Iowa. Then in Kansas, Oklahoma, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. Here and elsewhere the land was vanishing from beneath the farmer's feet even while he cultivated it. His taxes were mounting as the value of his land decreased, as the land itself melted away.

Mr. H. H. Bennett, Director of the Soil Erosion Service of the Department of the Interior, one of the new bureaus contributing to the national reconstruction plan, puts it as graphically as anybody.

"Unrestrained soil erosion," he said, "is rapidly building a new public domain in America—an empire of worn-out land; land stripped of its rich surface soil down to poor subsoil and land gullied beyond the possibility of practical reclamation. The cost to the farmer and the rancher amounts to $400,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the damage to highways, railways, the silting of rivers, reservoirs and irrigation and drainage ditches. Subsoil farming amounts to bankrupt farming on bankrupt land.

"We have cut trees from steep, erosive slopes and planted the land with erosion-producing crops—cotton, corn and tobacco. We have farmed land which was adapted to trees and nothing but trees with all sorts of crops as if all kinds of land had the same natural adaptation. We have permitted our slopes to wash down to a mere geological skeleton of land, thinking that erosion is a natural process not to be retarded by man and without so much as devoting a serious thought to the matter.

"Three billion tons of soil material are washed out of our fields and pastures every year. Enough super-soil (soil richer than the valley of the Nile) passes out through the mouth of the Mississippi River every year to build 1,250 farms of 160 acres each having a soil depth of twelve inches, or twice the depth of the average upland soil of America.

"To haul 3,000,000,000 tons of soil out of our fields and dump it into the oceans and valleys would require the continuous loading of trucks, 5,708 abreast, simultaneously every minute, day and night, year after year. Yet that is what this annual washing off of our soil means."

As you view the destruction that has fetched us to this dismal state, the idle question recurs: What was the Department of Agriculture doing about it all those years? And the Department of the Interior? Well, there is plenty of evidence that these departments tried to do something: that is, some of the bureau heads urged action. But it was necessary that the action be sanctioned by Congress, by state legislatures, by local officials. And in such political labyrinths the remedial projects were always lost. Congress was too intent upon appropriating additional millions for futile irrigation extensions and for deepening the channels of puny rivers in out-of-the-way sectors to bother about forest preservation, erosion prevention, game conservation and crop regulation. It took a first-class depression and bankrupt government to turn the legislative mind honestly to conservation. Not until we went broke did we give any serious thought to saving.

A Monument to Avarice

It followed quite naturally that with the degradation of forest and farm into the saddest of all land—the submarginal—and with unwarranted reclamation efforts and far-away creek dredgings, that the country's wild life was doomed. Many factors contributed to the decimation of our wild animal life, mammals and fowl; but government's own aimless pork-barrel policies must rank at the head of the list.

You have only to consider what happened to the wild fowl life in the vast lake and marsh country of southern Oregon and northern California to get the picture of the general devastation. This arid and unfarmable region is today a nasty souvenir of the stupidity of our land policy and the avarice of real estate promotion. Over the plateau—an area as great as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island combined—you see the deserted shacks of homesteaders who went west fondling the idea that they could make a living there at dry farming. A few of them—too poverty-ridden to move—remain, pitiful in their privations and disappointment.

A few years ago the promoters lured their ignorant victims to this alkaline waste with beautiful booklets, with propaganda that a bucket-shop keeper might have envied. Some of the victims went out to eastern Oregon thinking they were going to raise figs and bananas. The government's ancient policy of selling and forgetting left a miserable trail of ruin. Some of this land was, as usual, bought up by real estate combines some of which should have fetched up in prison. Some was sold direct through local land offices. Local governments were paying attention to nothing but increased populations and all the profits to be derived therefrom. Railroads gave reduced rates to the homestead seekers and agents of various interests went through the east and middle west exhorting farmers to leave relative security for almost certain poverty—except that they didn't mention the certain poverty. Chambers of Commerce added to the ballyhoo and towns, large and small, appropriated money to advertise free lands. It was pretty awful.

Desecrated Game Paradises

Before all this, the three big basins or drainage areas of the district were the breeding and feeding grounds for vast numbers of wild waterfowl. Since it has been proved to the beguiled farmers that the land isn't agricultural, the wild fowl have all but vanished and with them a natural resource which meant much potential wealth to the country. Ducks—mallards, redheads, pintails, gadwalls, cinnamon teal and ruddies—thrived on Lower Klamath, or Upper Klamath, or Tule, Silver, Albert and Goose Lakes and the Chewaucan Marsh. And above, very much the same, was the Malheur Basin in which lay Malheur and Harney Lakes and the Blitzen Valley. The region was dense with Canadian geese, bittern, rails, snipe, avocets and other waders, gulls, night herons, white pelicans, terns, cormorants.

Here in these shallow lakes and their marshy borders were the waterfowl nurseries of the Pacific coast. Now, Lower Klamath Lake and its marshes—eighty-five thousand acres of waterfowl—is but a memory. Now it's a miserable desert of dry peat and alkali. Fire has burned the peat to a depth of two to three feet. You sink almost to your knees in ashes. Nothing else remains.

Such deluded homesteaders as remain in this hopeless waste are crying to be rescued. And it is in the scope of this great revival that Washington is now planning to go to the rescue. For the want of space we do not carry the picture further; all this is typical of what heedless governments have done to the land before nature clamped the brakes on and gave us what we call a depression.

All of which is but a swift glance at the picture they are painting in Washington. Humanity must be moved from land which man cannot live on, whereon is always a deficit. Such non-arable land should be returned to what nature intended it for, before we all but ruined it for even that. It is being transformed into reality now—the PWA, the CWA, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Columbia basin survey, the Mississippi Valley Committee, which is drafting a plan for the twenty-seven states drained by the Mississippi, the Soil Erosion Service, the subsistence homestead experiments. It is going to take time and much money. But it is something that has to be done, not merely a reformer's dream.

Me for Rio

Continued from page 28

speechless, by what I saw as our ship entered the bay of Rio de Janeiro.

On all sides were islands of fantastic shapes, headlands of weird contour, silvery inlets cutting deeply into the land, to the very foot of enormous mountains, towering, rocky and sullen, over verdant shore and sunlit water. Straight ahead was the Sugar Loaf, most striking and famous of Rio's peaks, a bald rock as forbidding as Gibraltar; and, in the background, loomed Corcovado, "the Hunchback," mounting guard behind Brazil's metropolis as the Sugar Loaf mounts guard in front of it. Ahead lay the city, crowded in between mountain wall and sparkling bay, its docks lined with ships, its tiled roofs flashing in the tropical sunlight—with ferryboats darting toward the opposite shore, and church bells pealing joyously, and, throned on a high mountain-top dominating all this business life and enchanting beauty, the splendid statue of the Redeemer, pride of all Brazilians, with arms outspread, as if taking the lovely capital of Brazil under his protection.

The Smiling City

Several hours after landing at the foot of the magnificent Avenida Rio Branco, and getting my first idea of Brazil's capital, my mind was still a jumble of bewildering first impressions. How could it be otherwise with the Sugar Loaf unexpectedly confronting me at different angles, at the end of half a dozen different streets, and Corcovado, or some mountain satellite of it, suddenly rearing itself up to monopolize the background of some otherwise perfectly flat vista?

In the midst of all this bewilderment, I ran across the man whom we had dubbed Me-for-Naples. Obviously he, too, was bewildered; and it was equally obvious that he was enjoying himself.

"Well?" I asked. "How does it compare with Naples?" But he became cautious and evasive.

"A good town, this," he finally admitted, with a judicial air. "I like the surroundings. I like the brown uniforms of the police and their high boots. I like the coffee. I'm strong for the eyes of the women. And—say!—did you ever see such a mixture of races? Coal black, black, light black, dark brown, brown, light brown, dark yellow, yellow, light yellow, touch-of-the-sun, white—you meet every one of the shades every time you walk a block! And they're all friendly. Have you noticed it?"

I had.

In Rio everybody smiles. Everybody is polite. In the elevators of business buildings (one of them is twenty-two stories high!) every man whips off his hat when a woman enters—unlike New York, where we draw a careful distinction between a hotel elevator, in which we have agreed to be courteous to the opposite sex, and an elevator down around Wall Street, where we haven't.

I got into a pay-as-you-leave Rio omnibus, and, on getting off, dropped a coin into the box. "Not enough!" objected the driver. "One cent more!" I fumbled in my pocket, could not find the required coin. "Oh, no matter!" he said, smiled all over his face, and drove away.

And, all the while, in the midst of this friendliness, the beauty of Rio continues to overwhelm you.

Out of the city proper, with sharp peaks and green-clad islands framed at the end of narrow streets, you emerge upon the superb bay-shore drive, the proudest possession of Brazil's fairest city. The drive, with its strips of lovely gardens, and mosaic pavements laid out in fantastic, many-colored designs, and grand statues of national heroes, and rows of pretty villas, fringes the waterfront for miles, presenting, in unbroken succession, gorgeous vistas of scowling mountain and smiling sea. Scattered along this driveway are several beaches of smooth sand, transforming the Brazilian capital into a seashore resort; and the natives, unimpressed by the fact that their principal business and residential streets are just around the corner, wander along the shore drive clad in bathing toggery of a scantiness just within the law, and plunge into the salt water, with the tumultuous motor traffic of Rio surging past a few yards away.

Says one of many helpful Brazilian acquaintances: "You simply *must* drive to—" Follows a string of strange, exotic names.

So, obediently, you hire yourself a motor car, with a smiling, brown chauffeur, and off you speed, straight upward, around innumerable hairpin turns, into the natural park which fringes the heights overlooking Rio Bay. No need of manufacturing a park here—all that the municipal authorities had to do was to build a road (some job that, though; the grades and the sharpness and steepness of the curves take your breath away!) and keep the forest primeval from gobbling up the road when nobody was looking.

A Friendly Scene

The vegetation—rich, dark, exuberant, tropical jungle—comes down to the very edge of the driveway. Mysterious birds, deep in the somber glades, utter mysterious noises. Butterflies, blue and red and golden-yellow, flutter in front of your car. Palm trees soar upward from the midst of dense underbrush. Banana trees wave their enormous, low-hanging leaves as you pass. And, scattered about in the woods, you glimpse a strange tree, never seen by you before, a mass of silvery foliage, which the chauffeur, appealed to by excited passengers in awful Portuguese, introduces as the "imba-ooba," or something to that effect.

"Imba-ooba!" Isn't that a grand tropical word! An American in the party is immediately inspired with an idea for a popular song—to be written out as soon as the automobile stops jogging him—which is to have the refrain: "Come with me far south of Cuba, be my little imba-ooba."

And then out you come from the forest to the edge of a precipice; and there, thousands of feet below, is the bay of Rio, with dozens of jagged peaks lining its shores, and bizarre islands all over it, glistening in tropical sunshine.

The chauffeur swells with patriotic elation as you and all the rest of the party gasp in delight and turn to each other with breathless praise: "Is that not beautiful, senhor? Have you such a view at home, senhora? But—now I will show you still more beauty." And he shepherds you into the car and whirls you again into the forest, with its brilliant colors and fragrant odors and grim depths, its loquacious birds and dazzling butterflies. Along the sides of the road are native vendors, of varying hues of brown and black, displaying for sale on little stands vari-

(*Continued on page* 48)

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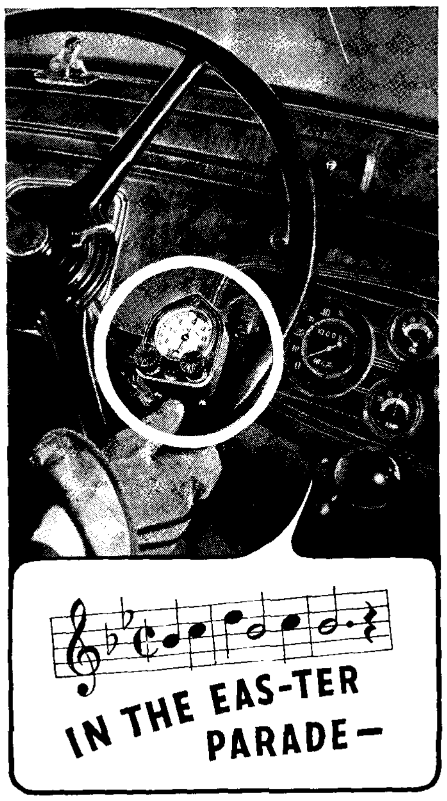

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(Continued from page 47)

ous kinds of native fruit—one, with a fine artist's eye for the picturesque, has chosen a steep, foaming forest cataract as a background for his business establishment. "Bananas! Raspberries!" they shout, as your car rushes past— "Bananas!" in a quite hopeful tone of voice, when you whiz into sight around one curve, and—rather less hopefully, as you whiz out of sight around the next curve: "Raspberries!"

Surely there cannot be much of a turnover in this roadside trade. But the vendors wear pleasant grins, and they look very comfortable as they squat beneath the cool trees, and they are all part of the friendly scene which is Brazil.

And then you are whirled to the edge of another precipice, and, below you once more, is Rio Bay, in a new and glorious setting, and your chauffeur points to some stone seats around a table made of stone slabs, and tells you: "This is the Emperor's Seat. Here the Emperor Dom Pedro II used to have lunch and gaze at the view. Is it not marvelous?" And a dusky native business man, cheerfully using the Emperor's seat as a counter for his stock of stubby little bananas and wild raspberries and bottled fizzy drinks and tired-looking ham sandwiches, suddenly plunges into the forest primeval and, emerging as suddenly with a lovely tropical flower in his hand, presents it to one of the ladies of the visiting party, with a bow and flourish worthy of the Emperor Dom Pedro himself.

And one of our party, his eyes glued to the incredibly beautiful panorama below him, suddenly blurts out: "God did too much for this place!" And I wonder why more Americans don't come to Rio.

And then I suddenly notice Me-for-Naples, with another party, gazing at the view with an absorption almost reverential.

"How does it compare with Naples?" I ask. But he eyes me askance, as if I had interrupted him in prayer, and moves away from me.

Why Brazilians Are Friendly

A few minutes later our car bumps down the mountain road again, and lands us inside the city, and I am back at the job of wandering around Rio's pleasant streets.

Opinions differ as to just why it is that Brazilians are so friendly toward the "Colossus of the North," that formidable monster which arouses among other Latin-Americans such distrust and apprehension.

"You see, it is this way," explained one "fluminense" (the nickname for a native of Rio), after emptying a cup of coffee—probably his fifth or sixth that morning—outside one of the city's pleasant sidewalk cafés: "We Brazilians have no inferiority complex. We are fully aware that Brazil, like the United States, is a great nation—are there not 41,000,000 of us, and is not the area of our country greater—yes, senhor, actually greater—than that of your country?" (When I got back to my hotel I verified this startling statement—Brazil *is* bigger than the United States proper, and only slightly smaller than the United States plus Alaska and other outlying possessions).

"We know that our natural resources are unlimited, that our country is destined some day to have a population of 200,000,000, and an importance second to that of no nation in the world. We fully agree with what your famous Theodore Roosevelt said when he was here: 'The eighteenth century belonged to Europe, the nineteenth belonged to the United States, the twentieth will belong to Brazil.' So, in our relations with you, we do not feel overwhelmed by your size and power and wealth and importance.

"That is not true of other Latin-American countries. They feel themselves so completely outclassed by you that they are filled with envy. They have an inferiority complex."

As a result of the friendly feeling of Brazilians for Americans, they are quick to imitate us. Being enthusiastic attendants at motion picture theaters, whose programs consist mainly of American films, they are prone to introduce into their everyday speech Americanisms such as are used by American actors and actresses of the screen. A young blood of Rio will meet a crony on the Avenida Rio Branco, or the Largo da Carioca, ask him, in Portuguese, how he is feeling, and, as likely as not, he answers, in perfectly good American: "All right!"

"Let's lunch together," continues Young Blood Number One—still in Portuguese.

"O. K.!" agrees Young Blood Number Two, quite as if he were on Broadway. And off they go, whistling a popular song which, though its words and music are typically Brazilian, has the typically American title of "Boy, Goodby!"

In the busy downtown quarter there is a large shop called "New York." And there is a café which proudly advertises "American drinks," among which particular attention is called to a specialty of the house labeled "milk shack." At the magnificent gambling casino, one of the features of night life in the Brazilian metropolis, American money is cheerfully accepted from northern visitors keen to try their luck at roulette and other dangerous pastimes. And the croupiers wrinkle their brows in polite endeavors to understand English, and reply, when asked whether this or that play is permitted: "Oh, yes. Very well. All right."

Study by up-to-date Brazilians of American methods has resulted, within the last few years, in a cleaning-up of Rio worthy of ranking with the best efforts in that line of our own Gorgas in Panama or Waring in Havana.

Not so long ago Brazil's capital was a pest-hole; for a seaman to be ordered thither was often equivalent to a death warrant, so rampant was disease, especially yellow fever. There were times when whole clusters of foreign vessels lay at anchor in Rio Bay, enveloped in tragic silence, with every member of their crews dead from "yellow jack," and no signs of life on their decks except from the native watchman set to guard them. But since the late Dr. Oswaldo Cruz and his helpers started to clean up the city, yellow fever and malaria have been practically wiped out. There is a statue to Dr. Cruz in Rio today, also a street named after him. And there ought to be. He did a splendid job.

Conversation Seemed Sacrilegious

It was the hour of nightfall. I was on top of the Sugar Loaf, whither I had been whisked by a cage-like car, one of the sensational features of life in Rio. Swung precariously from the cable, it had landed me on the mountain-top after dangling me for some minutes hundreds of feet over the city and making me feel about as important in the scheme of the universe as a new-born flea.

By my side was the man whom we had dubbed Me-for-Naples. Neither of us had spoken a word for some minutes—with that enchanting panorama of rock and water before us, talk seemed sacrilege.

Suddenly he exclaimed, and there was real concentrated feeling in his voice:

"Why don't more Americans come here? It is only a few days farther from the United States than Europe. American travelers see far too much of Paris. And of London. And of the Rhine. And of the Riviera."

"And of Naples?" I ventured.

He looked me squarely in the eye.

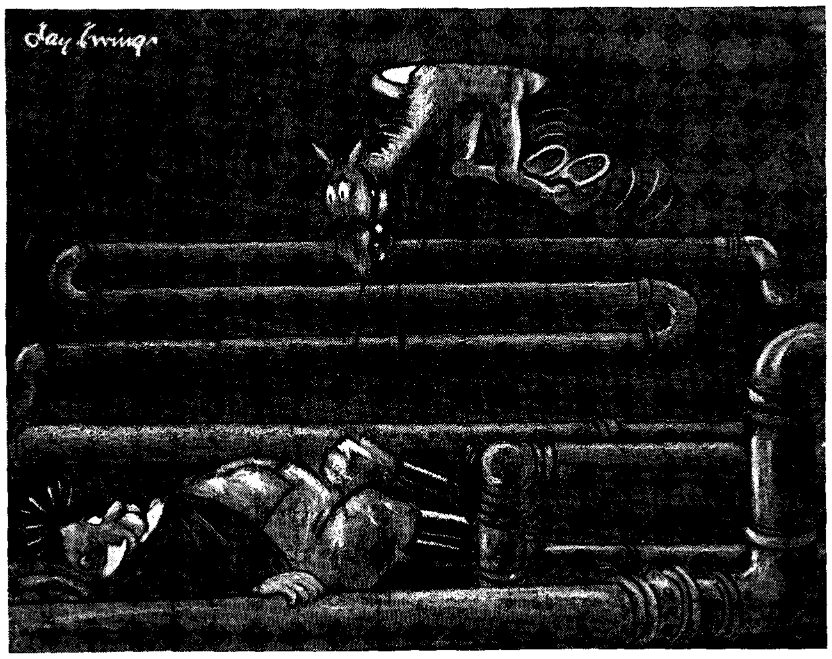
"Yes, sir, of Naples! This place gives me a much bigger kick than Naples ever did. Look! By golly, look!"

He seized my arm, and, breathless from excitement, pointed downward toward the city.

All along the wonderful bay-shore drive, the street lights had suddenly been lighted. The line between bay and shore was now picked out in clear iridescence, as if by a well-disciplined army of gigantic fireflies. Other fireflies, tapering off from the main body along the water front, had set themselves to lighting the slopes toward the mountain tops, outlining the course of other thoroughfares with parallel lines of white flame.

Me-for-Naples gazed in silence for a while. Then he drew a deep sigh of admiration.

"Me for Rio!" he said.



"My goodness! That's the second time this week! I do wish you'd watch where you're going!" *Jay Irving*

The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 17

"The papers never mentioned it. I persuaded the detectives who saw me not to tell the reporters. They were good guys and didn't chatter. I honestly didn't know a darned thing about it anyway, and I showed them how it would hurt me in show business if I got involved."

"You must have plenty of persuasive power, Emily," said Kernochan. "How did you do it?"

"A case of Scotch would do wonders before repeal came. Anyway, I had a narrow escape from being mixed up in the matter and last night—you know how it is. You being a newspaper man and all, I got rattled. I should have known you weren't the kind of man to dig up scandal about a girl."

"I should think so. I thought nobility was written large upon my features," laughed Kernochan. "I suppose you're up bright and early writing the first chapter of your book."

"I'll need your help," she said.

"Collaboration—with blondes—is the best thing I do," he laughed. "Shall I sharpen some pencils and call around?"

Quick alarm was in her voice.

"Not right away. You see, I'm rehearsing. But I'll give you a ring some day soon. And thanks for last night. I had a swell time until I was stupidly frightened."

"So did I," said Kernochan. "I'll be hearing from you?"

"Sure thing," she promised.

THE lather on his face had dried and was burning now. Ruefully Kernochan rubbed fresh soap into his tender skin and completed the always distasteful operation of shaving. Finished with that task, he continued dressing and as he did so he pondered Emily's story.

It might be true. In fact, it sounded extremely plausible. And its plausibility would be stronger if it transpired that she had been friendly with Jimmy Pottery as well as with Layman. The case came back to him more clearly now. It had been one of those unprovable things. Pottery's alibi had been perfect, almost too perfect. Kernochan remembered that all of Broadway took it for granted that Pottery had caused Layman's death. Although Broadway didn't speak too freely of such matters, shrugs and grimaces, Kernochan recollected, had amply demonstrated Broadway's belief.

Dressed at last, he left his apartment. The janitor's wife, who took care of his rooms, stared at him in surprise as he encountered her in the hall.

"Aren't you the early bird, Mr. Kernochan! I never knew you to be out and around at ten o'clock before."

"Miracles happen," he smiled, as he went through the street door.

His own words lingered with him as he rode uptown on a Fifth Avenue bus. A miracle would have to happen if he were to earn the thousand dollars which he was about to deposit in the bank. No, he'd earn that. But to get the check fifty times greater he would need to perform a super-miracle. Well, one never could tell.

He alighted at Forty-second Street and walked to his bank. The receiving teller glanced at the signature on the check.

"It ought to be good, if it isn't a forgery," said the teller.

"I saw Buell write it," laughed Kernochan.

"Then I guess you can draw against it," said the bank official. "Not all of it, though. Not until it's gone through the clearing house."

"Just a couple of hundred," said Kernochan.

He added ten twenty-dollar bills to what remained from the funds with which he had started on last night's party, and left the bank. There were vagrant flakes of snow in the air. He threw his head back and inhaled deeply. Maybe be didn't *have* to get drunk every time he completed a piece of work. Perhaps he'd merely imagined the need for stimulant. Certainly this frosty air was more invigorating than any morning highball had ever been. He wondered if youth and its follies had suddenly left him, and was grinning at the thought of a sedate and solemn Samuel Kernochan as he entered Tommy Turner's office.

The rotund theatrical agent pursed his lips as the newspaper man came in.

"So you're sober!"

Kernochan laughed.

"Never more so. Feel great!"

"Good! How did you like the girl?"

"Oh—she's all right," said Kernochan. "As a matter of fact, she wasn't feeling very well last night. Fainted at the table."

"You don't mean she passed out from too much champagne?"

"It was a real faint. But she's all right this morning; she talked to me over the phone."

"Oh, well, there are other evenings ahead of you," grinned Turner. "At that, I wouldn't think she was your type. Swell gal and all that, but knows her way around too well, I'd figure."

"A friend of Jimmy Pottery's, isn't she?"

Turner's checks sagged.

"Why? She say so? I thought that one was in the discard. Did he show up? Gosh, I wouldn't have steered you into a thing like that."

Kernochan smiled.

"No, nothing like that. I was just curious. What sort of a lad is Pottery?"

"Bad. Plenty bad. In the lodge?"

Kernochan nodded.

"He's been in everything. That Layman matter wasn't too sweet, although they never could pin anything on him. I don't know what he's doing now since repeal came in, but he'll find plenty of rackets. Prize fights, the races, lotteries, giving fake protection to poultrymen and dry-cleaners—you know, those muscle men aren't going to quit simply because running liquor is out. He's bad."

"But he and Trephon aren't chummy any more?"

Turner shook his head.

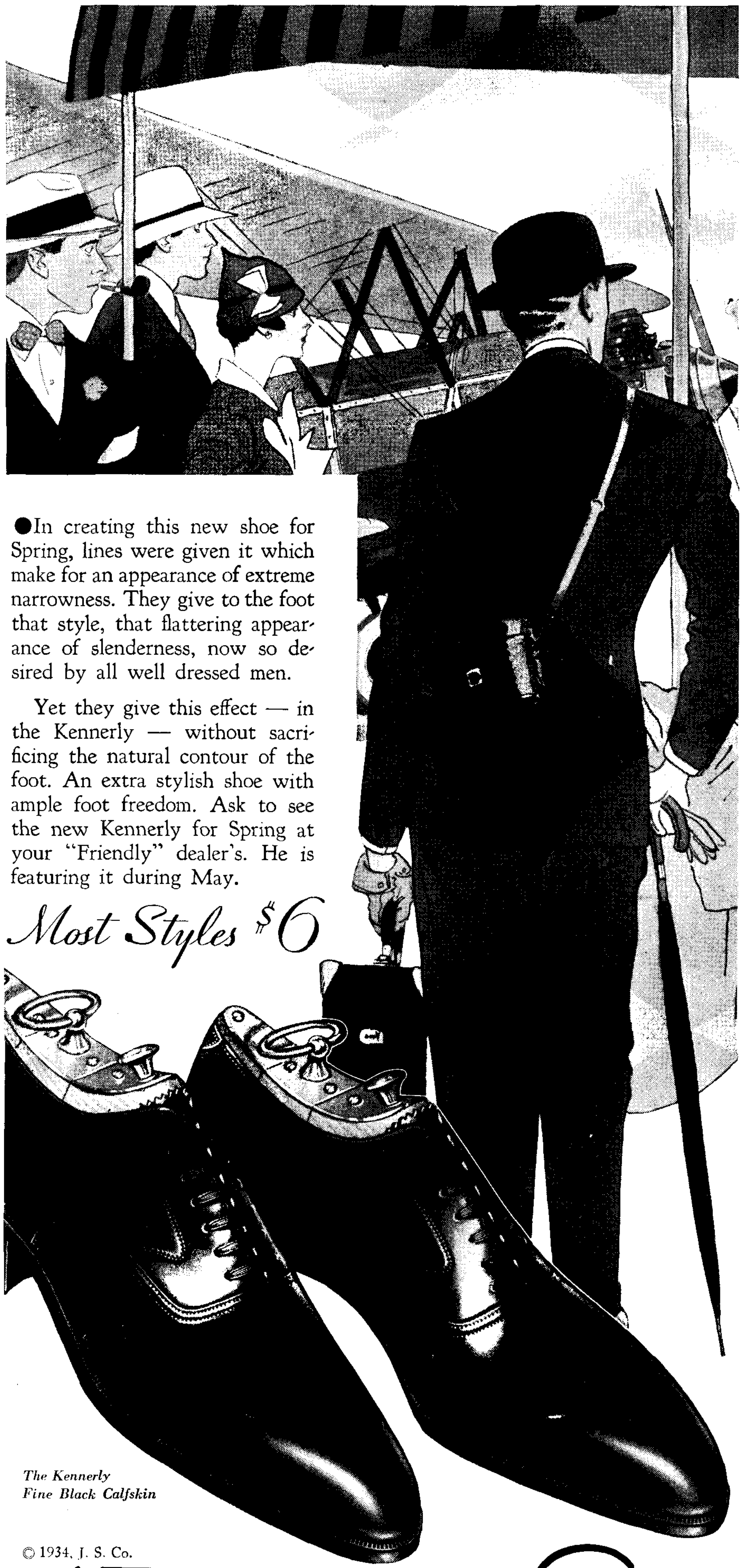
"Not for a couple of years, so far as I know."

"And you know all, eh, Tommy?"

"About all," admitted Turner modestly.

ON THE corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, Kernochan stood in indecision. In the past, whenever he had been investigating a story for the Leader, he had known fairly definitely what would be his next move. Today he had reached an impasse. He wondered, with sudden self-distrust, if he were the kind of man who could never do anything on his own initiative. He knew, without too great conceit, that he was a very good newspaper man with a great talent for investigation. But in those investigations wherein he had achieved such remarkable results he had had something to go on. Now he had had nothing, nothing at all. Unless one could term a long-dead liaison between

(Continued on page 50)



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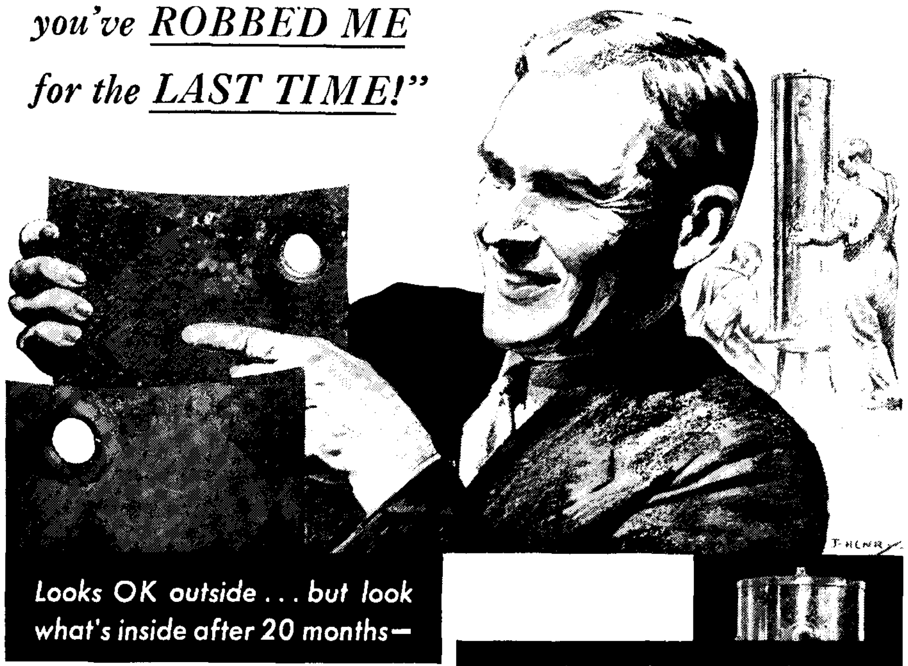
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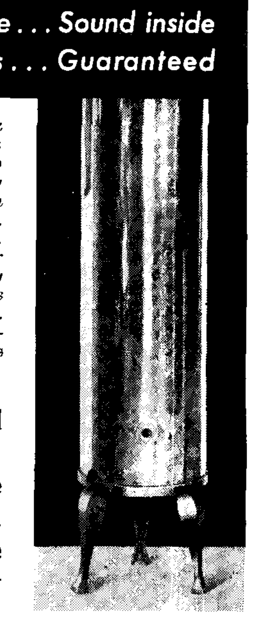
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(Continued from page 49)

Emily Trephon and a gangster a springboard wherefrom he might leap to something else. But he doubted the springiness of the board.

He had tried to write fiction, with results unsatisfactory to himself. He had found in himself an inability to concentrate in the absence of a specific object for concentration. Perhaps he hadn't given himself enough time for concentration. He didn't know. But it seemed to him that there was some inherent mental weakness in himself, something that made him unable to plot his own road, and able only to follow roads charted for him.

He didn't know where to go or what to do. He suddenly regretted the loss of his job on the Leader. If he were still on that paper's staff, his day would be laid out for him. In a couple of hours he would report to the city editor, be given an assignment which, ordinarily, would be covered by dinner time. After dinner he would return to the office and write his half column or column or more as the case might be. Then he would wander up-town, take in a night club, see a girl, enjoy himself until work called the following day.

WELL, the water was under the dam. He wasn't on the Leader staff and nothing in the world could ever make him ask for a job which perhaps he might reacquire. He'd been pretty rough in his talk to Bowman, the publisher, and it would be rather difficult to face a man whom he had insulted and ask a favor of him.

Bowman would probably refuse to reëmploy him. Kernochan suddenly doubted if any other paper would hire him. He had reached the end of what had promised to be a fairly brilliant career. Until a few years ago, liking and ambition had been the incentives that made him work hard. Need had not entered into the matter. But the bad years that followed the boom had wiped out the modest income his father had left him. When Buell's thousand dollars had been spent Kernochan would be on rock-bottom. Unless he earned the fifty thousand dollars that had been promised him. If Rose Ames was strictly honorable she would pay him that fifty thousand dollars upon his statement to her that he was convinced of one of two things—that Ames had killed himself or that she had killed him.

He smiled wryly as he came to this point in his cogitations. If Rose Ames were quixotic enough to make such a payment upon such a statement from him, he certainly could not accept the payment.

Fifty thousand dollars was a lot of money. One could take the income from that sum and live like a lord in the south of France, despite the fluctuations in exchange. He knew a village a dozen miles from Nice, where one could acquire a charming little cottage for about ten dollars a week. There, looking out upon the tideless blue sea, a man ought to be able to write a novel if he had it in him at all.

For the first time in his confident life, Kernochan felt terror of the future.

This was a mood foreign to him, a mood, he instinctively knew, that could be banished only by physical action. He decided to walk to the Leader office. Despite the fact that he was no longer on the paper, permission would readily be accorded him to look through the files. Heaven knew he ought to be familiar enough with all the details of the Ames case, but there might have been something offered in the evidence at the trial which he had forgotten now. Or perhaps in the newspaper accounts of the discovery of the killing, of the arrest of the lovely defendant, there might be some trifle which might point the way to larger things. And at Forty-fourth Street a gay voice hailed him:

"So—you get the names of other girls from me and take them out and have large doings, eh?"

He looked into the smiling face of Laurette Marks.

"I know you," he said. "I never saw you in daylight before, but you're the little Marks girl, aren't you?"

"Don't try to make sprightly with me," she frowned. "You're in my bad books until you've wined me and dined me."

"I can't wait. When will it be?" he asked.

"Whenever you call me up; I hope I don't grow a long, gray beard while I'm waiting. So the little girl fainted on you last night?"

"Where did you pick that one up?" he demanded.

"Your Aunt Laurette hears everything," she laughed. "The Trephon is a large figure in the night life of our metropolis. She can't faint without the word getting around. What's it all about, Kernie?"

"If I told you the name of some attractive man, and you went on a party with him, and he passed out, I'd hide my burning curiosity," he replied.

"Maybe it isn't so much curiosity as a desire to do something friendly," said the girl. "You know I like you, Kernie."

"Why haven't you ever let me know?" he mocked. "I'd have been camping on your doorstep."

"Try it sometime. I'll drop my key from the front window. Seriously, Kernie, I don't know what's in your mind, and I'm not anxious to. The less a girl knows in this town the longer her luck lasts. If you must go out with the Trephon I suppose there's no stopping you. But you see, when you asked me a lot of questions yesterday, I didn't know they were the prelude to a party with her. If I'd suspected you were going out with that baby-doll I'd never have mentioned her name."

"Why not?"

"She's dynamite. Understand me? She's Jimmy Pottery's girl and don't ever let anyone tell you anything else."

"YOU didn't mention that yesterday," he reminded her.

"I don't know why I didn't; maybe that kiss you gave me had me so fussed I wasn't thinking straight. Besides, you only wanted to know her name. How did I know you were loose and on the make?"

"You don't know it now."

"Then what is it?" she insisted.

"I told you yesterday to put it down to the insatiable curiosity of a newspaper man. But why is a girl dynamite simply because she happens to be Jimmy Pottery's girl? Furthermore, I've been told that she and Pottery broke it off a couple of years ago."

"They broke it off four years ago, and three years ago, too," she scoffed. "But Trephon has something on Jimmy. Oh, I don't mean that she knows where the body is buried, although I guess she knows that, too. It's just that Pottery can't get away from her for keeps. He has to go drifting back and when he does it spells poison for any other man in the neighborhood. You heard of Ansell Layman, didn't you? Well, that's one. John Ames died, didn't he? You ought to know the answer to that. You wrote enough about it and lost your job because of it."

"But Pottery had nothing to do with the death of Ames," said Kernochan.

"I know he didn't. But he had plenty to do with the rubbing out of Layman, even if the cops couldn't prove it. And the Ames thing is another matter to make a superstitious man keep away from Trephon. What I mean, Layman is dead and Ames is dead. Both of them had affairs with Trephon; Trephon will always be Pottery's girl. And she's just bad luck to any other man. Saying which, your Aunt Laurette waves you a tender farewell."

"Wait a minute. Are you talking hunch or something else?"

"It's not a thing in the world but hunch, Kernie, but didn't you know I was born with a caul?"

"You mean gall, don't you?" he retorted.

She wrinkled her pretty nose.

"No kidding, Kernie. Trephon is dangerous. . . . So long, boy."

SHE continued on her way uptown while Kernochan thoughtfully entered the subway. Laurette probably told the truth when she said she was advising through a hunch, but the fact remained that Emily Trephon had been alarmed last night. The Trephon girl's telephone message of this morning seemed more implausible the more it was examined. Why would she worry about a matter three years dead? Kernochan was still puzzling this and wondering exactly how it fitted in with Laurette's hunch as he entered the city room of the Leader.

"Coming back with us, Mr. Kernochan?" asked Jimmy, the ancient office boy.

"I thought I'd look the plant over before I bought it," Kernochan told him. He walked into the city room and approached Davis, the city editor. That worthy shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"Go see Bowman if you like the taste of shoe polish," he advised. "You know I'd love to have you back, Kernie, but it's up to the big chief."

"What makes you think I want my job back?" asked Kernochan. "Look around this room. Behold a bunch of slaves. Do you think I want to lock the fetters on myself again? I didn't come to ask for a job. I merely want a slight favor."

"I've got seven hundred and eighty dollars in the bank," said the city editor. "Three ninety is yours."

Kernochan slapped him on the back.

"You're a swell pal," he said. "But I don't need money. I just want permission to look over the files."

"You can burn the building down," said Davis. "On the wagon, aren't you? Has our little boy grown up?"

"It must be that," replied Kernochan, as he headed for the room where were stored the Leader files of the last forty-five years.

At five in the afternoon he had skimmed through an incredible number of columns. And not one word had thrown the slightest further light on the Ames mystery, if mystery there were.

He decided to go home and call up some girl and take her to dinner. Tomorrow he would make discreet inquiries as to the present activities of Jimmy Pottery. Indeed, he'd make those inquiries late tonight. An idle question or so, dropped in the proper ears along Broadway, might bring him information whose value was problematical but which he nevertheless would endeavor to acquire.

Two reporters of the Leader greeted him outside the office and, with ribald comment on his evident sobriety, invited him to join them in a little thoughtful drinking. But he refused the cordial invitation. The vagrant flakes of the morning had proved to be the forerunners of an army of snowflakes; a young blizzard was in the making as he stepped into the street. To his own amazement, Kernochan found himself eager to walk through the storm.

Past Canal and Bleecker and Houston streets he strolled until he turned west just below Washington Square and crossed that park, whitely beautiful in the arc lights. A few moments later he was stamping the snow from his shoes, and shaking it from his hat and coat, in the little lobby of his apartment house. The noise he made brought the janitor's wife.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Kernochan. A message came for you. I was fixing up your room when the telephone rang and I answered it. A Mrs. Ames wanted to know if you would telephone. That wouldn't be the Mrs. Ames that was just on trial, would it?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Kernochan.

"The poor thing. What a terrible time she had, and her innocent. I left a note for you by the phone."

"Much obliged, Mrs. Rainey," he said.

He entered his apartment, crossed to the telephone and picked up the illiterate scrawl which the janitress had left. He instantly called the number which she had written and in a moment was speaking to Rose Ames.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"I'm retained by you and my time should be yours," he replied.

"I was wondering if you had an engagement for dinner," she said.

"I'd have to break it, wouldn't I? I'm working for you."

The mirth of his tones mitigated the harshness of his words.

"Would you mind dining with me?" she asked.

"I can imagine myself objecting to many things," he replied, "but among them I cannot find dining with you."

"I'd like to go out," she said.

"So would I," he told her. "Where?"

"The Colony," she suggested.

KERNOCHAN smothered a whistle. The Colony was a restaurant where Rose Ames would encounter more of her friends than she would meet in any other single spot in New York.

"At what time shall I call for you?" he asked.

"At eight. Do you think I'm—strange—in asking you to take me to dinner?"

"I think you're very kind."

"You see," she said, and her voice was strange, "I haven't been anywhere in public for six months. This will be my first appearance. I don't want to ask any of my old friends to take me."

"Now that is sheer nonsense," he told her. "I'll bet you've received hundreds of letters and telegrams and telephone calls from your friends."

"I have," she admitted. "But just the same—no one has asked me to dine in a restaurant. Probably they think I dread going. But I don't dread going. I want to get it over with. You know what I mean."

"What makes you think I would understand?" he asked.

"If you wouldn't, no one would."

"You make snap judgments of character, don't you?" he asked.

"Sometimes. Will you take me?"

"At shortly before eight o'clock you will hear my taxi champing at the bit outside your house. I see that Forman sailed last night. Is that one reason, Mrs. Ames, why you want to be seen in a restaurant with another man?"

"And if it were?" she evaded.

"It would be all the same with me," he laughed.

"Then at eight o'clock," she said, and hung up.

Kernochan walked to the mirror and studied his face, passing his fingers lightly over his chin and jaw. He had shaved this morning and never in his life had he found it necessary to shave twice in the same day. But still . . . then his face hardened. She was lovely, but she wasn't going to affect his life.

(To be continued next week)

THESE FACTS DETERMINE

YOUR PROFITS

● Indices which point to better business are definite guide posts to the company prepared to make the most of profit possibilities. But you can realize these possibilities only when you have full profit control — which means quick, vital, accurate facts at your finger tips. For instance:

1. SALES ANALYSIS

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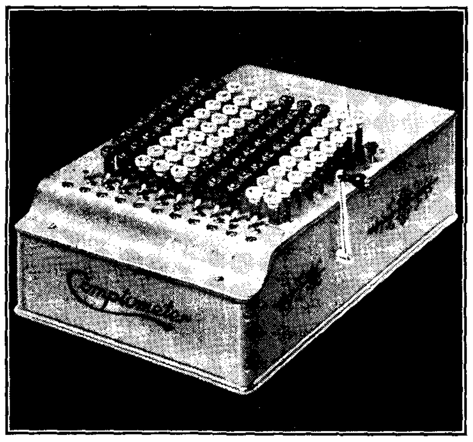

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610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Kid from the Ukraine

Continued from page 32

theory that a wife should be around to pick up things, to be there when her husband returned and to look after the gentleman a little. This arises from the fact that Miss Sten is definitely a peasant, with all the good sense and understanding that the word implies.

When the Sten English reached the point where the Goldwyn forces agreed she might now step before a camera and recite a piece, there began also the beautifying of La Sten. For this they called in such sartorial geniuses as Adrian, stylist for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, John Harkrider, formerly with Florenz Ziegfeld, and Travis Banton, Paramount's contribution to the leisured classes. This was all right with Miss Sten, who generally turned up at the studio in a pair of slacks resembling a fireman's overalls.

She was confining her going out at the moment to the motion pictures. She never showed up at the Cocoanut Grove and went to no openings or film parties. There was a rumor that nobody in Hollywood ever bothered about Miss Sten until Nana hit the screen, but the fact is that she was usually too busy scrubbing the kitchen to bother going out. So she went to the movies and thought Lionel Barrymore was great and studied Oscar Wilde and O. Henry to get her diction better.

But she really got right down to the English language when she rented a beach house at Santa Monica which had been previously lived in by a group of bachelor actors, including Franchot Tone. For the home of the average young unmarried man it was in good shape, but that didn't please La Sten. She scrubbed the place from top to bottom to the accompaniment of a lone phonograph record which had been left behind: Shuffle off to Buffalo. When she had heard that four hundred times, the rest of the language was easy.

Casting the Future

Then came the battle with Nana itself. There were first five treatments of the story. Zola had written a fair piece of work, but Hollywood was Hollywood and Sten was Sten and Goldwyn either had a good investment on his hands or he had grief. After hiring a cast, a director and all the stray people around who were caught hovering over a typewriter, they started on the first version of Nana. Every day Mr. Goldwyn looked at the rushes in the developing room and became increasingly sad. Eventually he had spent $408,000 and had on his hands something that resembled The Great Train Robbery. In short, it hadn't worked out. It might be a good picture for somebody but it wasn't a good picture for Sten or for the Goldwyn trade. After conferences in the office, on the top floor and in the alleyway, and considerable biting of nails by all concerned, Mr. Goldwyn heaved the picture into the outer night and started over again.

Before it opened at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, the populace was treated to the features of Miss Sten in every conceivable form. "Glamorous," "Dynamic," "Exotic," "Entrancing"—and with pictures of the lady from Kiev looking as hot as a blacksmith's forge. This was somewhat in contrast to the same lady getting meals for papa on the beach at Santa Monica, but Nana seemed to bear it all out. Mr. Goldwyn, having got his million dollars into the production, was spending thousands more in promoting it and people were standing in line at the Music Hall, but it would all mean nothing but a headache for the great Goldwyn if the residents of Paducah and South Bend didn't show the same enthusiasm.

The next Sten picture is to be Resurrection, based on Tolstoy's play. It will have Fredric March in the cast and will be directed by Rouben Mamoulian, provided of course that Mr. Mamoulian can restrain himself from riding all over New Mexico and Arizona with a young lady named Garbo, said to be a promising foreign actress in her own right.

They are also tinkering around with a picture to be made from Herbert Asbury's book, The Barbary Coast. If they cling faithfully to the book, there will be a rich, not to say luscious, part for Miss Sten and it will be some photoplay, indeed.

Hollywood versus Russia

There still remains the question of Hollywood *vs.* Anna Sten *vs.* Soviet Russia. Will she ever go back? Will they let her come back? In Hollywood she can have everything from yachts and swimming pools to cabbage at high noon. When she first played in Russia conditions were so primitive that she not only played with a nice set of chilblains herself but the scenery used to freeze up. And yet they turned out great pictures.

There is the further fact that nowhere else in the world does the artist occupy such a high position as in Soviet Russia today. Gorki is a national hero; Chaliapin, the great singer, was an idol of the people until he preferred the financial rewards of the outside world. Even with his voice gone he could have gone on as Russia's First Artist. He is now living in France, comfortably fixed in funds, but forgotten by the Russians and gradually being forgotten by the world in general. Anna Sten was rapidly working toward such a position of eminence in Russia. Will the soft life of Hollywood compensate her for that loss?

Right now with Miss Sten it is a matter of experience. She speaks the language, she sinks sonks with just enough accent to flutter the two-bit crowd on the upper deck and things are very pleasant. She is learning all about screen technique, which in Russia and Germany is quite different from that of Hollywood. Ossip and Miss Sten once went every day for a month to a railroad station until they got the right shot of the sunlight coming through the roof of the terminal. In Hollywood that would be considerably simplified. They would build the terminal and invent the sunlight.

She'll be a strange creature if she isn't impressed by Hollywood. In the course of making Nana she played a love scene with Phillips Holmes with the camera about a foot from their faces and with nobody present to disturb the idyllic picture but eighteen cameramen, peering up from the floor and down from the roof, and assorted hundreds of property men, directors, stage hands and electricians on hand to give the proper cultural tone. Some actresses get greatly enamored of this attention but it is hardly likely that the peasant lady from Kiev will be impressed. She will be protected by a proverb the Russians have to handle scenes of that sort.

The proverb runs: No matter how thin you slice it, it is still *cheepookhá.* It also seems to come from the Ukraine.

The Silver Moon

Continued from page 9

position. There was a new, silver moon. The blade, cool against his arm, felt good—reassuring.

Norgaard said aloud, "It's all rot," and supposed he should remove the knife. But the smooth feel of the metal was strangely comforting. Perhaps it would give him poise throughout this dinner which was troubling him.

He came downstairs . . . bowed to introductions, shook hands with a man he had met in New York, tried to associate colors of dresses with names, looking blankly at a girl who said, "We've heard all about you, Mr. Norgaard . . ."

"Don't be so crude," Enid Harper cried. "A better opening is, 'How does it seem to be back in God's country?' "

A young matron said, "After the things which're happening here, that name ought to be changed—"

"He needs to be converted," Ellen Sanderson suggested. "He's a heathen. If he likes redheads, I'll see what can be done. My technique—"

Mrs. Corcoran laughed: "Don't be afraid of them, Mr. Norgaard."

"Afraid?" a new voice jeered. "He isn't afraid of anything. In China they call him the Big Bad Wolf." She hummed a scrap of song. "Isn't that true, Mr. Norgaard?"

SHE was not in crimson at all; only her mouth was red. Everything else about her—dress, arms, shoulders, face—was white. Her eyes met George's steadily; it is difficult to say whose heart was beating the quicker.

Corcoran himself strode in, forestalling necessity of reply. A glance at Norgaard's full glass, and, "I don't blame you, George," he said. "I don't drink the damned stuff either. Come and have a glass of sherry with me."

Sara apparently hadn't been listening except to the man beside her, but she was able to say instantly: "Let him take a chance, Uncle Alec. He's got to take chances. He's got a reputation. You said so yourself. Didn't he defy bandits and thunderstorms and swollen rivers in China?"

Her uncle rubbed his chin. Remarking, "I don't understand manners any more," he led George away.

Nor would Corcoran have understood the conversation at dinner. It was a bad time for George. He had been seated between his hostess and Sara Thorndyke, and no sooner had he said, in answer to the older woman's query, that it was true that there were porcelains which uttered a cry when struck, called *chu-yao*, than the girl went for him. More than once Mrs. Corcoran shook her head as a barb went home. Norgaard was on the defensive; the girl had no mercy. None.

George said at last, very low, "I'm licked. Aren't you satisfied?"

"I despise a coward," she said.

"So do I," George agreed. "Especially somebody who hits a fellow when he can't strike back."

"Like whipping a coolie."

"I never whipped one. Once I—"

"No white man," Sara said, "carries a knife."

George asked, face red, "Won't you forget that?" He went on swiftly: "I've always looked forward to . . . to seeing you again. Somewhere. I hoped I would. . . . Why do you hate me?"

She smiled. "I don't hate you. I don't think anything about you. But—"

"You do hate me, don't you?" George said.

She did not attack again, and what little George said was to his hostess, in reply to definite questions. At last they arose. Sara demanded to know what everyone wanted to do.

"We'll have coffee outside," Mrs. Corcoran suggested. "Then you children can do whatever you like."

Will Coffman said, "We can give the Palmglades a try. Somebody told me it isn't as rotten as it was."

Sara turned to Norgaard as she rose: "Do you dance? Or . . ."

"I haven't danced for a long time." George hadn't missed the final stressed word. "So perhaps I'd better stay here."

"The slippers are in the closet," Sara said lightly. She put her hand on the back of her chair. "There really shouldn't be anything to be afraid of. We drive down on a splendid highway. I'm quite a careful driver."

It passed for teasing. George thought, "You ought to be slapped." He said, looking up at her, "Thank you. I'll go."

They left the house noisily: Norgaard found himself in the rear seat of a big car, Ellen Sanderson beside him. Sara was driving, a man's smooth dark head close to her own.

Ellen Sanderson lit a cigarette; she looked out at the line of the sea. "If I were a man," she remarked, "I'd like to live in strange places. Nothing ever happens here."

"And when it does," Sara called back, "there isn't a whole caravan of men, all armed, ready to defend itself."

Jerry Slater said, "Adventure went out with dime novels, Ellen."

Raising her foot from the accelerator, pointing with her free hand, Sara said: "We can always have a blow-out, children. Somebody's stalled. It looks like Will's car. Are you good at changing tires, Mr. Norgaard? Or is that coolie work?"

"Will's car is a Mercury," Jerry Slater said. "I don't think—"

Sara slipped the clutch, came to a full stop opposite the coupé; she, like the others, had seen a man step into the glare of the headlights, arm raised. They all looked at him as he came to the big machine. "Trouble?" Sara asked.

The man said, "I hope not."

THAT was all. But the girl's eyes widened as she saw what had been thrust through the open window.

"Don't move," the man said.

Jerry Slater blinked. Norgaard moved an inch forward in his seat; a voice at his ear said harshly, "That goes for you, big boy."

Two men had come out of the darkness; one held a gun on Norgaard.

The first man said: "You're the Thorndyke girl. All right. Have some sense. Stay where you are. Joe, fix up these two pretty boys."

Norgaard sat quietly while Joe tied his wrists tightly, and then fastened his ankles together. Slater was bound next; both men were shoved to the floor in the rear, with Ellen Sanderson, bound also, all in a huddle with them.

"Now," the first man announced, "you drive, sugar. I'm right beside you, see? If anybody waves, you wave back. Joe'll be right behind us in the other car and the other fellow will stay and head off any pursuit."

"And when everyone is searching for the car Joe's driving, I'll be in this one," Sara said.

"For a girl, you're not so dumb," the man grinned. "You're going on a little vacation, sweetheart . . . and your uncle can buy your return ticket for you."

Directed by the kidnapper, the car

(Continued on page 54)

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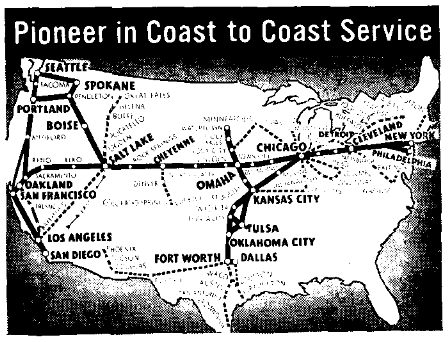

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(Continued from page 53)

was driven at a steady forty. The man grinned, looking back and down. "If I were a girl, I'd pick me out something with guts . . . well, there's no way of knowing what'll happen, sugar. I like little ones. Are you a real platinum blonde or . . ."

The car continued northward, leaving the beach road. Ellen said, "George, my love, if you must pet, go ahead."

Norgaard, working at his bound wrists until the rope seared him, whispered, "Shut up."

"Sara! George is too passionate!"

"Our hero," said Sara. "The Big Bad Wolf."

George said nothing. By now he was able to extend the fingers of his right hand up the sleeve of the opposite arm. He worked at the lower loop which held *the Chinese blade against his forearm;* down toward his wrist it came, until, bending cautiously, he was able to get his teeth on the carved silver haft and pull the weapon completely out. Then, without waste of time, the thin keen blade moved against the rope. . . .

Norgaard could see the headlights of the other machine, not in the rear-vision mirror, but as a glow about Sara's head. A high-held head. He glanced once at the knife in his hand as if it were in some subtle way distasteful, and then he rose to his knees. He poised the point above a spot similar to one where he had drawn a hillman's blade from a dead coolie; with cold, steady hand he slid it gently through the fabric of the man's coat. The muscles in his forearm tensed. Ellen and Jerry Slater, watching, saw that *his face had changed; that it was grim* and gaunt.

IN THE same casual tone as before, Norgaard said, "It's a knife. Feel it?" He emphasized the question with pressure, felt the man cringe. *"Drop that gun!"*

The weapon was lax in the kidnapper's hand. Sara Thorndyke's hand flashed down. There was a clatter, and then she said triumphantly. "It's under my feet . . . he can't reach it . . ."

"Can you?"

"Yes. Wait." A pause, and then, "Here it is."

Norgaard shifted position and, the gun against the man's back now, reached down and severed Slater's bonds; he immediately gave the other man the gun, and released Ellen.

"Listen, brother," the kidnapper muttered, "you're a sensible guy—"

Norgaard said, "I'll do the talking, please. Miss Thorndyke, I want you to go a bit faster. Say forty-five . . . let's see what happens. Our friend Joe doesn't seem to be on the job." For an instant he shifted plans, saying, "How fast will this car go?"

"Fifty-five. Not much more."

"And the car behind?"

Jerry Slater said, "At a guess, eighty."

"I see. You all agree we can't get away from it. Shooting means that some of us will get hurt. Very well. Miss Thorndyke, I want you to speed this car up slowly, until the man behind us blows his horn. When he does so, he'll have both hands busy, one on the wheel, the other on the horn button. At the moment he signals, I want you to slam on your brakes, and then duck down. You, Mr. Slater, are going to keep the gun aimed at the gentleman on the front seat. I needn't tell you what to do if it's necessary. Now . . . all set?"

Sara asked, "And what will you do?"

"Let's get going," George ordered.

Her foot pressed down . . . forty-six . . . forty-eight . . . fifty . . . the engine began to roar . . . fifty-one . . . fifty-two . . . *Norgaard had moved until he was be*hind the driving girl; crouched on the floor, he waited. He said, "Better brace yourself, Miss Sanderson," and then the man in the other car signaled angrily, a loud blast of the horn. Sara Thorndyke lifted her foot from the accelerator and, hanging tightly to the wheel with one hand, jerked up the hand brake. Tires screamed; the car half swerved. A split second later, and Joe, in the other machine, slammed on his own brakes. . . . Norgaard was out of the machine just before the moment of impact. Not a crash, but a dull thud.

Out of the machine, and tearing open the door of the coupé. Joe went for the gun on the seat beside him, but did it late. Norgaard was all over him at once; had him out of the car and on the road. As the gangster struggled wildly, *Norgaard hit him a short fierce blow.* No second was necessary.

The girl was dancing around beside him. She cried, "He'll have guns. George! Hit him! He's a kidnapper! He's a gangster. He's—"

"Out," said George. "I'll tie him up as Exhibit A."

Ellen Sanderson came out of the big machine. She said: "I'm all bruises, darlings. This was fun. What a swell job you've done, George. I don't blame you for grinning . . . my, what white teeth you have, grandmother . . ."

"They gave me my nickname," Norgaard told her. He admired these youngsters. No hysterics. Real courage. "Now, where do we take our friends?"

He bound both men efficiently. Slater sat in the back seat, gun in hand; Sara *drove, with Ellen and George beside her.*

"We'd better take them to Uncle Alec's," Sara said. "He'll know what to do."

In the rear seat Jerry Slater said: "I never shot a kidnapper. If one of you bravos gives me another dirty look, I think I will."

They rode in almost complete silence. Sara drove looking straight ahead; once, twice, she glanced across at Norgaard. She had called him a coward. Because, she supposed, he had that sort of courage which needed neither loud words nor heroic gestures. Why, even when he had been ready to kill the man who'd seized her he had spoken as softly as if he'd been asking for a cigarette. . . .

"I feel dirty," Ellen Sanderson said as they drove through the gate. "I'm off *dancing tonight. Who wants to swim?"*

"Everyone does," Sara said. She turned to George. She was about to say, *"Or is there anything you'd rather do?"*

She said only the first word, as she had earlier in the evening, when Norgaard broke in, "I'll just look for my slippers," he said.

"Don't talk like an idiot," Sara told him. "If you aren't at the pool I'll come after you—"

"One kidnapping a night is enough," Jerry Slater chuckled. "You better come, George. She's a woman of her word."

It gave Alexander Corcoran an utter satisfaction, sitting in his library, the gangster's gun in his hand, watching the two bound men. His niece would have been a rare plum for the kidnappers, in her own name; how he would have been bled, and the ensuing agony, he knew well enough. Equally important, his judgment concerning Nor*gaard had been justified. According to* Sara, the man was more than remarkable . . . strange, how a girl would alter her opinion so swiftly. At table, she had no use for him . . . or . . . had she fooled them all, Norgaard included? He wondered.

OUTSIDE, with the silver moon over the pool, and the eastward sea, Norgaard was the last to come out. He saw the three, two girls and the man, on the side of the pool; Sara dove in at once, and swam over to him, a sparkle of silver and flame. . . .

She said, "Hello," and sat on the edge.

"That's how we started before."

"I know."

"You remember?"

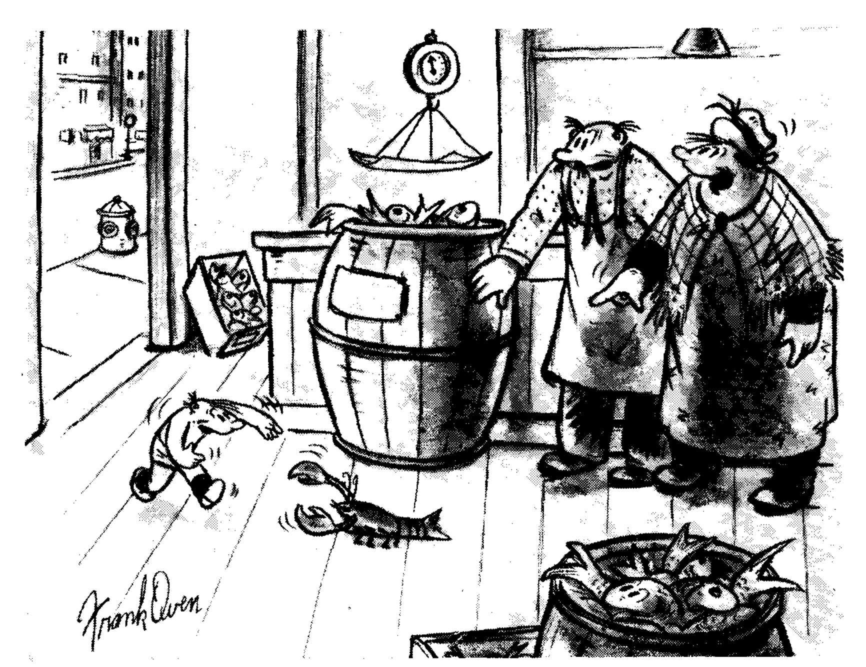
Watching Ellen, swimming with lazy, *luxurious strokes, she said, "I've never* forgotten. That's one reason I was so . . ."

The sentence trailed off into a great sweet silence. George said slowly: "That knife. It's called the Silver Moon. It keeps away devils. I wonder if you'd like to have it?" He wanted her to have it. "It's very old, you know. And"—looking at her—"lucky."

Neither refusing nor nodding, she said, voice low, "And I called you a coward!" She continued, almost savagely, "You've got to be careful. You can't go running around getting killed."

"No," George agreed. "That's all over. I've got to sit at a desk now. No more China."

Sara drew one slim leg under her; she looked directly at George now, as she had when she'd been deviling him *at dinner, but this time without realiz*ing it. "Will . . . will that be . . . so difficult?" she asked.



"Catch as catch can—okay?"

Frank Owen

The Right Tickets

Continued from page 25

so. She's a swell kid, Al—a little queen!"

"Ten-cent queen, boy. Lay off of it. The department don't pay you to go mashing dance-hall hostesses."

Then Al danced with a bow-legged girl and several other girls, but he saw Jerry still dancing with the black-hair. At the end of a dance he cornered him.

"Go dance with someone else," he ordered. "I'm beginning to get something. Two of these girls remember Smith. He was here last night, all right, and he danced all the time with a redhead named Anette Miller and between dances he talked to her. But Anette ain't here tonight and these girls don't know where she lives."

"I'll ask Marie," Jerry offered.

They looked for Marie but couldn't find her.

"That's funny," said Jerry. "I asked her to stick around and she said she would after I'd told her."

"Told her what, boy?"

"Told her we was a couple of officers."

"You think your heart's soft, boy, but your soft spot is your head. No wonder she ain't here! She's gone to tell the guys that hoisted Smith. Go get your hat and coat."

They got their hats and coats and ran out to the entrance. A cab stood there.

"Did a black-haired girl named Marie come out of here just now?" Al asked the driver.

"I couldn't tell her name by looking at her, but she had black hair. She went down that way."

They got in the cab.

They drove a couple of blocks and then they saw Marie. She was walking fast and the cab followed her until she turned into a place that said "Chop Suey." They peeked in at the entrance and saw Marie sitting at a table with a dark-faced young man who had a scar across his cheek.

"Go get Smith," Al directed Jerry. "He'll be at the hotel because he's got no dough to be anywhere else."

Jerry went and got Smith.

"They still there?" he inquired when he returned with him.

"They and some more," said Al.

THEY led Smith to the entrance. Marie and the young man were still at the table and two more dark youths and a red-haired girl were with them.

"Any of those among the guys that held you up?" Al asked.

"I'm in a peculiar situation, gentlemen—" Mr. Smith began.

"Yeah? Tell that later. Is any of these one of the guys?"

"They are the three."

"We'll take 'em, Jerry," Al decided.

They went in and the three young men jumped up at sight of them and one of them pulled a gun.

"Land on that guy, Jerry," Al directed.

Jerry did so. The youth rose in the air with the force of Jerry's blow and slid across the floor until a table stopped him. He had no interest in what happened after that.

"Come on, people, we're all going to the station house," said Al. "Pick your friend up, Jerry."

Jerry picked up the unconscious young man and they all went to the station house and the captain came out of his room to see what was causing the disturbance.

"This is Mr. Smith, Captain," Al said, "and these three are the guys that gave him that hoist."

They searched the young men and found nine hundred dollars on them.

"Now, Mr. Smith," said Al, "we got plenty time for all that explanation."

"There's not much use in it now," Mr. Smith replied reluctantly. "The damage is done. When I was leaving home, my next-door neighbor, Miss Mary Kelty, whom I have known for many years, told me she had a niece in New York named Helen Wells, and she was afraid Helen was having a hard time of it. She asked me to see her and gave me an address. I was to find out how Helen was situated and, if I thought best, ask her if she cared to come to Nevada and live with her Aunt Mary.

"After I left Mr. Merchan last night I went to the address Miss Kelty had given me and it proved to be that dance hall. I inquired for Helen and found her, although it seems she calls herself Anette." He gestured to the red-haired girl. "I asked her if she would like to go to Nevada and she said she wouldn't live there if we gave her the state. However, I left my card with my hotel address with her and told her if she changed her mind to let me know. On my way back to the hotel I was held up.

"Later I realized that they knew I had the money and knew where I carried it. But I had told no one about the money and no one had had a chance to see it, except that I had taken the book out of my pocket when I gave my card to Helen—or, as she calls herself, Anette. I decided to do nothing about it, though I had to tell the manager of the hotel. I have made a poor return to Miss Kelty for our years of friendship by having her niece arrested and perhaps sent to jail for assisting in robbing me."

MARIE, who had been listening to this attentively, went and stood in front of the red-haired girl.

"You're a swell egg!" she told her bitterly.

"Now listen, dearie," Anette told her placatingly, "if some sap come into the place asking for me, and I wasn't there and he had never seen me and he looked like money, what would you do? You'd do the same as I did. You'd tell him you was me until you found out if there was any money in it."

"What's all this?" Mr. Smith inquired, perplexed.

"Plain, ain't it, Mr. Smith?" said Al. "These girls don't often use their right names, so when you asked for Helen, Anette said she was her. She saw your money and tipped off her friends to hold you up. Marie is Helen."

"You're right I'm Helen," said Marie. "I had a letter from my Aunt Mary saying a friend of hers named Mr. Smith was coming to see me but not saying anything else. So tonight when this big cop was dancing with me and began to talk about Mr. Smith being in the place the night before, I clamped right to him and wouldn't let him dance with anybody else till I found out about it. Then he told me Mr. Smith had been held up, and the girls told me the one Mr. Smith had talked to was Anette; so I streaked it for that chop suey joint. Because if Mr. Smith had asked me would I go to Nevada to live with my Aunt Mary, I'd have told him those were the sweetest words I ever heard."

"I certainly had this figured," Jerry said to Al. "I said Smith and Marie was both O. K., and it comes out that way. If I hadn't told Marie we was cops looking for who held up J. D. Smith, we'd be looking for 'em yet."

"Boy, you never figured anything. You're just lucky in your mistakes."

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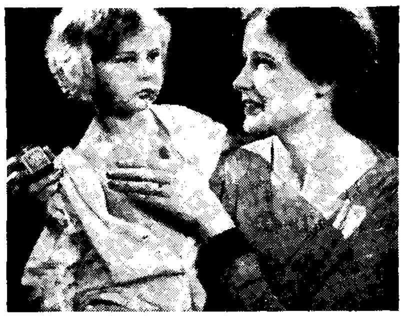

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AT THE BETTER STORES

She brought him Luck

Continued from page 15

do a number in Old Virginny in hoopskirts and pantalettes he did it in Egypt with four beads, which pleased LaClaire no end.

Strictly business, his attention to Suzanne Morgan. That's what Eddie thought.

"Are you trying to make a fool out of me?" snapped LaClaire, when she got Eddie into a corner.

"What do you mean, honey?"

"Are we engaged, or not?"

"Of course we are, sugar."

"Then leave that extra girl alone. Or you'll get something you don't expect. What I can do to you, boy, will knock you right out of the picture business."

"But listen, honey. She helps me. She—"

"Watch your step," she warned. . . .

A WEEK later, the blow-off came. A comet that tore open the earth was a sizzling firecracker compared to Alice LaClaire's convulsion when she read in the gossip column of one of the Los Angeles papers this paragraph:

> What handsome young director working on a mystery musical is afire over his fiancée's stand-in? The fianceé, noted for her these and them and those, must be losing her internationally famous charm. The director's new heart is a former extra girl.

They were in Solomon Greenbaum's palatial office—Eddie Starkweather, Alice LaClaire and Solomon. On Solomon's desk lay the newspaper that had caused LaClaire to breathe fire and fury.

"Now look, sweetheart," Solomon said soothingly to LaClaire, "you oughtn't to believe what these reporters make up. You're a big star, why should you stoop yourself down to the level with reporters? Eddie still is crazy about you. Ain't you, Eddie?"

Eddie nodded half-heartedly.

"He's got to fire the girl," she said.

"Aw," beamed Solomon, "is that all? Of course she's fired. Now you two sweeties go back to work."

"I won't fire her," said Eddie impulsively. "She's helped me with this picture. I won't be a dirty dog and kick her out."

"See!" LaClaire screamed. "See! He's in love with her!"

"Don't be silly, Eddie," said Solomon. He rose, took Eddie by the arm and drew him into a corner of the room. He whispered, "Pay the girl her salary but keep her off the lot."

Eddie shook his head. "This row is all a lot of horsefeathers," he said. "There's no reason for firing the girl."

"I'll fire her, then, Eddie," said Solomon, returning to his desk. "And you'll have to like it. I got half a million dollars in this picture. Think I'm going to let LaClaire get herself upset when there's only a couple weeks shooting left? And if you don't like it, you can quit and I'll put in somebody else to finish it." He turned to LaClaire. "Go back to work, honey, and finish this picture with that old"—he clenched his fists like a cheer leader—"that old passion and—and you know—that old fire and vigor that your public expects from a colossal star like Alice LaClaire. Attababy."

"All right," said Eddie tonelessly. "You're right, Mr. Greenbaum. I can't throw you down."

"Good," said Greenbaum. "It's all fixed."

LaClaire, pale, was standing. It wasn't all fixed. Sol Greenbaum had forgotten the proverb about the woman scorned. She spoke in a husky voice. "Here!" She handed a diamond ring to Eddie.

"But listen, honey," he said, "I—"

"I quit tomorrow night," she said. "Let's see you finish your picture without me, you sap!"

"Look here, dearie," said Solomon. "Eddie's all right. And you know, honey, it's all right to *talk* about quitting tomorrow night but you can't. If you do you're out of pictures the rest of your life. Your contract—"

"My contract! It expires tomorrow night."

"No, dearie, no," Solomon tried to be patient. "Your contract says that if we notify you, you have to stay over until the picture's finished."

"I notified you," said Eddie firmly.

"You *told* me, darling," she sneered. "You *told* me. Look up the contract. I have to be notified in writing ten days before it expires."

"I thought," said Eddie to LaClaire, "that you had decent blood in your veins."

"We'll fix it all up, dearie," Solomon said excitedly. "You finish the picture and we'll pay you good. Twice your regular salary from now until it's finished."

"I'm through tomorrow night. No punk director can throw me over for an extra girl and get away with it."

"Look, dearie," Solomon begged. "It don't make sense you should turn down big money just to get even. Look now what we will do for you. Gott!" He stared hopelessly at Eddie. "She's gone! And we've got a half million dollars' worth of negative on our hands that ain't any good!"

"I'll fix it some way, Mr. Greenbaum," Eddie declared.

"Fix it! How you going to fix it?" he raged. "I left it to you to notify her and you didn't! You got a day and a half to do two weeks' shooting. You're fired! You're through! You're done!"

"Give me a couple of hours to think, Mr. Greenbaum."

"Couple hours? You ought to have twenty years." So pleased was he with his joke that he relented. "All right. No more." . . .

FOR an hour they had been sitting deep in their chairs, their chins on their chests, in Eddie's office—Eddie, Joe and Suzanne. The air was foggy with cigarette smoke.

"The astrologer was all wrong, Eddie," said Suzanne. "I ruined you instead of helping you."

"Will you please stop saying that," Eddie snapped, "and get busy. You're my luck. You're going to pull me out of this."

They had discussed ways to make LaClaire change her mind. They had tried to alter the plot so as to finish the story without her.

"It can't be done," said Joe.

"Don't be a quitter," said Eddie, looking at his wrist watch. "We've got an hour to go before the juice is turned on."

"The trouble is," said Suzanne, "that you can't put anybody else in the part. The audience would spot a double."

"Uh, huh," said Eddie.

They were all silent for ten minutes.

"There's this much to say for you, Eddie," she said presently, trying to be cheerful, "you didn't make it one of those awful masked mystery yarns. I hate 'em when the hero runs around with a mask on."

"Wow!" Eddie leaped to his feet. "Wow!" he yelled. "We've got it!" He ran out of the room and up the hall toward Solomon Greenbaum's office.

"What's the matter?" said Joe wonderingly.

"Darned if I know," said Suzanne, her face beaming. "But everything's all right now. He's got it!" . . .

All the next day Eddie shot close-ups of Alice LaClaire, in every costume that she wore in the picture. The action always was the same. She put on a little black mask, turned her head slowly, took it off, registering at various times under Eddie's direction, joy, horror, fright, determination and other standard emotions.

"What is this," she said scornfully, "a gag?"

The following morning Eddie addressed the troupe.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, Miss LaClaire has left us. The picture is incomplete. But Miss Morgan here will play Miss LaClaire's part." He gave Suzanne a reassuring hug.

"What the—" exclaimed the leading man.

"How can she—" muttered the heavy woman.

"Wait a minute," said Eddie. "The story is altered a little. From here on the Black Panther wears a mask. Suzanne plays the action and we cut in shots of LaClaire taking off the mask and putting it on. The audience never will know we're using a double. She's going to have very little to say, and when she does talk she whispers! Since the audience never has heard LaClaire whisper, they'll never catch the change in the voices. Come on, let's go!" . . .

THE studio preview of The Mystery of May 21st was over. Out in the street Eddie helped Suzanne through the crowd of executives who were shaking his hand, patting him on the back and declaring that he was the greatest director who ever lived.

"It's a wow!" said Greenbaum, and he meant it.

Suzanne climbed into Eddie's roadster. He followed, waving and shouting his thanks to the crowd. With a roar the roadster sped down the street.

"Did you hear what Sophie said?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," she laughed. "That you got her idea exactly."

"And we start on New York next week—you and me—us! Where'll we go to celebrate?"

"Let's talk—or something. You're my luck."

"I knew it would come out all right," she said. "The astrologer told me that your horoscope showed you needed me."

"My horoscope? I never had my horoscope read!"

"She had it on file," Suzanne declared.

"Ho! Ho!" he jeered. "That was Joe's! He gave her his own birth date but used my name—to fool her!"

Suzanne sat up straight. "Hell's bells," she exclaimed impulsively, "then it's Joe I ought to marry!"

Eddie reached over and pulled her close. "Always my little inspiration," he said. "You're going to marry me, honey."

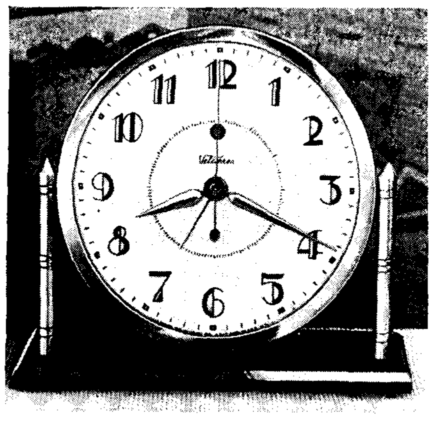
She raised her face and he kissed her.

"Aren't you, sugar?" he asked.

She nodded. "But, Eddie."

"What, honey?"

"Now that we're engaged, would you mind calling me Miss Morgan instead of 'honey'? It sounds more—more intimate."



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Bet You a Hat

Continued from page 18

Terry certainly knew how to conduct those holdout campaigns. He met blasts from the Giants' office with a dignified silence and when people would tell him what McGraw had said he would only yawn, shrug his shoulders and look uninterested. "I guess McGraw is right," he'd say sleepily, "but those are my figures and I'll stick to them."

When Terry held out it was no song and dance as it is with so many ball players. He meant it—and the worst he ever got was a draw on the question of salary. Now all of a sudden it was 1929. Terry had actually replaced Kelly at first base and he was ending the season with a .372 batting mark. In 1930 he played in every game on the schedule and led the league with a mark of .401.

You can pick it up from there without the aid of any wires or mirrors. It was only a step, albeit a long one, to the management of the Giants, perhaps the most sought-after post in baseball. When McGraw stepped down, Memphis Bill was elected and great was the apprehension of the Old Guard.

The new manager announced almost immediately that he didn't give a rap what his players did off the field as long as they fielded, hit and ran the bases properly on the field. The Old Guard started to slip Terry the needle and to make wholesale predictions that Terry would run those grand old Giants right into the Harlem River, that log-studded body of unbeautiful water upon the sylvan banks of which the Polo Grounds nestle.

Terry applied common-sense methods to baseball management, which was a sharp deviation from the master-mind system. He allowed the players (within reason) to think for themselves. In short, he followed the methods used by a fellow named Bill McKechnie, who has been doing a pretty fair job with the Boston Braves these past few years. He had a young pitcher named Roy Parmalee and Parmalee was as wild as a Rocky Mountain goat. Parmalee always said that he was a natural side-arm pitcher, but McGraw didn't like side-arm pitching and he made him throw overhand. Terry said, "Pitch any way you like, kid, but pitch." The records show that Parmalee had a pretty good season and they expect big things of him this year.

Terry is Human

Terry started the season a year ago with a kid named Blondy Ryan, from Buffalo, at shortstop. To everyone but Terry, Ryan was just a nice-looking boy who didn't look as though he could hit his weight and he wasn't very heavy. The whisper went around the circuit, "Ryan can't hit curve balls." Terry knew all about this and he instructed his pitchers to toss nothing but curve balls to Ryan in batting practice. After a month or two every curve-ball pitcher in the league was, if not a cousin, at least a close relative of Blondy. Little things like that made Terry a great manager.

The way Terry handled pitchers last year was the admiration of everyone in the league. It was very seldom that he used more than two pitchers a game. If Hubbell was pitching and three enemy batters slapped him in succession Terry wouldn't say, "Run to the showers, sonny boy." He'd walk over and say, "What's the trouble, Carl? Arm on the bum today? Or did you just happen to groove one for those guys?"

If Hubbell's arm actually was a little bit sore he'd tell Bill. But if he'd just happened to lose momentary command of the situation he'd say, "I'm all right, Bill. I'll get these next three guys." And he would, too.

It is very seldom that a manager consults a pitcher before yanking him. Terry not only consults his pitcher but his catcher. And he listens to what they say and acts on it. If Mancuso says, "Bill, Schumacher just hasn't got it today," Bill will talk it over with Schumacher and slap him on the back and tell him, "You're a bit off today, kid; take a rest—you'll be okay tomorrow."

Now these ball players have to go for a man like that. They know they're getting a good break and they are all for Terry. That means a lot in baseball. Terry is a human being with their weaknesses and their strength—he's strictly their kind of man. They love it and they play their heads off for him.

Confident But Not Cocky

Well, sooner or later—it being the inviolate custom—we must ask Terry what he thinks of his chances this year. Will the Giants repeat? How about Jackson's leg? Take it away, Terry.

"Well," Terry broadcasts in a pleasingly soft southern drawl, "I don't see why we shouldn't repeat again, do you?"

"I'm asking you, Mr. Terry." The nerve of him trying to pass the buck like that.

"You have watched the boys bouncing around the past week or two. They look pretty good, don't they? Jackson has gained fifteen pounds. Ah—Jackson." A soft light comes into Terry's eye. Jackson is the ball player's ideal of a ball player.

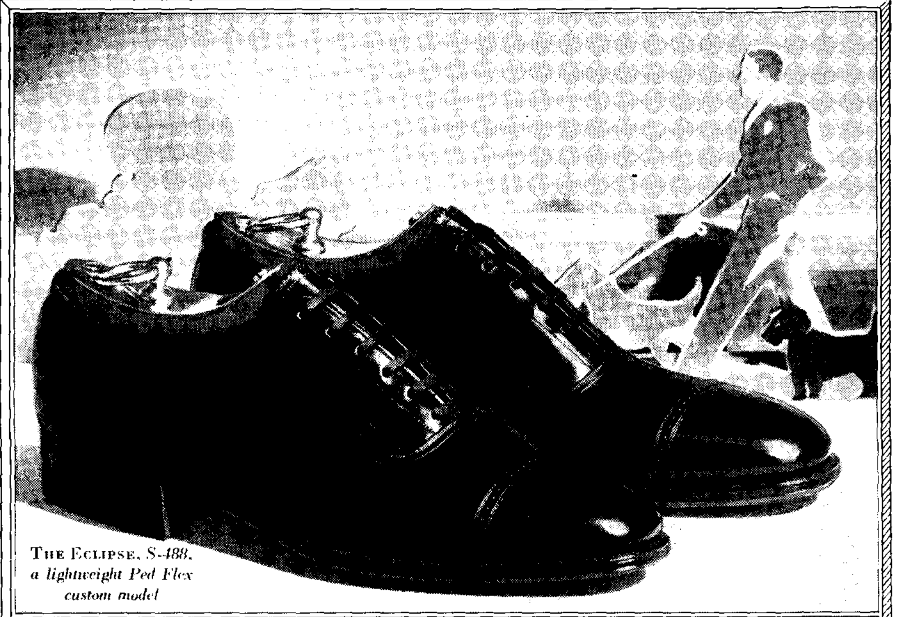
"Hughie Critz and I are a year older but I guess we can still get around. If not, we have Fresco Thompson and George Grantham to step in there. In Grantham and Lefty O'Doul we have two swell left-handed pinch hitters. Blondy Ryan will be a year better than he was last season, and he was pretty good then, wasn't he? Gus Mancuso is the best catcher in the league and he seems recovered from that attack of typhoid fever he had during the winter. And young Richards ought to be a good reserve catcher. I'm strong for reserves all right. In the outfield I'll match Ott, Davis and Moore with any of them. Now you ask me about my pitching staff."

Terry blew a very large smoke ring from a very large cigar and began to purr. You can't help purring when you think of Hubbell and Schumacher and Fitz. "There's nothing wrong with them, is there? And this kid, Joe Bowman, looks awfully good to me. He won twenty-three games for Portland last year and he seems about ready to step out."

"Then you really think you ought to repeat?"

Terry stopped his kidding. "Listen," he said and he meant it. "We've got a swell ball club composed of boys who love to play ball; who are all pulling together with not a bit of dissension among them; who will start the season confident but not cocky, a fighting bunch of boys who have plenty of power to roll up the runs if we need them and who are smart enough to play the one-run-to-win game if we have to play it that way. A good team all around. I don't like to make predictions—nothing is certain in this game—but I'll bet you a new hat we finish one, two or three this year."

You won't bet me, William—not me.



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Collier's

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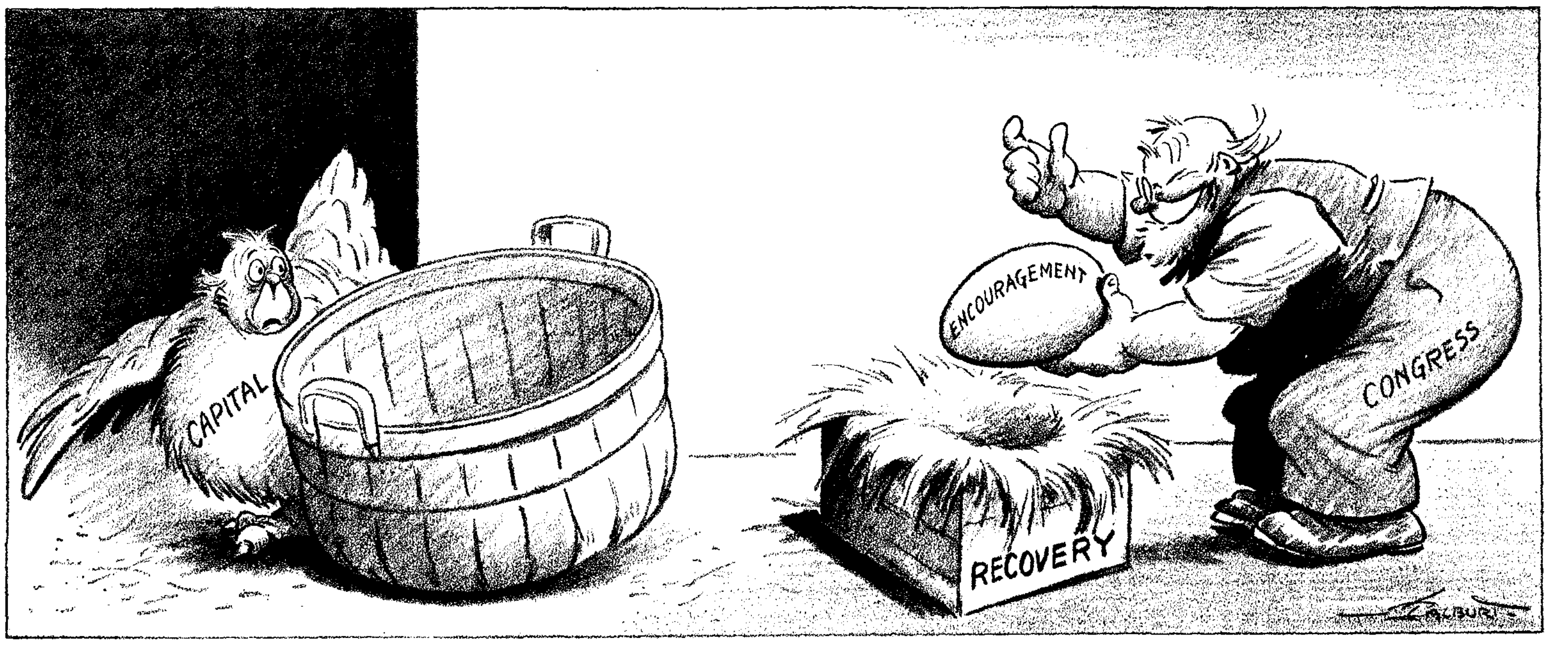

Rule, not Ruin

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has expressed the hope that 4,000,000 men employed this winter by the Civil Works Administration may be dropped from the government's pay roll by May. Already these workers are being discharged at the rate of 400,000 and more a week.

The CWA was created because of extreme need. Unemployed men had to be fed. It seemed better to pay them for work than merely to give them a dole. Whoever has talked to any of those employed on the emergency projects realizes that the CWA has been a wholesome business.

The four million men hired by the CWA are being discharged because the Administration expects them to be employed by private industry. If they should not be absorbed by private industry the federal government would again provide for them.

The expectation that reviving industry will need more workers is well founded. From every part of the country come reports of better business. Economists say that the business cycle is moving upward. Developments in Canada and in Europe support this belief. Everywhere business is in fact better than it was a year ago.

The only clouds on our horizon are being formed by too rigid legislation adopted by Congress.

The Securities Act of 1933 has unquestionably restricted the flow of credit to business.

The purpose of the Securities Act was good. It was an effort to protect investors from the sort of exploitation which was practiced during the boom years. In theory the Securities Act gave American investors the kind of governmental protection which the British investors have long enjoyed. Actually our copy of the British law was too rigid.

The Securities Act effectually dammed the issuance of new credit to business. Few securities have been issued. The bulk were for investment trusts and liquor concerns.

For example, the new capital provided American corporations this January amounted to just $5,983,407, according to the Financial Chronicle. January, 1933, was a worse month for business and yet the new capital provided was $629,082,554, or roughly 105 times as much.

Nobody wants to eliminate the Securities Act. The law ought to make impossible the chicanery and fraud practiced during the boom years. It is useless, however, to draft a law so drastic that it destroys the business it was designed to regulate.

So far nothing has been done to amend the Securities Act because of continued public irritation over the exposure of the misdeeds of conspicuous scoundrels who betrayed the trust reposed in them. Not for them or their kind should the rigors of any law be modified but rather for the honest majority and for the sake of the millions who want not mere pittances as CWA workers but adequate wages and salaries such as can be paid only by productive and prosperous private enterprise.

The more recent measures which in fact retard the revival of business and the expansion of employment concern the security exchanges.

In time of economic emergency nobody is more unpopular than a broker. It was true a hundred and fifty years ago and it is true today. The French revolutionists thought they might solve some of their difficulties by hanging a few brokers.

The broker is a nimble fellow, very alert to his own interest, and there is little need to expend sympathy on him. The security markets, however, are vastly more important than the brokers, speculators or gamblers who infest them. The security markets are instrumentalities of credit.

The bill to regulate stock exchanges was in many ways as wooden and inept as the earlier Securities Act.

For example, trading on margins is among other things a device of stock gamblers. So to restrict or to prevent gambling margin loans must be considered.

People borrow money on securities, however, for honorable purposes as well as for speculation or gambling. The stock market measure did not discriminate between the lambs and the wolves, between the thrifty investor trying to build up savings for sickness, unemployment or old age, and the conscienceless gambler.

The measure as first presented was so drastic that throughout the nation banks might have been compelled to devalue the collateral which secured their loans.

The amount which might be loaned on securities was fixed at 40 per cent of the current market price or 80 per cent of the lowest price during the preceding three years, whichever was lowest. Had the measure passed in its original form its effects would have been disastrous to the country as a whole because it would have compelled banks to sell billions of securities now accepted as collateral for loans.

The real reason that the Securities Act has been a brake against recovery and that the Stock Exchange bill was so menacing lies in the fact that both were written in prejudice and anger.

There was justification for both prejudice and anger in the revelation of the greed of men entrusted with great responsibility in the financial world. Anger and prejudice, however justifiable, still make poor laws. The essential purpose of business laws is to protect the many. The Securities Act has not accomplished this purpose and, until modified, the Stock Exchange measure will not do so.

The tide of recovery is so strong that not even poor statutes can completely stop its flow. It is unquestionably true, however, that a larger extension of credit to industry will do more than anything else to increase employment and enable business to take on those who more than anything else want work.